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From a painting by Allen True.

SPECTATORS AT THE VANDERBILT CUP RACE FINDING THEIR PLACES BEFORE DAWN.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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Photograph by F. Ed. Spooner.

TRACY AT THE LETTER S TURN, SWINGING TOWARD THE POST WHERE FOXHALL KEENE MET WITH ACCIDENT.

"CAR COMING!"

The Terrific Vanderbilt Cup Race: What It Told of the Past and Future of the Automobile in America

By ARTHUR N. JERVIS

THE hunting of dragons, if only the tales told of it had been true, was a fine sport in its day. Those who followed it, they tell us, went prancing blithely forth in armor to face an almost certain death and a very undecorative funeral; for the knight who had been chewed by a dragon's fangs and broiled by a dragon's flaming breath couldn't possibly have been made to "look natural" enough to be a comfort to his mourning friends.

But, after all, dragon-hunting was a purely ideal sport. It wasn't at all practical and available. It was all in the mind's eye of the poet and chronicler. It was best described by troubadours who followed the process outlined by the yellow-newspaper editor when he telegraphed to an unenthusiastic correspondent: "Never mind the facts! Send the details!" Nevertheless, in the days when we were getting out of kilts and into our first trousers and were very much braver than we were ever to be again, we sighed for dragons, you and I. Even though we hadn't felt quite up to slaying one, we should have enjoyed mightily sitting on the fence and watching our big brother or our daddy do the job.

To-day we need sigh for dragons no more. The death-risking combat between man and

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fiery destroyer is real. We may watch a whole herd of mechanical dragons, snorting, barking, whizzing, leaping, sliding, spitting smoke and flame, for three hours around a thirty-mile circuit. The men who ride them face dangers which are not made out of poetic nightmares, dangers far greater than those imagined by the ancient liar and reprobate who rode out of town for a three days' jamboree, and came back shaky and disheveled and explaining the state of his nerves by a lovely tale of horrid combat with a scaly monster in a cave somewhere off on the other side of the mountain.

Did you see anything of the Vanderbilt Cup race at the western end of Long Island, last October? If you did, you know how far short any one must fall who tries to make one who was not there understand and feel the thing. Take it as it was at the beginning of the eighth lap.

The speed of the cars which have been flashing past the spectators' stand, each one roaring and popping as though every convulsion of it was to end with an annihilating explosion, has been greater than any motor-car speed hitherto recorded anywhere in the world. If his luck holds, Lancia, the Italian, who is driving like a goggled demon, will win. And, of course, if he holds his speed he will have established a new world's record at the end of the race. Only fourteen of the nineteen cars which started at daybreak are still in the race. The others are scattered around the thirty-mile course desolate and unregarded wrecks. There will be more wrecks before the race is over.

It is a terrific contest. But it has not been sanguinary, as so many had apprehended. There is no prohibition of the rights of the highway to any one. There are no lines of soldiery to hold back the crowd. The free American citizen has enjoyed to the full the right to risk his life foolishly, and he has been making cheerful use of the privilege. Look at the collective mass of him on the course down to the east. The road runs down-hill, and one may look ahead for nearly a mile in the direction taken by Lancia after he has passed the stand, and yet he and his car are quickly lost to sight. They are swallowed by the dense though mobile swarm of humanity. While the racer approaches, they are crowded back along the fences, but once he is by, they make a sortie to the mid-highway in the track of the car, for all the world as

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HEMERY AT THE FINISH OF THE NINTH LAP IN THE VANDERBILT CUP RACE ON LONG ISLAND.

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Photograph by F. Ed. Spooner.

TRACY, THE FIRST MAN TO DRIVE AN AMERICAN CAR TO THE FINISH IN ANY BIG ROAD RACE.

though they are drawn in by the suction of its passing. They want to watch it as far as possible, and their lives apparently are of small importance in comparison with half a minute's better view of the flying Italian. It may be that there is another growling, sputtering monster whizzing at them from behind, threatening annihilation. But the shout "Car coming" runs down the road, just as the wind goes before a rain-storm, bending down the grain before the big drops strike it. The mass of humanity parts miraculously and surges back to the roadside.

Ahead of him, down at the very apex of the perspective, Lancia can see the "ain't-I-as-good-as-any-one" farmers standing out in the roadway, watching for him. They fall back as soon as the car comes plainly into their sight; but must it not fray the nerves to handle the throttle and the steering-wheel under such conditions? Apparently the behavior of the crowd does not bother Lancia in the least. The Italians who know the man well, who talk and play with him when he is a man and not a flying demon, say that it is true that he is not bothered. He has no regard for life or death, his own or another's. His complete confidence in his own skill makes him calmly willing to accept great gasping chances. His eyes, his ears, and his heart are fixed on the broad belt of chocolate color in the center of the road which marks the area where the crude oil has been sprinkled to keep down the dust and which is set off on each side by yellow-gray strips of sand; these in turn are edged by the uneasy black border of the spectators. The belts of brown, yellow-gray, and black are all that Lancia sees; his ears are consecrated to the sound of his engine, for by the noisy tune it plays he can tell how smoothly and how powerfully it is working.

He sweeps the turn at Jericho. The heavy racing-car, with its low center of gravity, swirls around the corner with a speed impossible for a touring-car. There are seven of these turns. Some are worse than others.

The second turn, that at East Norwich, is not the easiest or the wickedest. It is a fair example of them all. Two roads cross at right angles. Lancia comes from the north road and turns west. The crossing is at the foot of a rather steep hill and the rural road-builders have put a water-break diagonally from corner to corner. On the right of the west-bound road are a flagpole and a telegraph-pole. What these poles may mean to

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LANCIA GOING AROUND GUINEA WOODS TURN AT THE RATE OF SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR.

a man who is half-turning, half-sliding across that furrowed angle is told by the crowd which is packed into the porch and yard of the little whitewashed hotel. There is still something in our hearts of the instinct which filled Rome's arenas with mobs gloating over the shedding of blood. To be sure, there is a difference here—this crowd is hungry to see how near a man may come to being killed and yet escape. But bewhiskered clammers from

Photograph by F. Ed. Spooner.

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT, JR., AND FOXHALL KEENE VIEWING THE WRECK OF CHEVROLET'S CAR ON HYDE PARK ROAD.

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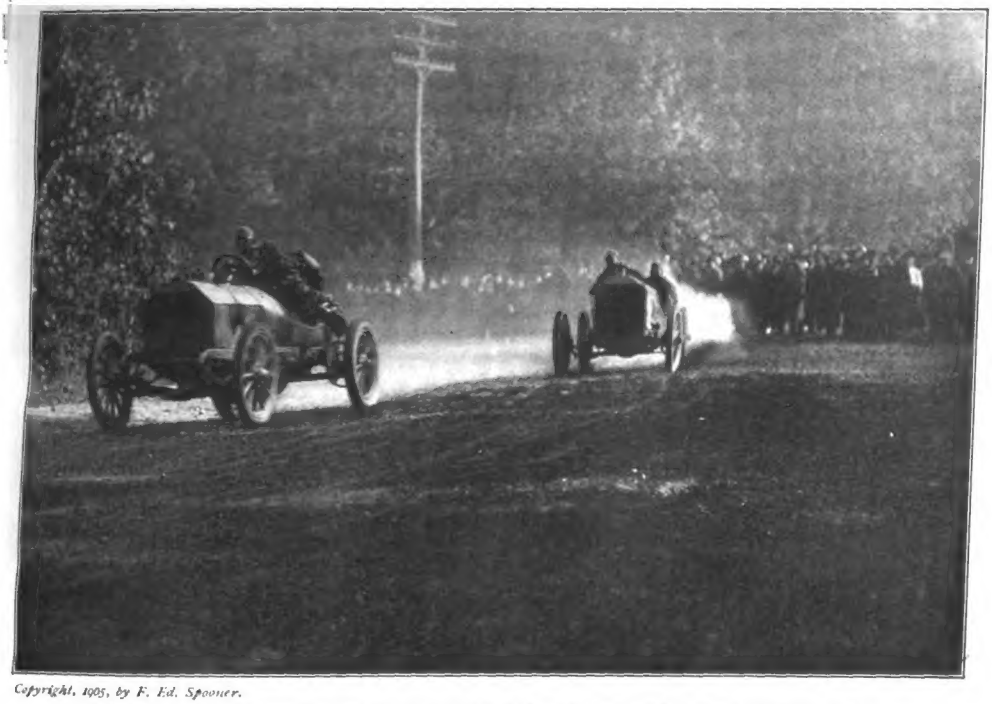

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JOHN B. WORDEN LEADING DURAY IN A HARD RACE AROUND THE GUINEA WOODS TURN.

Oyster Bay eye the two poles at the margin of the road and wag their beards and guess that "one of them poles is a-goin' to be spoiled" before the race is over. And when Lancia clicks his throttle and sets his elbows and the car is going straight ahead again, the sigh which stirs that crowd, is it all relief, or is there a suggestion of disappointment in it? Surely it is not mere fancy that makes us think we hear two or three voices around us say "Pshaw!"

Photograph by F. Ed. Spooner.

ASCENT OF MT. WASHINGTON BY STANLEY, WHO WAS FIRST TO ATTAIN THE SUMMIT IN AN AUTOMOBILE.

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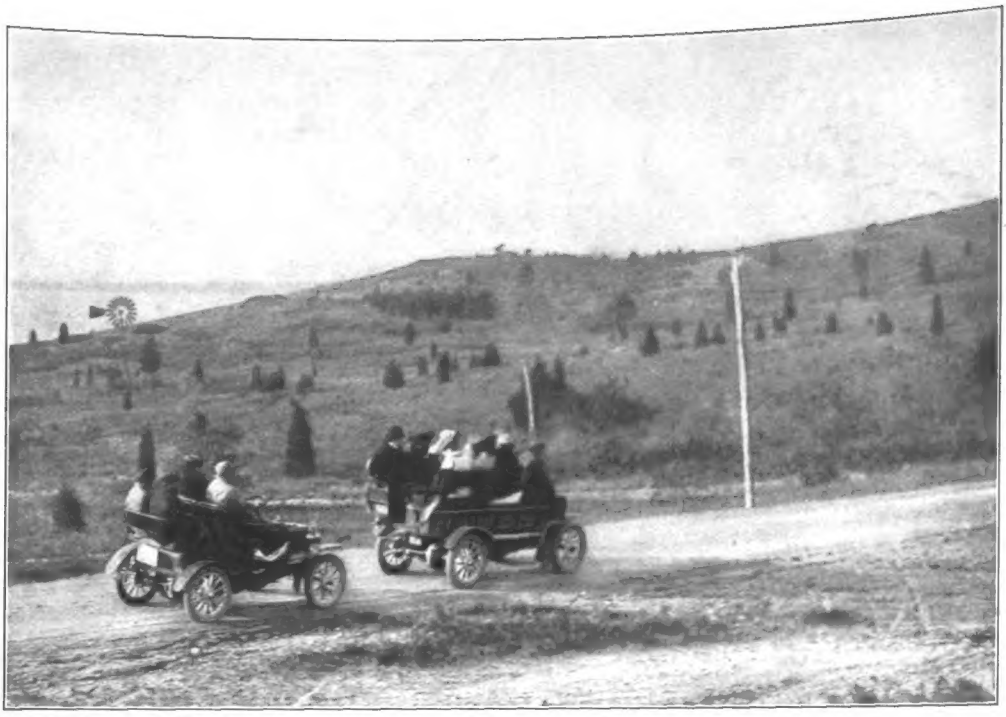

Photograph, by F. Ed. Spooner.

THE TWO WINNING CARS IN THE SIX-DAY ECONOMY CONTEST OF THE NEW YORK MOTOR CLUB, PASSING THE SHINNECOCK HILLS ON THE ROAD BETWEEN SOUTHAMPTON AND NEW YORK.

The time lost or gained in passing the seven corners of the course safely will win or lose the race. If there be too great recklessness in making the turn, not only is the race certainly lost, but very probably the lives of the men in the car, though Foxhall Keene has taken that risk within half an hour—and has "spoiled one of them telegraph-poles"—ruined his car, but has walked from the spot with bones unbroken.

They call the turn at Albertson's the worst of the lot. It is shaped like the letter S. It is really the safest, because it is so full of danger-making possibilities that even the craziest driver slows down in passing it.

There are the railroad crossings, too. When the front wheels of Lancia's car strike the boarded edge, the car rears and leaps. It springs one, two, three, four feet into the air. Perhaps it stays level while it is off the ground. Perhaps it tilts. The fat Italian sits rigid, ready in a flash to start the whirring wheels in the right direction when they come crashing down to the oiled road again.

The crowd knows that he is winning and that he is breaking records. One standing back at the center of the country enclosed by the course might follow Lancia's movement by the continuous roar of cheers which salutes him from the roadside. Think of the thrill of it all inside him, and do not be too certain that your imagination accounts altogether for the catlike red glare back of his goggles. He is twenty miles and more ahead of his nearest pursuer. He is writing his name at the head of the world's roll of automobile daredevils. In a foreign land, a land cold and unresponsive to an Italian, he, Lancia, is compelling roaring cheers for his nerve and his skill and his victory. Why shouldn't his eyes blaze with the joyous glory of it?

And oh, the bitterness of his Italian soul when the end comes! There are three elements in the race: the man, the car, the road. The man has proved himself; he has mastered the road and the car, too, only the car is not a certain quantity, as is the road. Tires will give way under a strain. Lancia knows by the feel of the road that his tires are leaking—tires weren't made to stand railroad-track hurdling, anyway. Beyond Albertson's is a booth with a forge, a complete set of new parts for his car, and a crew of the best of mechanics, drilled for hours in making emergency repairs. It has been placed there by Lancia to meet just such an emergency as

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this. Cautious even in his recklessness, Lancia stops for new tires. They can be put on in a twinkling. The few minutes lost will be made up in no time by the smoother running of the car. When he is ready to start again, Walter Christie, the American, is coming at full speed along the road behind him. The cry "car coming" is ringing in the air. Lancia is too intent upon resuming his mad flight to hear or to look about him. He turns into the road right under the nose of Christie's car. That the two cars were not smashed to bits and the drivers and their two mechanics killed was due to the quickest of wit and finest of skill. Lancia at the very moment of collision slewed his car about and took the impact obliquely. Christie did not smash into him squarely, but with a glancing blow. A front wheel of Lancia's car was broken. Christie's car suffered more. Neither man was hurt. The Italian had a new wheel whisked on and started off, driving with an increased recklessness that caused exclamations of fright and excitement along the course. But the delay made him nearly an hour in completing the eighth round. At the end of the lap he was in sixth place instead of first. He was too far behind to catch up.

And so it was that Hemery won the race and won the cup for France.

Hemery ran his car well. He won fairly enough—it is part of the race to keep a lookout behind when you turn into the road. Hemery covered the 283 miles in four hours thirty-six minutes eight seconds—61.53 miles an hour. It was not the fastest automobile run on the records, though it involved his traveling, over some of the straight stretches of road, at ninety miles and more an hour. Lancia, before his smash-up, once covered the 28.3-mile circuit at the rate of 72.94 miles an hour, and at one stretch his car was hurling itself along the road at the rate of 100 miles an hour, but—he was fourth in the race at the finish.

The grip that the game has on the very individuality of those who play it was demonstrated by the change which came over Lancia when he crossed the finishing line. All the volubility, the florid gestures, the rush and play of the outward signs of tense inward emotions, enveloped him. These superfluous activities of the mind and heart had been absorbed by the machine while he was racing—from the crossing of the line to the end he was but a cold, pale, fat Italian with exalted, glittering eyes. He took his hands from the wheel and the throttle—and the Latin came out all over him again.

It is worth while knowing what there is in the game so to transform a man. How can such a game find so many willing players? Of what are these drivers thinking as they whirl along, slackening speed as little as possible at each dangerous curve, and bolting on at full tilt of power across every little straight stretch? The trophy at stake is not worth intrinsically one-fourth of what one of the racing-machines costs; its value is not half the amount of the expense to which many of the contestants have been put in order to compete. Most of the men in the race, those who crossed the ocean for it and those who belong here, are mere salaried employees of automobile manufacturers. If one of them wins he will receive a substantial money reward. This explains in part, but in a small part only. What of the other competitors, Foxhall Keene, Walter Christie, Walter White, George Heath, George Warden, men of large means, of habits of luxury; men who have everything which tends to make it worth while to stay alive? Is it simply the sportsman's love of victory and its glory? This and more. All of them, but the foreigners especially, are fascinated by the holding of immense power and speed within the hollow of the hand. The stake is a trifle. The fascination is overwhelming. Do they think of the danger of death while racing? Assuredly not, or they could not drive. Even the mechanic, who sits beside the driver in the racing-car, may not think of the risk, or he could not ride there and play his part. The risk is so great that if the imagination is allowed to dally with it, the fear will be paralyzing. I know. Partly because I wanted to know and partly from the same feeling which makes one on the edge of a precipice desire to leap off, I tried it.

I played the part of a mechanic in one of the big racing-machines on a rehearsal run around the course a few days before the big race. I rode with Szisz, a driver with a most truthfully suggestive name. The car was the wickedest looking of those entered in the race. It was a brute with a front that tapered like a snout to a jaw-shaped slit at the lower front end; it suggested man-eating.

The course of 28.3 miles was covered in twenty-seven minutes fifty-two seconds, or a little better than a mile a minute. The top speed of the car on the straight stretches was ninety-four miles an hour. As a pleasure trip

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it was not great, but as an isolated experience it was worth while.

It is literally true, I found, that the racing-car hits only the high places in the road. Heavy and low built as it was, the machine bounded like a jack-rabbit. We started at break of day. The October air was keen. As we launched through it with speed enough to catch a hurricane, my lips and cheeks stiffened in the cold blast. I had put on a cap with a lining, but the wind blew through it so coldly that soon after starting I was sure I had lost my cap. But I had not. For, while thoroughly believing that I was bareheaded, something flew from the top of my head and the icy gale seemed to be playing upon bared brains and benumbing them. It was not my scalp nor the top of my skull that had blown away, however; it was only the cap. The oiled dirt flew up in pellets and chunks. My eyes were well protected by goggles, but I was breathing like a man downed with the ball in a football scrimmage. I was holding myself on by a hand-strap fixed for the purpose, with a pull that had my arm muscles aching. The other hand gripped the edge of the seat. The speed was increasing and the dirt flying faster. The situation was not so terrifying as I had feared it would be, but it was not fun. Riding in a locomotive cab seemed a luxury, comparatively.

At the first turn we slackened speed. I began to look for the next turn. I was reminded bruskly that I was a substitute mechanic. My duty was to maintain the pressure on the feed of gasoline by means of a long hand-pump. I must keep the indicator at a certain mark on the gage. I had forgotten. I was ordered to my work by a sign. Even that little responsibility was a relief from doing nothing but hold fast. Straight in front of me was the steering-knuckle at which the axle is jointed to the wheel, so that the latter turns the steering mechanism. Watching this, I began to worry. It had two horrible movements, one up and down, caused by the bounce of the car, and the other a wabbly side motion, due to the play necessary in such joints. The steering-knuckle and axle and wheel all seemed of recklessly fragile construction, anyhow. Surely they could not stand this ghastly strain of bounding along at from sixty to ninety miles an hour! Besides, one of those tires might puncture or burst at any moment. Ugh! Worse yet, the daredevil Frenchman was not holding the car steady! It was weaving back and forth across the road. Why didn't he keep in the middle? Then I learned the first lesson. Szisz was intent upon watching the road. He was calmly picking his way, avoiding the bad spots and at every little curve taking the short cut by running along the edge of the road from tip to top of the arc formed by the bend. As if a few feet counted at eighty miles an hour! It was marvelous coolness and calculation. He was all chauffeur, with no thought of the wabbly steering-knuckle or the frailty of tires. No mental energy was lost in imaginings; it was all devoted to observing and calculating. I began to understand the game. I was having no experience of fright, I think, but I had learned that I must not watch that steering-knuckle and not think about tires bursting, or I should be somewhat nervous. Around the turns we skidded at about twenty-five miles an hour—and for the moment it seemed a crawling pace, one at which it would not be dangerous to be thrown out. Twice on the lap we passed the car of another racer out for practise, and then there was the thrill of racing and all else was forgotten. Get past! Every worry was engulfed in that thought.

At the end of the lap, when the substitute mechanic stepped from the car with balls of mud in his nostrils and his face so caked in dirt that a smile started landslides, he was convinced of several things. In the first place he would be the driver rather than the passenger. Next, no man has any business to enter a racing-car unless he can leave behind him absolutely every thought of danger. He should adopt the philosophy of the fatalist and then attend exclusively to the game. It is possible to understand that, after a few trips, even as passenger, one would be free from every thought of casualty and yield to the fascination of the scudding flight. Even after a single experience one knows that the fascination is there.

The thrill of the road race was reflected from the men who run the machines to the spectators. It was a strange crowd to watch, when blue dawn came out of the east and gave definiteness and detail to masses of dim shadow, moving restlessly along the roads, settling against the fences. Thousands on thousands saw the race. Thousands went out to the course before midnight and made sure of choice positions along the roadside. Special train after special train rolled in from midnight until dawn and poured out regiment after regiment of eager onlookers. The roads which led to the course were lighted

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all through the night by the quivering pencil shafts of hundreds and hundreds of automobile search-lights. From sixty thousand to one hundred thousand people had their breakfast along the fences at dawn. Some breakfasts were served from luxurious hampers by servants in livery; some were served out of pocket packages by the cold-numbed, blue fingers of the consumer.

But when the cry "Car coming!" came roaring up the track, the faces were all alike. Millionaire's daughter, race-track gambler, absorbed scientist, man-servant, broker, newspaper reporter, staid mother of family, wife of one of the competing drivers—it made no difference who the spectator was, or how near or remote his interest in the race and the racers. They were all made alike. All were alert and a-tingle when that cry of "Car coming!" was bellowed through the megaphone. Those at the roadside, behind the ropes, crushed forward and craned their necks, despite all efforts of bucolic deputy sheriffs to restrain them. Those in the stands leaped to the seats of their chairs, or balanced on the backs of two that stood together. The anxiety and nervous tension of all were manifest to the observer by clenched hands, knit brows, and drawn mouth muscles. One could see along the road to the west for more than half a mile, but no car was in sight. The hiatus was for but a second or two. A tremor and a sigh ran through the crowd as the object of their watch rushed into view. At first it was seen, but not heard, but for a few seconds only; for its oncoming was like the sweep of a meteor. At first, in the distance, the noise of the engine was blurred into a growling whir, not unlike the roll of muffled drums. On came the indefinite, bug-like thing, and in another second the separate reports of the cylinder explosions could be distinguished, like the reports of a piece of rapid-fire artillery. Then, as the car came nearly abreast and swept past, these reports, though booming louder, were overborne, so as to be almost lost to cognizance, by the tremendous swishing noise, caused by the rush with which the air was cleft by the car and by the gritting of its wheels on the ground. So, the sound of the approach was a compound succession of a growling, a popping, and a swishing.

When it passed the grand stand, the car was traveling at a speed of about ninety miles an hour, for, with fine forethought, this structure had been erected on the longest straightaway stretch of the course; every contestant was able to run at high speed and make a real "grand-stand play" each time around. Only the fact that the stand was on a slight hillock prevented the cars from displaying at the stand the utmost speed of about one hundred miles an hour, attained by some on the slight decline just beyond the starting-tape.

After the big machine had hurtled by, the majority of those at the stands gaspingly inquired of their neighbors, "Who was it?" It was simply a streaking something to them, although the car had a huge number painted in white on its front and sides.

After all, the answer to the question made very little difference to most of those people. It mattered little to most of them that Hemery won the race rather than another—Lancia, for instance—aside from the desire to see the reward of victory go to the most skilful and most daring. It was the spectacle of the racing dragons, the man destroyers, the harnessed projectiles, which drew them and held them thrilled and fascinated. No one who saw and felt the mighty power and the creepy unearthliness of the thing could get it out of his dreams for many a night.

But it was more than a spectacle. It was a landmark in automobiling, in the manufacturing of automobiles, in the attitude of the public mind toward the sport. There was no after-shudder of horror. It furnished no grounds for outcry against such contests in the future. It revived the interest in road-racing on both sides of the Atlantic. It wholly changed the attitude of motorists generally toward the racing question. It was the climax of a progressive series of changes that had been going on throughout the year.

In this event an American car, for the first time, made a splendid showing in a big road race in competition with the best products of the more experienced Europeans. The success of the American car fired the ambition of all manufacturers. The foreigners went home and said that hereafter the United States would have to be reckoned as a factor in the contests for international trophies. Automobiling, as a sport, has just about kicked off its swaddling clothes and become ready for a career. To many, who have listened to the big talk and read the accounts of hundreds of races and other contests during a number of years, it may seem a late day for such a statement. That it is true and has only just now become true, after the motor-car has been for some time recognized as a

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permanent factor in our modes of transportation for the present and the future, makes the fact of peculiar interest, and it is for the purpose of bringing it into relief that the subject of the big race is finally important.

For years the principal automobile competitions here have been races on circular tracks, properly laughed at by the motorists of Europe, where every year heroic contests at hundreds of miles have been held over roads running through mountainous countries. It is hardly too much to say that hitherto the automobilists of the United States were only playing at racing, despite the fact that a number of ghastly tragedies have been recorded. On the other side of the ocean, it was early recognized that the automobile was not a track vehicle, that it could not be "extended" on a circular course, and that all track-racing with big machines was essentially farcical. Yet over here, track meet succeeded track meet, and it was the only country in the world where they did. This sort of racing prospered until last summer, and until then, whenever American cars and drivers attempted to compete in the grown-up game, they made a showing so sorry that it is kindest to omit the details. The year of transition was 1905, bringing the great success of the second Vanderbilt race, with its encouragement to American drivers and builders. Now the automobile manufacturers have squarely turned their backs upon the trivial play of track-racing and are ready to engage in road-racing seriously and to develop it.

It may be asked, "Supposing road-racing is developed here to the point it has attained abroad, of what use is it all?" Such racing furnishes an indication of the development of the automobile and tends to hasten the day of perfection attained. Ultimately the general public will be the chief beneficiary—for nothing is more certain than that the automobile is to be used some day by the general public. The bicycle was perfected through the experience and demands of the racing men who rode it. Always the user has been the instructor of the builder. This applies to the automobile with even greater point than to the bicycle, because the motor-car involves more mechanical problems which it is possible to reduce to scientific formulæ. Racing on the highway is of superlative value, while touring contests have but comparative merit. In a race of three hundred miles a car is subjected to a greater strain and a more severe test throughout than it is in five thousand miles of touring. The strain of running at top speed is acute and supreme. It will tell on the weakest points more disastrously in a few hours than ordinary usage would in as many years. Because of this the big road races have been the school in which the manufacturers learned their greatest lessons. The touring-car should, of course, be built as lightly and simply as is consistent with strength and efficiency. The racing-car must be so built. The weight of the racers is restricted. In building one the maker must combine the greatest power and strength he can within the weight. It is a fixed problem. All the best brains in the factories are brought into requisition for the construction of the racer. The racer breaks down in the race and an important lesson is learned. The experiment is repeated until a winner results. It is but little appreciated that simplicity in construction is one of the vital lessons learned through the building of racers. After the work has been done and a victorious car constructed, what has then been learned becomes a part of the factory's capital. Thus, the racing-school is a very practical one for the manufacturer.

For ten years the automobile makers of France have been attending the school of road-racing and the result is a highly efficient French product. American cars have improved rapidly and in most cases are found better for long tours over American roads than foreign machines, but the need of the practical lessons taught by road-racing has been sorely missed by the domestic manufacturer.

The ultimate goal of it all is the production of a strong, serviceable, cheap vehicle, capable of going without faltering over all sorts of roads, and so simple in construction that any one can handle it. It is the destiny of racing to result in this; it will be well if the cry of "Car coming!" is heard frequently in the land.

Not merely for racing but for every-day uses there is a more economical and better car coming. It will mean that our people go farther and farther from the cities and towns for the holidays, freshening their lungs, their eyes, their souls with the peace and the beauty of things which God made and man may only mar. It means that more and more men of moderate means may bring up their families in the suburbs and convert the uncomfortable journeys between the home and the office into a source of recreation and healthfulness. It means that the world is going to be a better place to live in.

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"HER OWN HANDS DRESSED RUFO'S WOUNDS."

The Wages of Jacob

By HERMAN WHITAKER

With Illustrations by Adrien Machefert

OUR mules plodded wearily between walls of volcanic cobbles that led the path on through endless fields of corn and maguey. How corn ever came to grow there, I cannot say. Ages ago, the volcano, that now thrust a lance of snow into the tremulous blue, had flung red hail over a province; and yet, green miracle, the corn grew, tall, stout, with ears big as a man's arm.

The heat bore heavily upon us; I rode in a hot dream. Somnolent hum of insect life combined with the corn's whispering to produce sleep. The sibilant hiss of the muleteers, their cries and whip crackings, drew farther away; I nodded, nodded—then jerked up, expecting to meet Mason's amused glance. But he, the hardened miner, was also drowsing; so I relapsed, dozed through the languorous hours till his voice roused me.

"Look here, John!"

In a dim way I had known that the trail had led out from fields and villages of red-tiled adobes, and that it was falling, falling, through growths of cactus, copal, and prickly mimosa, down into a valley. From the hills we had left, its floor ran down to a barranca, a black gorge, then swept on and up to a parallel range. Southward, the floor spread out, fanwise; but on the north it nipped in, following the barranca into a ravine whence issued a roar of mad waters.

Obedient to the engineer's instinct, I cried: "What a site for a dam! It would irrigate the whole valley."

Mason smiled. "You are late, John. This valley had irrigation—too much of it. Look over there!"

Then I saw a lonely adobe church crowning a knoll, a broken bridge, and, farther up the barranca, a water-swept ruin. About the

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latter, soil and subsoil had been scoured away to bed-rock; yet enough of the building remained to stamp it a great hacienda. By its pillars I could trace the patio, the stables and outbuildings which had housed the haciendado's following.

"What a flood!" I breathed.

"Went twenty feet over all but the church," Mason said; then, indicating the muleteers, he added, "Watch those fellows."

The three had climbed up to the church, and Ciro, our *mozo*, held a frayed rope that swung from the bell's clapper. Bareheaded, serious, they paused.

"Count the strokes," Mason said.

One—two—three—four! As the hills gave back each knell the men made the sign of Calvary, muttering an Ave. Five—six—seven—eight—nine—the toll ran to forty.

"Twoscore souls!" Mason confirmed my count. "And all, save one, in hell, if Ciro is to be believed."

"A story?" I exclaimed.

But Mason shook his head. "It is Ciro's, and he tells it much better than I. So bottle your curiosity for one more hour. We camp by the old dam."

"Si, señor." Nodding assent to Mason's question, the old man wiped his hands on the corn-husks that he carried and then slowly rose. "Yes, I will tell the señor of all those things, but let it be by the old dam, where the tale began."

We had camped on a plateau that had been formed by quarrying rock from the mountain, and a hundred steps carried us to its edge. Looking down I saw the water, white as yeast, cascading over a ruined foundation, the proportions of which drew from me the exclamation, "What fool built that dam?"

"Easy! easy!" Mason cautioned. "What height of a dam should that foundation carry?"

"Sixty feet."

"Now run your eye over those bits of masonry that cling to the other side. See how the courses are laid and tied up to the sixty-foot level? Above that the stones lie in rows as a child builds a block house—not a course tied, rubble shoveled in between the facings. This all has a meaning. Go ahead, Ciro."

"Si, señor." Ciro looked up from the boulder on which he had seated himself. "Aye, I will tell all, from the coming of the gringo engineer to the passing of El Negro.

"He came to the hacienda El Quis, this engineer, in the time of Señor Don Juan Fernandez, father of El Negro. He was to build a railroad, and in the months he abode here there was great marking of papers, making of maps, and driving of stakes in the mountains while the engineer peered through a glass and cried '*Bastante!* Enough!' All of which work ended in miscarriage because of a fat *ingles*, a red-cheeked man, very earnest, who spoke thus: 'Haw, haw!' breathing hard like an ox. He talked riddles, this *ingles*, to the gringo, saying that his people's money had been 'emptied by the barrel into this and other holes.' Fool's talk, señor, for the peons of El Quis raked the gorge that very night and found never a peso! But at last there came an end. The gringo packed and followed the fat *ingles* over the mountains, and El Quis thought it the last of him till Carlota, my mother, a hacienda servant, came to bed with a boy the very day that El Negro's Spanish wife bore him a daughter.

"As to which of the two events gave El Negro most concern is still a matter of quarrel. He took his name from his color, for he was black-favored, heavy-jowled, and evil-tempered, with yet a ready eye for a shapely woman. Carlota he had marked for his own; now, however, he would none of her; moreover, he made such virtuous talk to old Fernandez, that Carlota was forced to marry a peon, my father, who was willing enough, what with her comeliness and skill in cookery.

"But 'tis an ill fortune that reads only one way. El Negro's spite gained Carlota favor with his wife, who took her for a wet nurse. Thus Josefa, El Negro's child, and Rufo, son of Rufus Stone, the gringo engineer, fed at the same breast till I robbed them of it a year later; and we three, Spanish, gringo, Aztec, played, laughed, fought and cried out our infant years together.

"Harking back to that time, I see that even then the gringo blood had begun to prove itself. While I lashed packs to the dogs, and so made journeys through the stables and patio, Rufo followed his tradition, building him dams in the barranca. At ten he threw a foot-bridge from bank to bank; and at fourteen he builded a second for mules and carts. Josefa commanded the pair of us; taking hidalga's tithes of the spoils of my journeys to the kitchen, levying toll in sweetmeats on all who used Rufo's bridge. And so things went until, at fifteen, I was put to the mules, Rufo to the plow, and Josefa

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"THOU" A PLON" TO ASK THE HAND OF MY DAUGHTER"

was sent to Spain to be educated by her mother's folk.

"A year later, Juan Fernandez, the good, died—an evil change for El Quis. For whereas he had ever been easy in his tithings, taking ear of corn by ear with his peons according to ancient custom, El Negro now demanded two for one—to enforce which demand he drew about him bad men—Miguel Nacaxima, who had been a bandit, with his three brothers, Reuben, José, and Oton.

"In all El Quis but one man held a stiff neck. These hard years fattened Rufo, for again the blood had proved. Casting aside my father's wooden plows, he made him implements of iron. Afterward he placed a dam in the barranca above the church and led its waters through his fields, so that they brought forth five hundredfold, and he had great increase in corn, oil, and cane. Then he made a journey to Ciudad Mexico and brought thence a great mule-train of steel machinery to replace El Negro's wooden sugar and aguardiente mills. He prospered, by reason of the craft of hand and brain he had from his father, the engineer; and because of the riches that flowed through him to El Negro, he was permitted to raise his head. At twenty-three, when Josefa returned from Spain, he was second in wealth to the haciendado; rich and ripe for a great foolishness, and he must needs love Josefa!

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"At this time she was in full blossom, a passion flower, perfumed, exhaling the atmosphere that makes men mad. Seduction lurked in the curves of her proud mouth; her eyes were deep wells, tremulous with summer lightnings. Her skin shamed satin, and her languorous grace was such as men see in their dreams. Small wonder that she filled Rufo's eye. The wonder was that he dared to ask her hand of El Negro.

"I was witness to this folly. Of evenings it was El Negro's habit to sit on the balcony overlooking the patio, and smoke while discussing matters of the estate with Pablo; and on the evening that Rufo scaled this summit of his madness, it so happened that I was unloading a cargo my mules had brought in from Tepic. And there sat El Negro, drinking his wine, with Josefa beside him.

"The first we of the patio heard was the smash of the glass as it fell from El Negro's hand. Looking up, I saw him standing, one hand gripped on the back of his chair till the knuckles shone blue. Josefa, too, had risen, and her expression, half fear, half tremulous rage, recalled a long past day in childhood when Rufo had struck her.

"'Thou? A peon? To ask the hand of my daughter?' His voice swept through the patio, weird, dry as a desert wind.

"It was the voice of murder; all who heard looked for a quick end.

"But in El Negro greed curiously balanced temper, and after that first fury, his look gradually changed to such as I have seen on the face of a peon whom a stubborn ox has angered to the point of slaying—he fain would kill could he afford it.

"'Had it been other—' Again his whisper swept the patio. 'Had it been other—I had plucked out his tongue. But because of thy service—' I breathed. Gain had conquered. 'But because of thy service——'

"But Rufo's madness was not yet spent. 'Señor—' he began.

"El Negro stopped him. 'Tempt me no more! The thing is inconceivable, can never be! No, not till the Barrens of El Quis bring forth corn and cane.'

"There, señor, are the Barrens; the red sands under the sun. Then as now they were waterless. The haciendados of El Quis had always farmed the upper end of the valley, and as no man had ever dreamed of leading waters to them, El Negro's word stood for the impossible. Yet Rufo's face lit up with the fires of hope.

"'Give me Josefa,' he said, 'and I will make cane and corn to grow five leagues below the church.'

"'Now,' I thought, 'has he surely earned his death.'

"But El Negro stood, thoughtfully plucking his grizzled beard; the anger drew farther and farther back of his eyes. 'Humph!' he muttered at last. 'That would mean twenty thousand varas of fertile land. 'Tis worth the considering.' He mused for full five minutes, then said: 'And how, señor, is this miracle to be brought to pass?'

"'I will dam the barranca at the great gorge.'

"El Negro's eyes narrowed to slits. 'A prodigious labor,' he commented. 'Do you propose it, señor, at your own charges?'

"'At my own charges.' Rufo's head flew up and his blue eyes drew to points, as do the Señor Mason's in anger.

"Once more El Negro fell to musing. 'I doubt—but twenty thousand varas? Water on the Barrens would be more precious than diamonds. And there is nothing to lose. Look you, señor,' he said, glancing up, sharply; 'do this and——'

"So far Josefa had kept silence; now she burst out: 'Father! would you mix your blood with peon puddle? I will never——'

"He swung fiercely round upon her. 'To your room, señorita!'

"She went, swinging haughty skirts along the balcony; and when her door had closed, El Negro turned back to Rufo. 'But remember, señor! No further talk of love till the work be done!'

"Rufo returned his sharp look. 'I do not ask it. But when the work *is* finished——'

"El Negro interrupted: 'Thou shalt surely have thine earned reward.'

"With this last word he went indoors, and the spell dissolved that had held the patio. Tongues loosed and ran riot in wonder and speculation. Some day Rufo would rule El Quis in El Negro's stead! Certes! What a rise for peon stock! Here surely was cause for a fiesta! So ran the din, centering on my father until he was fully persuaded that the occasion demanded celebration.

"So next night *pulque* ran free in my father's house, hired musicians played for the dancers, and in the thick of it all, El Negro walked in. Black-jowled, frowning, he stood, overlooking us all, the four Nacaximas, Miguel, Reuben, José, and Oton, behind him.

"'And what might be the cause of this

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rejoicing?' His voice fell like a chill on the room.

"It was fit time for lying, but the *pulque* answered for my father: 'To celebrate, señor, the betrothal of your daughter and my son.'

"'Thy son?' Striding in, El Negro reversed his whip. 'Thy son? Is there other bastard in El Quis that thou wouldst care to claim?' My father went down like a stricken ox beneath his blow and was trampled by the guests as they fled from the whips of the following.

"It was an evil augur for Rufo's suit, but we hid this, our great folly, from him; also, because of the fair way El Negro spoke him, we came ourselves to disbelieve it. Josefa, too, as the days went by, softened in her manner. Of evenings she would join them on the balcony where they sat talking over the work. Soon she was quite at ease with Rufo, so the wiseheads of the patio reasoned it that El Negro had shown her that he could boast better than peon blood.

"Only Carlota was not deceived. 'Thinkest that El Negro has forgotten?' she warned Rufo. 'Nay, in thee dwells the man that plucked the fruit of his eye; and when the time meets he will pay the interest the heavy years have piled on that sore debt.' But he, being blinded by love, laughed at her counsel, and wrought steadily at the dam.

"The work moved slowly, eating up the years till four had run their course; four years, every day of which brought Rufo twenty hours' labor. To meet his extra charges, he doubled, trebled his farming, adding field to field until half the hacienda had come under his hand. Also, as El Quis could not supply peons for his labors, he brought in others from the countryside. Yet he was so skilled in their management, making one hand to wash the other, that he struck even balance after paying hacienda tithes. But the years marked him; at eight-and-twenty he carried the look of forty.

"It was in this, the last year of the dam-building, that Luis Francisco, of the hacienda San Gabriel to the south of us, stepped into the shoes of his father. Till then I doubt whether or no El Negro realized his full intent to Rufo. But here again Carlota's quick finger first picked the nut. Long before Josefa's flirtings had become a talk, Carlota sensed them, but now she had learned to place bars on her tongue; and because of the blind gringo temper which makes a man to lash out like a bull in pain, destroying the

"HE SAT ALL DAY IN THE SUN, A MOCK FOR THE SERVANTS."

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thing that would help him, because of this there was none other to warn—even I, his brother, would not dare it. Rufo lived in his fool's paradise to the very day that the dam was finished and the waters loosed into the canal.

"Against that day Rufo had laid many plans. Josefa was to ride with her father to see the waters ripple over the thousands of acres he had planted to cane; at night, there should be a fiesta for the work folk. But El Negro came alone to the fields. Josefa, he said, was house-fast with some megrim. So they two rode together, silently following the streams till the Barrens soaked up the last drop at the five *legua* limit.

"I was with them, shoveling and ditching, for even the muleteers had been pressed that day to the work. So I both saw and heard when Rufo spoke.

"'Señor,' he said, turning at the last ditch, 'señor, my work is done.'

"El Negro's glance was fixed on the red reaches that still lay between us and San Gabriel. His back was to Rufo, his face to me, so I alone saw the cruel gleam that drove calculation from his eyes. But he spoke smoothly enough.

"'Aye, 'tis done.' He paused and again that cruel gleam. 'Now listen,' he went on. 'The cane was to grow green before the reward, but—the water is here, the cane will surely grow, so—' Pausing again, he looked at Rufo, smiling, baring his strong teeth to the gums: the smile of the cougar.

"But Rufo took no warning. Such a look as flashed over his face I may never see again; its fulness of bright gratitude. 'You mean that I may claim——'

"'Thy reward?' El Negro finished. 'Surely, this very day.'

"'Señor!' Rufo stammered, tried to speak, then whirled his beast and headed for home, taking walls, ditches, fences in headlong flight.

"Astonished at the suddenness of it, El Negro sat his horse, staring. 'Here! José! Oton!' he shouted, recovering, 'After him! Josefa will be widowed before she is wed if the fool comes on them in that heat.'

"What follows I had from Pablo, the house-servant. As El Negro feared, Rufo came on the pair at their billing and cooing in the hacienda garden. Exactly what happened Pablo could not say; but when El Negro burst in, Rufo was standing over Luis, whom he had well-nigh killed with his naked hands. Between them crouched Josefa, a tigress, menacing Rufo with a knife from which fresh blood dripped. He minded her no more than the dozen wounds he had never felt. Stooping before they could seize him, he swung Luis up and back to the length of his arms, then dashed him to the ground.

"He did not speak when the following seized him; just stood in a stupor before El Negro, whose look was the blackest that Pablo had ever seen; said nothing when Oton brought whips of dry rawhide.

"'Señor Gringo!'—Pablo said that El Negro's words seethed through his teeth—'Señor Gringo, I placed these in pickle the day thou didst ask for Josefa. Behold the reward! Strip!'

"Señor, one likes not to believe it of a woman, but I have it on Pablo's oath that Josefa stood by while the following scourged my brother.

"Until Carlota came at dusk and begged his body of El Negro's wife, the señora had known nothing of the flogging; nor, for matter of that, was she privy to any of her husband's wickedness. Her own hands dressed Rufo's wounds while she prayed that her house might not be cursed; and the two women carried him to an abandoned hut.

"He was still senseless, but in the middle watch his voice quivered out on the blackness. 'It is you, mother?'

"'Aye, son,' she answered, 'who else but thy silly mother? Ah, son, this is the end.' But she spoke no word of reproach.

"'Nay.' His answer labored. 'It is—but—the beginning.' With that he turned away his face and spoke no more until, at noon next day, El Negro entered the hut.

"'What?' he said. 'Still alive? I had sworn the whips had eaten in to the heart. Well, I have yet need of thee. Where thy labors ended mine begin. Thine brought water midway of the Barrens; mine shall take it to the far boundary of El Quis. So up, dog! Drag thy sore bones to the dam, and raise it till the coping tops the plateau; and when the work is done, thou shalt dance at Josefa's wedding to the tune of yesterday. Thou also!' he finished, swinging round on Carlota. 'Thou! thy other son! and the fool that took the gringo's place in thy bed.'

"Nor halted his malice there. Our kinsmen of three generations, men and women, the peons whom Rufo had favored, all who did not run to deny him, were driven with whips to the dam. Here on this plateau we

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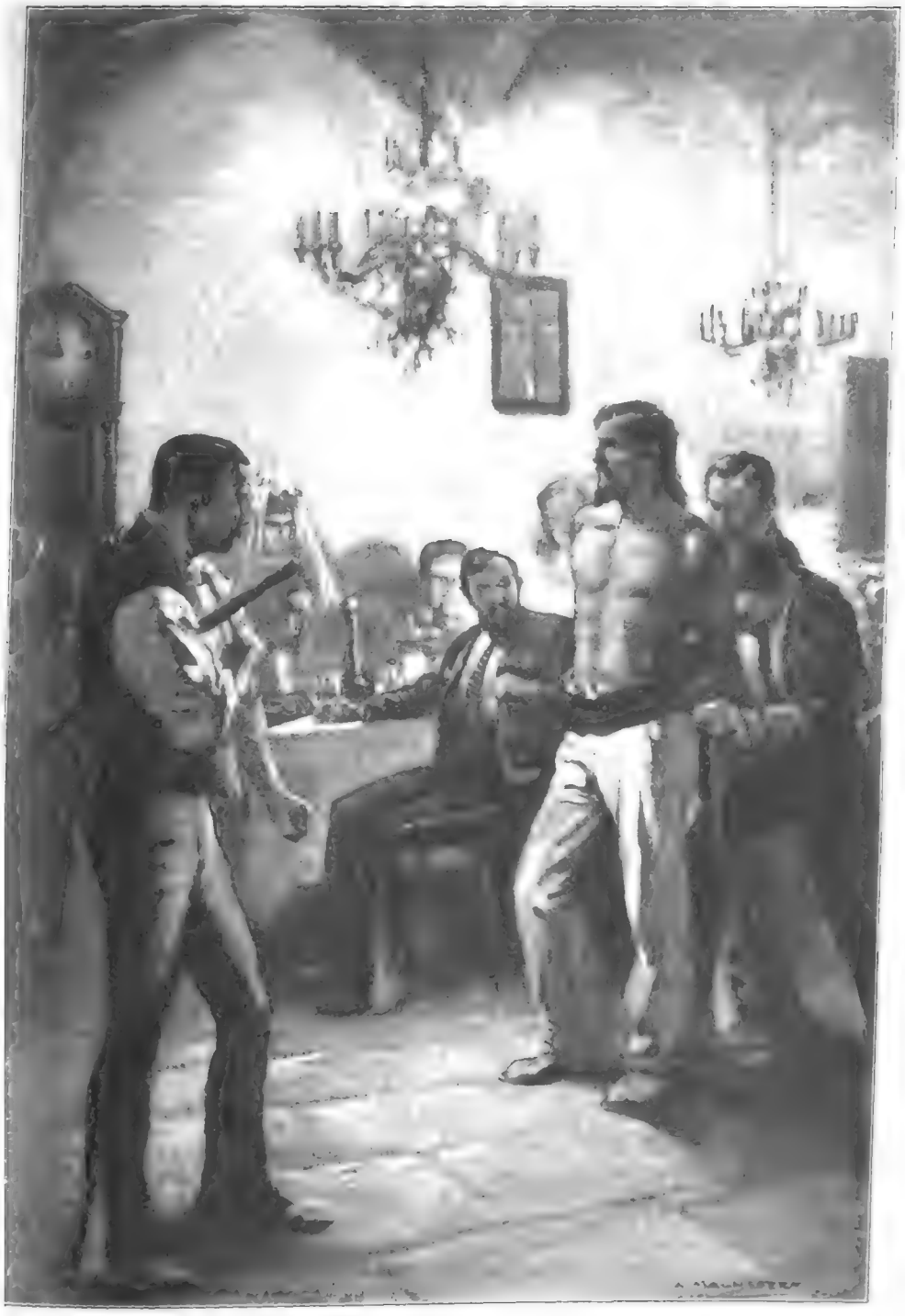

"THEY HAVE TORN THE SHIRT FROM HIS BACK, AND HE STANDS DUMB AS A SHEEP AT THE SLAUGHTER."

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lived a year. Day or dark, sun, rain, or wind, we drove hammer and drill while the women bent under heavy stones; there was no rest, either of labor or of the whip-crackings of Miguel, Reuben, José, and Oton.

"Aye, the Nacaximas were hard taskmasters, and yet their anger fell short of Rufo's furious zeal. Mornings, his trowel's clink roused us, groaning, from our blankets; nights, his hammerings troubled the darkness. One night in particular, I remember, he raised the dam a half course while we slept, he and Carlota, and a year passed before we learned the import of that secret labor. And he would stand for no shirking. If a man faltered, the ungovernable gringo temper flared out and he would fall upon him with blows and curses. Me, his own brother, he felled because I paused to turn the runlets of sweat away from my eyes. Yet we held not this violence against him, deeming that trouble had driven him mad —a thought his appearance favored. Unshaven, unshorn, his hair swung to his shoulders, while his beard, of a lighter color, fell to his chest; his eyes flared blue as alcohol flames out of his sunken face. Even our taskmasters came to fear him; El Negro himself was puzzled. Time and again I have seen him regarding Rufo with the suspicious stealth of one who doubts that he ought to make a quick end. But this his malice, his prodigious malignancy, would not permit; he would not free him from his pain. So he wrought to the end, till the coping leveled the plateau and a sullen tarn ran back to the mountain.

"Against that day El Negro had whetted his cruelty to a fine edge, setting all things in train for a great wedding; so that at one he should celebrate the dam's completion and drive the iron through Rufo's soul. Aye, he must needs have him to the wedding!

"Oton brought the command up to the plateau. 'Singers are needed for the dancing,' he said, grinning. 'It falls to thee to howl while Luis steps it with Josefa.'

"We slaves of the plateau, crowded to see him go, for though his pride had brought a curse upon us, we pitied his sorrows. At the turn of the trail he paused and called back to Carlota: 'Remember! At the hour of nine!'

"So he passed from us. Of how he fared below, we on the plateau could know nothing that day; the tale of it comes from the mouth of Miguel Nacaxima, who, from a bandit at heart, was converted by the haps of that night.

"Come to the hacienda, Rufo was chained where all the fuss and flutter of Josefa's maids would be under his eyes. Fine food for jealousy! Fare for a proud man! Like Jacob, he had served seven years for a wife, and now, forsooth, must watch her prinking for the arms of another.

"Nor did they abate one jot or tittle of his agony. He sat all day in the sun, a mock for the servants. But one person threw him a crumb of sympathy. 'I sorrow for thee, Rufo,' El Negro's wife said, as she passed him; and that word rose straight to God's footstool and stood her in stead that night.

"But in hall, at the wedding supper, came his sorest trial. You are to picture the scene, señor—the wide hall with its massive arches upholding the heavy roof, all ablaze with candles. Down the center runs a long table, loaded with meats, fruits, sweets, and wine. At one end sits El Negro with the bride and groom; the sides are lined with hidalgos and ladies, his kinsmen and friends. Close neighbor to silks and satins sits Rufo, unkempt, unshorn, Samson among the Philistines. He is placed where he may easily see Josefa, where he may count her flushes at Luis's whispers. When the wine runs free he is handed a glass and bidden toast the bride.

"'May this be her happiest night!' His words, pleasant enough, yet ring like a knell through the vaulted hall; his look causes even Miguel, a man who has slit throats for purses, to shudder.

"Flushed with wine, angry, El Negro rises. 'What hell's croaking is this? We'll teach thee a merrier tune. Bring whips, Oton.'

"But among the guests are men of some heart. They protest that the man's belly is gorged with punishment, and when El Negro persists, Ignacio Preciado, haciendado of San Nicolas, leaves with his kinsmen and following. Others go, too, making various excuse, the decent folk of the countryside; and when none are left but the mad and drunken, the señora, El Negro's wife, rises from the board.

"'Señor,' she says, 'already this man has suffered seven deaths and I will not stay to see him tortured.'

"El Negro laughs. 'As you please, señora. You will go to the church to pray? Miguel, attend the señora.' So it is that Miguel, much loath, is dragged by that angel's skirts forth from the mouth of hell.

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"Looking back from the door he gets his last glimpse of Rufo. Already they have torn the shirt from his back, and he stands, white, mute, dumb as a sheep at the slaughter, his eye following the minute-hand of the great hall clock. It lacked five minutes of nine.

"That day was the first in a year that we on the plateau had had a rest from labor, and we made it a long siesta, lolling in the sun. Up to us, at times, rose the sound of distant music, and, late in the afternoon, the marriage chimes.

"At dusk Carlota slipped away from us; but we thought nothing of it, though she had not spoken a word that day. At night she and Rufo had often sat on the dam; just the evening before they stayed far into the night, listening to the voice of the waters. Three times during that long vigil Rufo climbed down the sloping face, pausing often to place an ear to the stones. Their message we could not interpret, but he heard, aye! for when he climbed back his face was shining. But now Carlota sat alone, overlooking El Quis.

"As yet the dam lay in deep shadow; dark, sullen, the tarn ran from the white wall back to the mountain. But presently the moon sailed up from behind the hills, flooding the valley with ghostly radiance. I could see church and hacienda, dim blotches specked with yellow lights. Beneath yawned the barranca, a black throat, and as I stared down, questioning its mystery, a match scratched and Carlota's face flared out below. A flash, and it passed, leaving a spark of fire, sputtering redly. What might it be? While I wondered, Carlota climbed out of the shadows.

"As before, she stood staring out over the village; did not see me till I spoke. Then sweeping the hair back from her eyes, she peered through the gloom. 'Tis thee, Ciro?' Her ringing disappointment told whom she had thought me. She paused, then cried out as one who suddenly remembers, 'Begone! quick! ere the fuse eats in to the powder!'

"At first her words carried no meaning in through my ears; then, like a flash, it struck me—the meaning of their labors, the intent. With the knowledge came fear. I shouted, screamed in a voice shrill as a woman's for her to come away.

"She shook her head, motioning me to begone.

"Again I screamed, my cry mingling with the knell of a distant bell. It was the church clock, tolling nine. One! Two! The third was lost in a strident roar. Under Carlota's feet the coping heaved like the bow of a serpent, settled, sank, and then, smooth, black-green, the water wall curved over, and choked the gorge with boiling yeast.

"How shall I tell of it? Mad waters snatched oaks up by the roots, licked the gorge's sides clean of forest with hungry tongues, bit hills from the mountains and swallowed them at a gulp. The plateau rocked, the earth shivered, the air was rent. And yet, before the uproar, just as the first smooth wave snatched up Carlota, her voice carried to me:

"'I go to Rufo!'"

Rising, Ciro stretched an arm over the valley. Dusk now ruled. Mountain, crags, hills, loomed as dim gray shapes; the church —safe harborage of two hundred souls that dreadful night—was blotted out, the cry of the wild waters rose in the barranca.

"Out of forty in El Quis that night," Ciro finished, "only three were seen again. The flood dug deep graves for the others. Over yonder, a mile below the church, we found the three in the sand—Rufo, Josefa, Carlota. Stronger than death is the love of a mother! She followed through the welter of waters. But strange is the will of God! hard is the lot of mothers! That which comes to most in life, came to Carlota in death. Rufo's arms were welded about Josefa; her proud head drooped on his breast. Once more the gringo blood had proved itself. He had snatched from the hand of death the mate that life refused him. We could not, without violence, break his clasp. Nor did we try, for it was the will of the señora that these who were joined at birth and death should lie in peace together."

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The Casting Vote

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Illustrations by Will Grefé

WHAT gives point to this little tale is that the greatest thing in the world had come to Pembrook in the way that poets sing. It had come like a great light. It had transfigured the whole world for Pembrook. It had even made a bit of a poet of a hard-working young lawyer, for that was Pembrook's profession. It had given him all the hackneyed experiences that each man feels he alone in all the world has enjoyed, and besides it had awakened a deep feeling of reverence in him, for Florence Tracy, with her golden hair blowing about her pale face, and her gentle, aloof manner, seemed so much finer and sweeter than the golf-playing, slang-talking, sunburned girls he saw on every hand. But just as Pembrook had almost mustered courage to lay his petition reverently at the divinity's feet, unaccountably she seemed to slip from him. She made it difficult for Pembrook to see her; impossible for him to see her alone. Pembrook at first was filled with despair, but as days went on and Miss Tracy continued sweet, gentle, but aloof and unapproachable, Pembrook's reverence gave place to something as near exasperation as so devout a lover would permit himself to feel.

The afternoon that Kitty Deane forced herself into his confidence, Pembrook had gone out to walk trying to find an answer to the riddle it all was to him. He had known Kitty Deane from her earliest childhood. Indeed, had you asked him anything about her he would probably have told you that she was still in her earliest childhood, for he had quite overlooked the fact that every time he had added a year to his age, so had Kitty. He had a tender feeling toward her that was wholly patriarchal, so it was a distinct shock to him, as he strode furiously over the cedar pastures telling himself that it wasn't in the least his business in whose automobile Miss Tracy had gone out, when he heard a cheerful voice remark:

"Hello, Jim! What's givin' you such a grouch? Flossy?"

Pembrook looked around. Perched on the rail fence was Kitty Deane's small person. Pembrook was quite used to finding Kitty precocious, but her remark—and Pembrook had not failed to wince at its slang—was too great a leap for the brain of a small girl. It was almost as uncanny to him as if a toothless infant had joined in dinner-table conversation. Pembrook's affection for Miss Tracy was a matter, he had supposed, known only to himself and his God. And now Kitty Deane, slang on her lips, chaff in her eye, walked brazenly into his holy of holies. He looked at her sternly; she returned his look with insolent friendliness. The toes of her small shoes were firmly caught under the second rail of the fence. Her mouth was red and mocking. She was belted with a narrow ribbon, deep red of some unusual hue that seemed to have been made especially for her. At her throat and in her hair were touches of the same color. For the hundredth time she looked to Pembrook like some brilliant bird.

"I don't know what you mean," was all he found to say to her.

"Oh, yes, you do." Kitty's brown face beamed comprehension. "Flossy's the very devil, isn't she?"

"Your language is disgusting." Pembrook's tone was that of an outraged and elderly uncle.

"Yes, when *you* were a girl—" Kitty could mimic your tone with insulting accuracy.

Pembrook surveyed his old friend's daugh-

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ter—for it was thus he oftenest thought of Kitty—with a look of calm disapproval, and began to walk on slowly. He didn't want to talk with Kitty—he had given himself away quite enough as it was.

Kitty, who still held her precarious perch by neat balancing, shot a brown hand above her head, snatched a green apple from the gnarled and stunted tree above her, and taking accurate aim threw the apple at a rock which gleamed white in the sad colored yellow of the dunes below the pasture. The apple fell wide of its mark. Pembrook's displeasure relaxed.

"You *are* a girl, you know, after all. What's the use of playing boy all the time? You can't throw better than any other girl," he taunted. "What's the use of talking like one of your slangy little brothers? You'll be sorry when you're a young lady!"

"But think how much nicer I sound when I say 'devil' than most people would," argued Kitty sweetly. "I think my slang will make a hit—when I'm a young lady!"

Pembrook laughed. It was perfectly true, he reflected, that she didn't sound dreadful for all her slang. A naughty little girl, that was the worst she ever was, and she was beguiling. Kitty was quick to see her advantage. She had as usual, as she would have put it, "come out on top," and she regarded Pembrook with her air of a preternaturally intelligent robin.

"I didn't hold you up just for the sake of giving you a jolt, you know," she went on. "I want to help you out— Florence Tracy isn't my cousin for nothing, and she's not treating you square! She's acting—she's acting like a regular girl!"

"If you acted more like your cousin, it would be better for you. Miss Tracy is a thoroughly womanly woman." Pembrook delivered his little lesson with spirit, but he knew how weak it sounded.

"You bet she is." Kitty Deane was quite unruffled. "That's what's the matter with her! A womanly woman needs beating!"

"See here, Kitty, since you know so much about me and my affairs, you might tell me just what you're driving at." Pembrook capitulated.

Kitty explained exactly what she was driving at with a disconcerting frankness.

"You've been too nice to Florence Tracy. See what you get. Off she goes in Herrick's automobile. She always treats people like that who are too nice to her. What you ought to do is to make her jealous!"

Rapidly Pembrook adjusted himself to an entirely new point of view. Kitty somehow

PEMBROOK SURVEYED HIS OLD FRIEND'S DAUGHTER WITH A LOOK OF CALM DISAPPROVAL.

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had pushed Miss Tracy from the pedestal on which Pembrook had placed her. He had fallen in love with all the idealism of a boy of eighteen. Now, in the flashlight of Kitty's precocious knowledge, his idealism seemed sophomoric. Yet as a mere girl like other girls—a girl who flirted and who thought cheaply of favors too easily won—Miss Tracy seemed none the less alluring, and the fact that she was off even now in Herrick's automobile was more disturbing than ever.

"Miss Tracy wouldn't do me the honor of being jealous of me," was all he gave to Kitty.

Kitty winked one slow, irreverent eye. "She'd sit up and take notice—you'd see," she observed dryly. Her tone carried weight. There was experience behind it.

"But jealous of whom? Kindly tell me to whom I could suddenly pay attention at this hour without being obvious." If Pembrook had stooped to parley before, now he surrendered completely.

"Me!" Kitty answered with all the breadth of a classic simplicity.

Pembrook sat down on the ground and laughed. He laughed till he shook. He laughed till his shoulders ached. He laughed until his laughter grew high and shrill like that of a half-grown boy. He laughed until foolish tears ran down his face. It was an Homeric laugh, one that afterward stood out in his memory as one of the laughs of a lifetime.

Meantime his would-be sweetheart had sprung down from her perch and stood before him, flying colors in her cheeks as deep as the ribbon of her belt.

"I think you're hysterical," she cried, and Pembrook broke out in a fresh peal, for her voice shook with rage. "You'd better let me get you some water. What's there so funny about falling in love with me? Don't you think I'm pretty enough? You don't know anything about me. I'm a winner! Oh, Jim! you don't know how funny you look with your face puffed up and the tears coursing down your cheeks." And she sat down beside him and they "mingled their tears," as Kitty afterward described it.

"Listen," she said. "I'm out. I'm grown up. Instead of running with your troubles to mother, who, though sympathetic, is *vieux jeu*, listen to good sense. Flossie has a complexion like an Easter lily and a heavenly disposition, but just the same she won't like to see a man she likes walked off with by her infant cousin. Why, she corrects my grammar every day!"

"What makes you think your cousin likes me?" Pembrook was eager; he threw caution to the winds. Kitty's words were wine to his faint heart.

"I know she does." Kitty nodded her wise little head. She went on rapidly, carried away by her own plan. "And don't you see, kind as you've always been to me in private, you've never noticed me in public, so it'll be all the more conspicuous."

Pembrook, deep in thought, uprooted bits of grass with the end of a pointed stick.

"If only you weren't such a baby," he objected.

"How old do you think I am?" his little friend asked him. "I'll be eighteen directly."

Pembrook stared at her; and somehow it seemed as if he had never before seen Kitty Deane, or as if she had been suddenly metamorphosed into another being. She stood before him, slender, straight; masses of dark hair framed her oval face; and over the hair was a golden shimmer where the sun touched it. Her face and hands were tanned almost a swarthy brown, but under the tan deep red darkened her cheeks. He had always said that Kitty had nice eyes, but now they looked at him deep, impenetrable, with he knew not what strange gleam in them. Crimson was at her throat, her belt, her hair. The setting sun haloed her in fire. She seemed a witch girl, exotic, unreal, altogether lovely.

So they stood staring at each other a moment in the glory of the setting sun, and it flashed through Pembrook's mind that, in that magical moment, she too might have seen him with new eyes. She gave an odd little awkward laugh.

"Come," she said abruptly, and led the way through the cedar pasture whose trees spired it, funereal, almost menacing.

Pembrook did not speak. The spell of the moment held him. But instead of the bewildering stranger of whom he had had a glimpse, Kitty Deane was beside him again, familiar and beguiling.

"Think how good it'll be for me. I won't be able to talk slang, no, not a word, when I'm being treated as a real grown-up person," she wheedled. Then she gave him an odd, sharp little glance. "All on the square, you know," she said. "We're not playing for keeps."

"Of course we're not playing for keeps." Pembrook stared astonishment.

"Shake hands on it," and Kitty held out a firm little paw. They shook hands sol-

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emnly. Kitty was a baby after all, Pembrook decided. He went slowly home, turning over in his careful mind all the disturbing impressions of the day. Not the least among them was how amazingly Kitty had "come out."

But if Kitty had been wonderful, it was only a faint foreshadowing of what she was capable of. It had been arranged (and here again Pembrook recognized Kitty's efficient little head) that all of them, Herrick, Florence Tracy, Kitty, and Pembrook, should go on an excursion together the next day.

That there was something unusual in the air, something momentous not to be overlooked, they all realized, and that something was the extraordinary change in Kitty Deane. She had grown up overnight. It was as sudden a performance as the blooming of a budded rose, and as lovely. That she realized the impression she made on them all there was no doubt. She had waked up suddenly to a consciousness of her beauty, which is only another name for the consciousness of power. She exulted in her new-found strength; her mood carried them all with her, set their pulses beating, made Florence forget her dignity and Pembrook his seriousness.

"OFF SHE GOES IN HERRICK'S AUTOMOBILE."

That night when it was all over Pembrook again sorted out the day's impressions in his logical way. Several things stood out distinctly: Kitty, wonderful and adorable, had been proved abundantly right in her estimate of her cousin; Pembrook didn't care a fiddlestick that he had been mistaken. If Miss Tracy wasn't as angelic as she looked, all the better! And day before yesterday this amazing conclusion would have seemed heresy to Pembrook. He went to bed deciding that there never could in this world be another so perfect a day. There he was wrong; there he reckoned without Kitty's ability to keep it up.

But it was the last day he analyzed his emotions, for precisely at this point Pembrook stopped thinking and began living.

Kitty, it is true, had begun it on a high key, but she was only trying her wings; she could mount still higher; and the experiences of these four people should be sung in an ascending scale.

The joy of life is a heady, dangerous drink, and those who are drunk with it hand on the cup to their older and soberer fellows, who in their turn feel its magic. This was Kitty Deane's moment. She refuted all the dreary theories of life merely by living. Pembrook, as he watched her, felt his own life had been a gray, colorless affair. Even his love for Florence Tracy seemed a little anemic when set beside Kitty's vivid youth.

She had said to him, "We must always make believe that we aren't making believe." She gave the glamour to their make-believe flirtation that she gave to everything at that time. Pembrook found himself lending an animation to the part that he hadn't believed possible. She seemed to embody all the fire of youth that Pembrook had some way missed on the road of painstaking hard work which he had followed. The truth was, Kitty Deane had gone to Pembrook's head; he had taken too much of her, and yet at the same time, his heart would be off racing perilously as of old at a word from Florence Tracy.

It is notorious that mixing drinks is bad for the health; it may be that mixing girls is

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equally upsetting to the heart. Pembrook wasn't used to that especial sort of intoxication and it went hard with him.

It is not an unusual thing, this plurality of the affections, and it has the sanction of very ancient usage. Aheebeg led to the altar two brides, holding the hand of each, and his heart throbbing with exalted love for both ladies. One was a blonde, the other a brunette.

But as such convenient customs have no place in our restricted civilization, Pembrook did what most men would have done in his position—what most men do: he shut the door on speculation; he refused to answer such inopportune questions as "What's going to be the outcome of all this?" Life's perfect moments are so few that one would be a dreary spoil-sport to ask oneself awkward questions, especially if, as in poor Pembrook's case, whichever answer you give yourself will put an end forever to your pleasure.

So Pembrook drifted, or rather he was swept along in the ever swifter flowing tide of Kitty's gaiety and youth. Every time he was with her he touched a higher note of emotion, until one day—and afterward Pembrook blamed Kitty and the sky and the wind and all nature, everything but himself—one day after Kitty had flirted with him with the audacity possible only to extreme youth or great experience, and when he and she found themselves alone in the magic of the woods, and she turned to him all challenge and charm, Pembrook took her in his arms and kissed her. It seemed at the time the only thing to do. It was an impulse too strong to be resisted.

Kitty drew herself from him, and for one magical moment they stood looking at each other, as they had that day in the cedar pasture—the glory of the setting sun was behind her; through the trees the sea glowed red with fire. A deep flush—of happiness, Pembrook would have sworn—was on Kitty's cheeks. Oh, if Pembrook was ever in love in his life, at that moment he was in love with Kitty Deane.

The glory of the sky faded rapidly. A curious little questioning look was in Kitty's eyes. "What have you done?" she seemed to ask. And then Herrick and Florence Tracy, white and golden haired as an angel, came through the trees in search of them. The glamour vanished and Pembrook had the guilty feeling of a naughty little boy caught with the stolen fruit in his very hands.

"HOW OLD DO YOU THINK I AM?" HIS LITTLE FRIEND ASKED HIM.

Kitty and Herrick walked home together deep in talk, while Pembrook, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, reflected that Florence wouldn't have done a thing like that. Why, Kitty hadn't even made a pretense of rebuking him; she carried a flirtation too far, thought the virtuous Pembrook. And a great flood of affection for Florence swept Kitty from his mind—for of such contradictions was Pembrook's life made at that time.

But if Kitty had gone too far, here was an end to her wildness. From that evening her gaiety was softer; there was a pensive air about her, an occasional hint of sadness even, that Pembrook failed to understand but that

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filled him with tenderness. Still, he didn't ask himself if he had anything to do with Kitty's changed manner. Pembrook was no coxcomb. It was not his way to imagine girls to be in love with him. Nor did he speculate as to what Florence Tracy's altered attitude meant.

But no one can dwell in Arcadia long at a time, and also people who won't think frequently are made to think. The time came when Pembrook had to acknowledge that Kitty and he were being "talked about." The very night that he arrived at a vague conclusion that "something must be done about it," his brother Alden came to his room. Alden had a way of appearing solemnly at decisive moments in his brother's life. He plunged into the subject without preliminaries.

ALDEN HAD A WAY OF APPEARING SOLEMNLY AT DECISIVE MOMENTS IN HIS BROTHER'S LIFE.

"I hope you realize exactly what it is you are doing," he said. "On the one hand you are undertaking a very great responsibility; on the other you run the risk of betraying your trust to old friends of ours. As to Miss Tracy, for you she must be the *tertium quid*, though you seem pretty deeply involved there."

Pembrook didn't attempt to dodge.

"Kitty and I understand each other perfectly," he said lightly.

"It may be perfectly that she understands, poor little thing, that you don't care for her," returned his brother. "But you are blind if you imagine that you haven't made her care for you. What are you going to do about it? You can't make the daughter of your oldest friend care for you—people who have treated you like their own son—and then calmly leave her to break her heart."

"Stuff!" said Pembrook. "She doesn't care for me."

"Think the thing over." Alden Pembrook had an exasperatingly logical mind. "Kitty's not the same girl she was a few weeks ago. She's matured. She sits around in corners moping. I needn't ask if you have noticed her affectionate manner toward you."

"But—" Pembrook began.

"I've not come here to argue," his brother said gently. "You may imagine if I'm doing this for my health! I've done my duty. Now you do yours—whatever you imagine that to be."

Pembrook was no more complex or contrary than any other man. A little while before he would have been ready to say he was in love with Kitty Deane. He couldn't keep her dazzling little face from his mind; but when he was confronted with Kitty Deane as a wife, somehow the radiance went out of things. It was one thing to be captivated by Kitty Deane, but to marry her as a matter of duty, that was another. Why, Alden was crazy—Kitty was no more fit to be married than a wild bird. The idea of Kitty married revolted him. As well expect a butterfly to become a sitting hen. Pembrook had learned who it was he *didn't* wish to marry.

"Well, she doesn't care for me, that's one comfort, any more than I care for her," said Pembrook, and then certain looks of hers came to him accusingly. The way her face lighted up when he and Herrick called to get her—a hundred little things took new

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meaning. And at the same moment he rebelled.

"I won't do it. We made a compact—" Then Pembrook stopped short. He had kissed her, he had taken advantage of her youth, he had made her care for him. The kiss settled it. He was in honor bound now. With belated wisdom he saw that he should have gone to Florence Tracy in the beginning and, like a man, asked her to marry him. How sweet and lovely she had been throughout. How charming she was with Kitty. He could see her, white as a magnolia, with fair fine hair blowing about her face. And he had trifled with a woman like that! He felt like a man who has followed a will-o'-the-wisp into a bog and, caught in the mire, sees far away the calm light shining through the windows of his own home.

Perhaps, he thought, Florence cared for him. "It's too late to think of it now," he decided. "The casting vote is Kitty's; at least she shall never know, poor little thing." And so, comforting himself with the feeling that he was doing his duty, he arrived at the Deanes', the flame of self-sacrifice burning bright within him.

He found Kitty alone on the piazza. Her white dress shone out phantom-like against the gloom of the Virginia creeper. It was too dark to see her face, but her attitude bespoke weariness, nor did she greet him with her usual gaiety. There was something infinitely pathetic to Pembrook in the dreary note of her voice. She seemed so made for gladness and gaiety—it would be only a brute who would cast a shadow over her joyfulness.

"What's the matter, Kitty? You don't seem happy. I can't bear to see you like this, little girl." Pembrook spoke with more real tenderness than he would have believed possible.

"Oh, Jim, don't talk like that. I simply can't bear to play that game to-night. I'm knocked out. We don't need to keep it up when Floss isn't around, do we?" She reverted to her little girl slang in her moment of stress. Pembrook shivered.

"Nevertheless you might tell me what is the matter," he went on in the same tone.

Kitty laughed shrilly. "I shall *bust*," she said, "if you talk that way to me. I never act like a girl, but I shall to-night. I'm so sick of make-believe and eye-making—and everything." Her voice ended almost in a sob. It was clear that she was trying to master some emotion. "Why don't you go and see Florence?" she went on. "You've played your fish long enough; it's time to haul it in." Her white shoe beat the floor in exasperation.

"I know what you mean, Kitty. I know what you're feeling bad about," Pembrook went on gently.

He felt her staring through the darkness at him with great frightened eyes.

"I don't see how you *can* know. I don't see how you could guess. I kept it from you most of all."

"It was because I felt the same as you did." The lie stuck in his throat. He nerved himself for a fresh effort. He must be convincing this time if ever.

"Well, if you saw, why did you let me suffer so? Why didn't you tell me about it sooner, since you knew all the trouble you were making for me?" Kitty demanded. It seemed a little hard to quarrel with a man for not having declared himself sooner, Pembrook thought.

"Kitty," he said, "in a thing as grave and serious as this is, a man has to be very sure of himself and especially of the girl. You are so young that I couldn't believe that it was serious with you at first—anything more than a child's midsummer game."

"Oh, you couldn't," said Kitty with pique. "You sound as solemn as—as you used to before I shook you up and thawed you out."

"A man feels solemn when he's about to ask some one to marry him."

"Well, if you're going to, why don't you?" Kitty's impatience rose high.

Pembrook gasped. Kitty really was going a little far. He was in for it now, however.

"Kitty," he said, "I think I can make you happy. I love you very dearly. It is true that I don't love you with the impulsive sort of love that a younger man might. I don't think I am capable of caring for any one that way. But I do love you, and when we are married—if you will do me the great honor to marry me, I mean——"

Kitty was on her feet.

"It needed only this," she cried. "This is the limit! This finishes me! As long as I live, I'll never help anybody out again. The idea of you, *you*, Jim Pembrook, making love to me. But you're not! You're not! You—you think—I believe you think I care for you! Oh! What a—a—" she searched her mind for a word fitting for him, and brought out the insult of her childhood—"what a *Double It* you are! You imagine I'd care for a frivolous, light-minded, conceited man like you—

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a man who can't be serious unless he's patronizing!"

"I don't understand what all this means," stammered Pembrook. "If you said what you did a moment ago just to humiliate me——"

"Humiliate you!" She caught him up in the torrent of her anger. "After this! And when you think what I've suffered and been through for your sake—and you talk about humiliating me—after breaking your own compact, after insulting me with your talk about your 'old man's love,' and hanging around and hanging around instead of having some snap and asking Florence to marry you like a man! And she's so mad at me she'll hardly speak to me, and I couldn't explain your attentions to *him*."

"To *him*—to whom? Kindly be coherent a moment, if you can." Pembrook felt his own temper rising.

"Why, to Will Herrick, of course; whom else could I mean? We're engaged, or we were until your hanging around and flirting and everything made him tell me to decide between you. And I couldn't give you away; he never would, in the world, have understood getting a girl to care for you in the underhand way you have. Poor Flossie——"

"This is too much," exclaimed Pembrook. "That was your idea——"

"It was before I'd known what it was to really care for any one, and how a *man* acts when he really cares." Kitty was superb. "But now it's all spoiled. You've rubbed my nose in the dust. Floss is down on me, and Will thinks I'm a flirt." Her voice broke a little on the last word.

"Oh, he does," said Pembrook grimly.

"It was all for your sake, and then you spring this mean trick on me," concluded Kitty.

When a man has been ready to sacrifice his life for the sake of a girl, it isn't pleasant to have his sacrifice called a "mean trick," even if he is glad not to have to sacrifice himself. Even the holy martyrs must have preferred to have their martyrdom taken seriously by their friends.

"I did my best for you, Kitty," Pembrook returned simply. "And I'm sure I'm much obliged for all you've done for me. After my break, I can see you won't care to see much of me for a while, so Mr. Herrick can soon satisfy himself there's nothing between us."

"You talk like a solemn owl," Kitty fired as a parting shot.

He felt that he needed to hide himself in darkness, and the soft shadows of the summer night enveloped him gratefully. He had been made a fool of, he felt, and by a baby like Kitty. She had abused him shrewishly, the little vixen, and the worst of it was that every word of angry accusation hit an unprotected spot. "Solemn owl," she had called him. With burning cheeks he imagined her mimicking his pompous proposal. "Conceited.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER, KITTY? YOU DON'T SEEM HAPPY."

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frivolous, patronizing," she had hurled at him. Well, wasn't he all these things?

There was one solemner owl in the world than Jim Pembrook and that was Alden Pembrook. It was a comforting thought that there was some one he could take it out on. He would fix Alden later.

Then Kitty's petulant words came back to him: "You've played your fish, now why don't you land it?" Vulgar little creature—and he could for a moment have dared to compare those two girls.

Pembrook walked on through the darkness, taking no heed where he was going. All he wanted, so he thought, was to get away from everybody and especially from himself and the humiliation of the past hour.

There are times when a man's instinct serves him better than his reason and it was instinct which guided Pembrook's feet, for presently to his surprise he found himself in front of Florence Tracy's house, and a great desire to see her blotted out all other emotion.

Then Reason made its feeble protest: "You are unworthy to talk to her," it said, "and worse than unworthy; you have made yourself ridiculous!"

But while Reason preached, Pembrook was ringing the door bell.

Russian Peasant Riots

By ERNEST POOLE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Recent sensational political developments in the Czar's country give a peculiar timeliness to the third of Mr. Poole's Russian studies. In the profoundly true story that follows, a face-to-face study of actual conditions, Mr. Poole gives new and significant details of the horrors of peasant oppression, and traces the momentous results, including the people's repudiation both of their God and their country, which the great crimes of the Russian autocracy have at last produced.

HANG the leaders of these cattle; flog the others; flood the whole district with Cossacks—this is our only practicable course." So spoke the head of the Chancellery in Kursk, center of peasant riot districts, most wretched part of Russia.

The Chancellor leaned forward over his desk. Splendid shoulders, thick neck; broad, rugged face with heavy black beard; quiet, piercing eyes deep under bushy brows; a low, harsh voice.

"Our hands are tied," he said impatiently. "Petersburg seems to have lost its head. To-day we get orders to be liberal, to promise reforms, to conciliate these cattle. To-morrow they say, 'Flog! Hang! Stamp out!' But to-morrow is only one day, and before we have time to begin our flogging, the next day brings more orders—to be 'kind and liberal.'

"It's a dangerous time for such hesitation. The whole province is in ferment. The Socialists are everywhere, straining to bring to a climax their work of the last thirty years. In the night they nail their manifestoes to walls, sheds, and fences; day and night they are in the huts, in the woods, and in village tea-rooms; everywhere gathering groups and lashing up wild passions. Two weeks ago one group suddenly swelled to thousands; they swarmed like locusts over the district, burning a dozen estates in as many hours. We threw in our troops; the fire went underground. It is silent fire now, but ready to burst up again in an instant!

"You come here at such a time," he continued grimly, "and say you wish to see these peasants. I shall show your letters to the Governor, but I tell you beforehand that he will never give permission." He left the room.

I had come down the night before from Moscow with Ivanoff, my interpreter and colleague, proposing to find the truth about these peasants in southern Russia—the hungriest, most ignorant, most degraded of all the human millions who belong body and soul, by grace of God, to Nicholas the Second.

We had come direct to the Governor: first, because we wished to hear both sides of the story; second, because one week before, up in central Russia, the police had expelled us from

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a village, warning us never again to attempt looking at peasants without permission from the Governor of the province.

We waited impatiently. Past the open door came brilliant uniforms. Waiters hurried through with trays of tea-glasses. Before us in the corner hung a Madonna in gorgeous frame of silver and gilt, and close below flickered the tiny wick lamp which never goes out. This was an ikon—one of the twenty million ikons in Russia—outposts of the Russian Church. And close beside hung a picture of the Czar.

By the window stood a tall, thin man with drooping shoulders and a bored expression. He was the Chancellor's aide.

"I cannot see," he remarked at last, "what you find interesting in the peasants here. There is nothing here but the most revolting poverty, starvation, disease. Most revolting." He relapsed into gloomy silence. At last the Chancellor returned.

"The Governor has not consented. He has no power to allow you to see the peasants. You must forward your application to the Minister of the Interior."

Ivanoff and I grew desperate. Forwarding an application to the Minister of the Interior is like throwing pebbles into the ocean; applications have been piling up there some fifty years. We talked things over in English, then Ivanoff turned to the Chancellor.

"We have powerful friends in Petersburg who may procure for us a letter from one of the Grand Dukes. Will that help us?"

The Chancellor smiled.

"Not long ago," he replied, "a gentleman came here with just such a letter. But meanwhile the Governor had received different orders from some one else in Petersburg. The gentleman did not see the peasants."

"Let's get out of this," I said, speaking low in English. "Let's hire a sleigh, and just begin looking as we did in those other villages. At least we can see something before we get expelled."

Unfortunately the Chancellor caught my meaning.

"If you try to see the peasants by yourselves," he said, "you will not only be watched by the police, but some at least of the peasants to whom you talk will be our spies. We have telephones to every village, and in two hours at latest we shall know not only whom you have seen, but also what you yourselves have said. Meanwhile you will have been seized and thrown into a village jail, awaiting our orders." He smiled grimly. "Our village police are rough fellows. They would doubtless flog you both in jail before we could inform them who you were. Of course we should be sorry for this and should reprimand them. But in the meantime, you see, you would have been flogged." Ivanoff translated this slowly.

"Do you think he means it?"

"Yes. I have known cases where it was done."

"But you read him my letters from my magazine, from the American Consul, and from the Secretary of State?"

Ivanoff only smiled. "Oh, my dear fellow, that is nothing."

"In my country it is something. We have a strange American custom that may interest the Chancellor. When a journalist comes to report both sides of a strike, he is not flogged, not even jailed. We let him walk right up and look at the workmen." Ivanoff told this to the Chancellor. They both laughed.

"Young man," said the Chancellor, rising as if to close the interview, "kindly remember that you are not in the United States but in Russia. We are responsible to no living man here, but only to our superiors in Petersburg, who are in turn responsible only to his Majesty the Czar."

For an hour we wandered through the hummocky, slushy, steaming streets; watching crowds of peasant men and women who had come into town to market. The faces of these peasants were broad and dull and coarse. They were clothed in rags; the handkerchiefs on the women's heads were old and spattered with mud; the sheepskin coats were torn and foul. We saw hunger—always hunger—in the weak, shuffling steps of men, in the weary faces of women, in hollow, anemic cheeks of little children. They stood about by hundreds and by thousands in the mud. Scowls and gloomy silence. Only here and there groups would suddenly collect. In an instant hands would wave and voices rise in wild anger. Then the soldiers with their bayonets, or the Cossacks with their whips, would rush in shouting abuse, and the peasants would scatter, scowling, shivering—thinking. Such thinking is the Russian Revolution.

The town covered a big bare hill. Looking down and off into the prairie we saw, under the low-hanging gray clouds, indistinct through the mist, miles and miles of snow and slush and mud; the mud so deep you could see the peasant carts sink to the hubs of the wheels,

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while the furious drivers lashed the bony little horses. Far out over this stretch were tiny groups of huts made of sod and logs and straw. These were villages. And between them under the snow lay the earth—the famous Black Belt, once so rich, but "sweated" now by ignorance.

We went for advice to a leader of the district Zemstvo; we had a letter to him from a liberal prince in Moscow. The leader received us kindly. He was a short, rugged old man with enormous, broad shoulders, bushy, gray whiskers, massive face lined and wrinkled by work. His little blue eyes twinkled and his face wrinkled in a noiseless laugh when we told him what the Chancellor had said.

"He means just what he says. You would be jailed in two hours, lose all your note-books, and be expelled from Russia; while your friend here might land for months in prison. You would also run a good chance of being killed by the peasants. You have seen even here in town how furious they get in a moment. They suspect you foreigners, for the head of the Russian Church has ordered all his twenty thousand village popes to assure the peasants every Sunday that the Petersburg massacre was caused by English and Japanese spies, who incited the workmen to riot simply in order to have them killed. According to the village popes, the English are all murderers.

"But why not let me give you the stories? I have lived all my life down there among the peasants. You know already, from Prince B——, in Moscow, from the Zemstvo men, and from the Socialists that I'm a half-way old chap between them all. You can rely on the literal truth of what I tell you. First, about the riots:

"One morning, ten days ago, in a village some forty miles back in the country, the church bell began to ring furiously. An hour later some fifty men and women with clubs and pitchforks started off for the next village half a mile away. There the mob doubled, on they marched, and in six hours there were over a thousand surging along through the snow, sucking in every man, woman, and child from each village through which they passed.

"In one little hamlet a hundred peasants stood blocking the road. These peasants had heard the roar of the mob in the distance, and because their *barin* had always been kind and liberal they resolved to defend his estate. They stood startled, bewildered, irresolute, massed across the road between the high snow-banks.

"Down the road surged the mob, two thousand now—men, women, and children in shaggy sheepskin coats and rags; bare heads, disheveled hair and bloodshot eyes; wild shouts, curses, screams, and hysterical laughter; shrill cries from little boys; clubs pounding snow; pitchforks tossing overhead. In front came twenty peasant leaders striding along in their huge felt boots.

"The little group edged back. The twenty leaders stopped.

"'Heigh! You! Out of the way! Join in behind us!'

"'We will not.'

"'What?' yelled the leaders, starting forward.

"'We must stop you,' said an old man in the center of the group. His skinny old hand shook as he pointed up over the trees to the two tall chimneys of the house of his *barin*. 'Our *barin* has always been good to us. Leave him alone!'

"The peasant leaders laughed. The laugh ran back and rippled into a roar.

"'Fools! Idiots! Cattle! What can you do against us? There are twenty of us for each one of you. Now get away or we will kill you all. Fall in behind us, for we are brothers. We won't kill your *barin*. All we want to do is to take all the land and everything and divide it up. Out of the way! Be quick!'

"The little group drew back and consulted in low, anxious voices.

"'Look here!' sputtered the younger men, growing more and more excited. 'These fellows are bound to take our *barin's* things. We can't stop them just by being killed. It's better for us to join in and get a share of the things. Why not? Look here! Perhaps these peasants are right; perhaps the land does belong to us. We do all the work on it. Why should this *barin* always eat big dinners while we starve? Suppose he is kind to the poorest of us. He is only half kind. If he were all kind he would not have eaten such big dinners this winter while five of our babies died because they had no milk and had only black bread to suck. Come on. Let's get our sleighs to haul away his things.'

"In vain the old man protested. In a few minutes they were leading the two thousand into the estate.

"There the passions that had smoldered

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so long in starvation, disease, and ignorance now burst into flame. Men and women rushed wildly about. Some one struck down a dog, and the sight of blood maddened the others. They rushed to the barn, locked all the cattle in, piled logs around, poured oil on the logs, and set them afire. Then men, women, and children danced round the flames while the roasting cattle bellowed inside.

"They broke into the house, tramping mud through every room, pounding, yelling, smashing.

"The *barin's* mother, a proud old noblewoman, stood in her room under the sacred family ikon.

"'Take all,' she said. 'I cannot resist, for I am only a weak old woman. But this I will ask you. Leave my ikon, the holy altar of my ancestors.

"'You can have it!' The peasant leader laughed and leaped on a chair which creaked under his big felt boot. He tore the Madonna from its frame on the wall, shattered the glass with one blow of his earthy fist, tore off the silver and gold, and then threw the crumpled picture at her feet.

"'Take your old piece of cloth!' he shouted. 'We don't need it any more! We are through with ikons!'

"He was right. The peasants are through with ikons.

"In a village where I lived eight years ago was a peasant neither starving nor prosperous, just half-way between. His name was Sergius Castierin. This Sergius began to think laboriously. And the process of his thought was as follows:

"Sergius wanted to get rich. He knew that the Russian Church was immensely rich. The pope had told him that these riches came because God loved the Church. 'Now,' thought Sergius, 'if I can only get God to love me, then I too shall be fat and comfortable.'

"So to win God's love Sergius began carefully imitating the village pope in all his habits. He began to go to every service in the church, Sundays and week-days too; he scraped together his spare kopecks and spent them all on masses; he even paid the pope to perform more masses in his hut; and, to be unusually polite to God, he bought four sacred ikons, instead of one, and hung them all up on the log walls of his hut. Every time the pope came out of his house and walked to the little white church, out of his hut came Sergius and walked behind, very close, that God might not fail to see him. He shrewdly imitated the pope's every gesture. The pope was lame; Sergius grew just as lame—he used to practise at night in the one room of his hut. Later he made his voice deep and solemn; he spoke in monotones; he knelt in exactly the same way as the pope. He was almost always kneeling. And so three years passed piously away.

"Then Sergius saw that while he had been kneeling, his one poor strip of land had grown hard and poor from neglect, and his children had grown thinner and thinner because all the spare kopecks in the hut had gone to the pope to buy love from God. As the two tiniest children grew weaker they grew more fretful; they used to cry drearily all night from the ache in their stomachs. The wife would hush them, but in ten minutes they would begin again the same whining cry—over and over, hundreds of times through the night. And because God might be listening, Sergius could only swear in whispers.

"Once, toward dawn, Sergius lay up on top of the broad brick stove, hearing the whines, and whispering more and more earnestly. Suddenly the smallest child gave an extra loud whine. Then down from the stove leaped Sergius.

"'Devils!' he roared. 'Devils! Devils! Devils! Pigs! Bugs!' He looked up through the ceiling and shouted to God:

"'Listen all you want—if you are there. I don't believe you ever were there! I say this God is no good at all! Anyway he gets nothing more from me! Wife! Pig! Wake up! I was very religious—yes—you know I was! Well—now look at us! Oh, shut up, you little devils, quit your bawling! Wife, gather all this holy rubbish and pitch it into the creek! I say now! Right away! Before morning! I can't sleep when I see these damned ikon women laughing at the way they have cheated me!'

"In vain his wife sobbed and shook with fear and told him that God would surely kill them all.

"'Bosh!' shouted Sergius. 'God is nothing! He could do me no good then when I gave him all those prayers and masses; he can do me no harm now when I give him what he deserves. Woman, be quick! I have my club ready for your back. I have not beaten you for three years just on account of this cursed cheat of a God, but I will beat you three years without stopping if you don't tear these God-things out of the hut!'

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"So Sergius began his strike against God. That was five years ago. And now the whole village is with him.

"The peasants have grown to despise and ridicule the Church. But it is against the Czar's other village officials that they feel the deepest, deadliest hatred.

"Some years ago, while Zemstvo statistician, I went to investigate a certain village from which had come rumors of fearful poverty. On my arrival, though the Czar's officials—judge, clerk, and policemen—were all very amiable, I felt at once that there was something queer in the village.

"In most of these poorest hamlets the peasants go away in the winter to work in the factories of the larger towns. The younger men often leave for good. But here all were staying on right through the winter; they had done this for years, and so the population had swelled, the land had grown poorer, and now famine was working sad havoc.

"Why did they stay? All the faces were cowed and frightened; it seemed to me they all wanted to tell me something but were silent for fear of the Zemsky Natchalnik.

"As you may know, this Natchalnik is the Czar's 'Inspector.' He watches Zemstvos and peasants alike. He is the tyrant of the district. He forces the peasants to elect his creatures for judge and clerk and road-mender. If any one opposes him, he simply calls this person a dangerous conspirator and throws him without trial into jail. The wise Russian law provides that the Natchalnik can imprison a peasant without trial for only three days at a time, but I have known cases where a troublesome 'honest government' peasant was put into jail for three days, then freed for three hours, then put into jail again, and so on for weeks.

"This Natchalnik had cowed the whole village. In vain I went from hut to hut asking questions. Even at midnight I could not enter a hut and stay ten minutes before there would come a rap at the door; in would stride either the judge, the clerk, or the policeman; and at once the family would fall into gloomy silence—grandparents, parents, and children all staring straight before them in dull, hopeless dread.

"I gave up and started for town at daylight. About a mile out of the village, in a little wood by the roadside, some twenty peasants were huddled together talking in low, tense, angry voices. I asked the driver of my sledge what they were doing.

"'Oh,' he laughed, 'they're trying to think of some way to get rid of this Zemsky Natchalnik. He has a big estate here and he wants the very cheapest laborers, and so he has forbidden the peasants to leave the village; he knows that in this way the peasants must grow more and more, and so the wages he pays can grow less and less, until they all get to the starving place where a man can just barely stand up and keep on working.'

"Our sleigh had come up noiselessly in the deep snow; we stopped behind a clump of bushes and listened, but could hear nothing intelligible. Only over and over again the same low, indignant cry:

"'In the next village the *barin* gives two rubles a day and here this Natchalnik only gives half a ruble! Devil! Devil! Devil!'

"In the villages near by I found that many landlords heartily favored this Natchalnik. He had managed in their villages the same scheme—for a consideration. Their peasants were also shut in and wages had already dropped a hundred per cent. One landlord jovially remarked: 'We are living like cheese in butter.'

"On the other hand the factory employers in the neighboring town were groaning for lack of workmen. They had tried hard to break the Natchalnik's economic quarantine, but every effort was useless, for the Russian law provides that the Natchalnik may forbid any suspected peasant to roam out of the district. This shrewd official had simply applied the law wholesale.

"This Natchalnik is only the outpost of the Czar's Bureaucracy. They are all alike. This morning you say they forbade you to look at the peasants. They forbid us Zemstvo men to gather any helpful statistics. The Natchalniks intrude at every step, on the ground that statisticians are dangerous 'propagandists.' And the moment they telegraph this dread word to Petersburg their enemies are at once swept away by the majesty of the law. It makes no difference if the accusation be true or not. Not long ago our Zemstvo chose eleven statisticians (the law allows us twenty or more). These eleven, although long in the service of the Zemstvo, had not once been under the suspicion of the police. When a Zemstvo man can work for years without being suspected by one of the two hundred thousand police and inspectors of various kinds, then he must indeed be a

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harmless and conservative person. So I thought. But to make doubly sure I sent to our Governor the names of these men, that he might indorse them. Weeks of waiting. Then the list came back. At the bottom was written simply this:

"'I forbid them all.'

"The Governor did right. For those men had been trained in universities for their work. Had he allowed them to go into the villages down there in the plain, they would have brought back the most dangerous of all propaganda — the truth about Russia."

Do I Want an Automobile?

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "Back Home."

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

YOU'LL never find me standing on the curbstone and shouting, "Git a horse!" You'll never find me scattering carpet tacks in the roadway. You'll never hear me calling them "hell wagons," or wrinkling up my nose and saying, "Pue!" I rather like the smell of gasoline unless it's too near the gas-jet.

I always stop and follow with my eyes when one honk-honks apast me. It's no use sending me on errands and telling me to be right back, if my way is near a fine smooth street. I've just got to stand and "gawp" at them going by. And if there's one on the corner with a man trying to wind up the spring in the front (or whatever it is), so that the machine will shudder just right, I join the throng of messenger-boys, and men taking home the wash, and fellows out of work, and I stand, with my weight first on one foot and then on the other, trying to puzzle out what it is he does with the handle.

I look at the folks riding in them, leaning back so grandly with their jaws tied up as for the mumps, and trying their blamedest not to let on how tickled with themselves they are, trying to pretend that it's an old story to them and that they have had autos ever since the machines came out. It is my daily effort to figure to myself how it would be with me if it was me instead of them. I was in one once for a little while. Honest, I was. Now that's no joke. I was. Rode quite a ways, too. Anyhow, half a mile. I can't really describe my sensations. The luxury got me rather rattled in my mind. I came as near as scat! to making the worst bargain in my life, just on account of that automobile, because the main thing in my mind was that I ought to have one. I can just see myself in one going to the grocery around the corner for three and a half of sugar, a pound of lard, a can of baking-powder, "and see if they've got any nice vegetables." I'd put on my leather clothes and my goggles and my cap, and I'd honk-honk around into Ditmars Avenue on one wheel. And there's that big dog that barks so at me when I walk past there now, and makes the cold chills run over me when he smells of my leg, and I don't dare to clout him one for fear he'll half eat me— If I didn't get that dog inside of a week after my machine arrived, then I'm a Dutchman. Say-ay-ay-ay! it would be elegant, wouldn't it? Yes, I'll have to have an automobile. I've simply got to. It's no more than right. I owe it to myself.

And yet .... And yet .... Come, let's inquire into this matter. Do I really want one? Before pressing this question, there are two or three others that may be considered.

Can I get one?

Don't answer! *Don't answer that!* 'Bjection! Leading, improper, incompetent, immaterial, and not germane to the issue.

'Bjection sustained.

If I had one, where would I put it?

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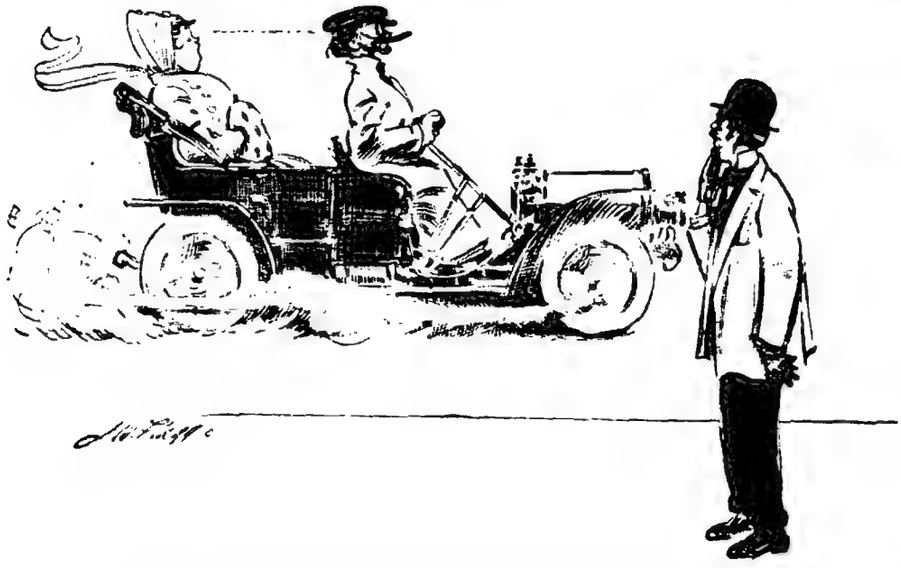
Let me see, now. It would be the dickens and all getting it up and down the cellar-way. And there's the furnace and the two coal-bins. No, the cellar won't do at all. As for the attic, I wouldn't lug that big heavy thing up- and down-stairs if you gave it to me. There isn't room under the front stoop, for I've measured. And if I built me a— Say, how do you pronounce that word, anyhow? Ga—which? Oh, yes! Ga-*rozh*. Ga-*rozh*. Accent on the last syllable. I must remember that. If I built me a—you know—out in my back yard, what becomes of all those raspberry-canes and currant-bushes, and things that the nurseryman soaked me so for last fall? I'll tell you what, I'll bet *they've* got automobiles, one for every member of the family, the nurserymen have. And the baby cuts his teeth on tires at $40 each.



I'VE JUST GOT TO STAND AND "GAWP" AT THEM GOING BY.

And supposing I had one, and had a place to store it, because it wouldn't do to leave it out in the dew, or where the chickens could roost in it, or where it'd get hurt if it should come up to blow in the night—supposing I had one and a place to store it, and was riding around and it should get out of kilter (which they will do, at times)—how about that? I'm the poorest hand that ever was at tinkering. I'm the mock of all that know me. By dint of long practise I am fairly good at putting in a new washer when a faucet drips, but that's as much as ever, and the job leaves me all unstrung and in a nervous twitter. It's very seldom I can remember to bring up the new washer, the monkey-wrench, and the screw-driver all three in one errand. And I get so excited, and make such rude remarks to the unresponsive faucet, and to the too temperamental water that exuberantly—*Fttt!*—leaps up my sleeve or, dog-like, licks my face, that they have to shut all the doors and windows. That's one reason why I never would go on the vestry, although often besought so to do. I'm good vestry timber. I've passed the plate in church, once—no, twice—once at the eight o'clock and once at the eleven o'clock—but I consider that a vestryman should set a good example to the young, and I can't do that and fix the faucets, too. If I'm that way about the kitchen tubs and the window-screens and the furnace, and all such, how would it be if I had an automobile and it should get the Old Boy into it when I was far, far from home, and among strangers, and me on the flat of my back hunching myself under it on my elbows, with a bag of plumbers' tools, and my glasses skewgeed, and my hands as black as tuck, and a streak across my nose?

To be sure, I might have what is called a "show fur." I am told you can engage the services of a fairly competent one for twenty-five or thirty dollars a week, exclusive of his board, lodgings, and laundry. But this is only an apparent, not a real, solution of the problem. It would obviate the necessity of my crawling under the machine personally, and would eliminate that form of fervent speech which all of us must deplore, even when we step on the rocker of a chair while hunting for the matches. For I shouldn't need to use it; and that show fur—always speak well of the bridge that carries you over—would indeed be ungrateful who would revile the cantankerousness of machinery when that very cantankerousness is the bridge that has transported him from the solitary stuffiness of a stationary engine-room, at ten per, to the glad, free, open-air life at twenty-five a week with board, lodgings, and laundry, and the contemplation of the beauties of nature in the companionship of the rich and refined, merely to listen to whose conversation should be as uplifting as a full Chautauqua course.

These minor difficulties, cleared away, are at once replaced by greater ones. The show

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fur's name, we'll say, is Billy Smith. I shall have to school myself to call him "William," as, "Home, William," or "Grocery, William," or wherever it is I want to go. I may not call him "Bill," I may not call him "Smitty," I may not even stoop down when he is underneath, and struggling with the monkey-wrench or the screw-driver or the pipe-tongs, or whatever it is they work with under there—I may not call out to him, "How you comin' on, old man?" For if I say "old man" wholeheartedly and frankly, then I, who am not of the least account on earth, and make my living white-handedly by skinning other folks out of their money, demean myself to the low social level of him that knows how to do things and makes his living black-handedly by doing them. On the other hand, if I say "old man" in a haw-haw, patronizing sort of way, this free-born American citizen, who knows I am a sucker to pay him all that money, will come to the conclusion that it's worth a whole lot more to have to stand my company so much of his time.

It has been hard for me to write these last few lines, because just as soon as I really visualize my chauffeur (in my mind's eye, Horatio), I begin to walk the floor with anxiety and worry. What do I know about him, this person whom I am going to take for my master, and who will let me go riding with him? Yes, yes, I am aware that he comes with a fine testimonial from his latest employer, a man of high standing in the financial world, and one that I wouldn't trust in the same room with the plated spoons though he knew they were plated. But what do I know about "the real him"? Suppose my chauffeur does put in his spare time learning the Golden Text for next Sunday: is that any guarantee that, if a child recklessly allows itself to be run over and killed by my machine, he won't stop and fuss over it, instead of hooking up to eighty miles an hour and lighting out from there? Suppose he's the other way round: what guarantee have I that I shan't be rung out of bed at two o'clock in the morning to trot off down to the station-house and bail him out for trying to be a sky-rocket on the street level, him and his lady friends with heads of hair like new bath-sponges, and pretty, rosy cheeks; lady friends with a taste for high-balls and high speeds? A fine thing to get into the newspapers! A fine thing! I'm shut of all that sort of annoyance as I now am; why should I rush madly into trouble? Why should I want an automobile with all the mental anguish it entails?

THE COLD CHILLS RUN OVER ME WHEN HE SMELLS OF MY LEG.

You don't want one. Hp-m! "Give me a nice horse," says you, "a pretty good goer, and you can keep your old buzz-wagon." Got a horse now? No, you tell me, you haven't, but just as soon as ever you can get around to it, why— What make horse were you thinking of buying? Because, you know, there is some risk and uncertainty as to what kind of a horse it is, and they don't give any sort of a guarantee, or offer to fix it up if it doesn't work just right. For example, if the horse balks, the man you bought him of doesn't put in a new sparking-coil for you. When an automobile gets the Old Boy into it, the reason why can be determined by the human mind; but when a horse gets the Old Boy into him, it takes a horse's mind to find out why. And where were you thinking of keeping the horse? Because if the stable is anywhere near your house you'll be tormented to death with flies. And who's to take care of him, feed him, water him, ring up the veterinary whenever he has an attack of indigestion, exercise him enough but not too much, curry him, shoe him, harness him, and keep his tail looking like the spout of a sprinkling-can? A man, an alien, likely to make as much trouble for you as a chauffeur. There are just as many drawbacks attached to having a horse as having an automobile. And, come right down to it, why do you want a horse?

Let's generalize a moment. You've gone

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out walking with your wife of a Sunday afternoon and passed a residence with a wide lawn in front, a generous green velvet lawn, diversified with scarlet flower-beds, and adorned by a Johnny-come-under-the-umbrella fountain and a cast-iron dog or two—a nice, big, roomy house, where you could ask a friend to stay over night without having to sleep him on the couch; a house where, very likely, there is a "cozy corner," all smothery with stuff from the department store. "There!" you cry. "Now, that's about the sort I like." Your wife says "M-hm" in a resigned and wistful way. She knows it's just a dream, and that she'll live out her days in six rooms and a bath on the top floor, and rattle the rope to the janitor with, "Send up a little more heat, can't you? We're 'most froze." Tilly comes every other Tuesday to do the washing, and the rest of the housework your wife does herself. She couldn't in that big place. She'd have to have two up-stairs girls and a waitress and a laundress and a cook, and they'd all have "followers," and they'd get in after twelve the night of every Thursday and every other Sunday (if they got back at all), and they'd break things, and they'd quit, and they'd be saucy, and they wouldn't sweep under the beds, and they'd put too much bluing in. Oh, dear! What that poor woman would have to put up with, no tongue can tell—although I have heard a good many make a brave stagger at it. And you couldn't keep that lawn looking like green velvet, you wouldn't know how to make the flower-beds so gay, nor what to do with the leaves you'd rake up. You'd have to have a gardener, and you'd take more impudence from him than you do from the man that pays you your salary. You come and go now as you like, but you couldn't leave that house and draw a peaceful breath, for wondering whether the pipes had frozen or if the cook was sober.

I AM FAIRLY GOOD AT PUTTING IN A NEW WASHER.

You don't own things; they own you. There's more care than comfort in them. The responsibilities of Having far outnumber its pleasures. This applies to everything that anybody wants, I don't care what it is. Why want them, then?

Now we begin to get down to brass tacks.

This horse you say you'd rather have than any old buzz-wagon, the one you and your wife ride out behind; curried to a patent-leather shine, his tail cocked up like the spout on a sprinkling-can, and picking up his feet as if the road were hot, he goes a pretty good clip. You passed that express-wagon back there, and its furry old white horse, with feet like church-bells—you passed it as if it was standing still. The cold wind cuts your face. You're going a pretty good cli—Honk-honk! Ar-rar-rar-ARRrrr! Pfwee! All that dust and gravel in your face. After you get the horse down to as many as two feet on the ground at once, your wife says, "D'you see who that was?"

"No," says you. "Ho! Ho, there! Steady, boy. Steady. Who was it?"

"That's Billy Jones—Mr. William Delancey Jones, if you please. And Mrs. Jones—*née* Rafferty," she adds with a fine scorn. "Huh! Used to work in a box-factory and take her lunch wrapped up in a newspaper."

That's what she says aloud. What she thinks to herself is, "And I could 'a' had Willie Jones as easy as turn my hand over. He was crazy after me— Oh, well, it just goes to show how you can be fooled in a man."

You turn your cigar around in your mouth. You don't feel as good as you did a minute ago. You silently recollect when Bill Jones was getting nine a week and you were getting eleven-fifty. And now look at the difference! Your teeth sink into the sodden tobacco as your jaws set. What are you doing in your mind? Come now. Tell me. Tell me what you are doing in your mind. Are you saying, "Give me a nice horse, one that can go a pretty good clip, and you can keep your old buzz-wagon?" Are you saying that? Ah,

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no! Ah, no! You're saying, "I'm a better man than Bill Jones ever was! I'll show 'em! I'll show 'em! I'll have a machine that'll knock the spots off that, or I'll know the reason why, that's all."

And that's why you want the automobile. It isn't because there's any more pleasure in engine riding than buggy riding. Did you notice how cold they looked as they shot by all cuddled up, she with her nose like a cranberry, and he (awful scrawny man, anyhow) looking like a picked rooster? It isn't for pleasure you want it; it isn't for pleasure you want the nice horse that can go a pretty good clip or the big house with the lawn in front and the Johnny-come-under-the-umbrella fountain; it isn't for pleasure you want the box at the opera, or the steam yacht or your name in "among those present were"; or fame or glory or any such thing. It's to "show 'em." I'll show 'em! It isn't even *you* that wants these things. There's nothing personal about it. Your pleasure or comfort doesn't enter into the thing at all.

Did I ever tell you about the man that got the boy to turn a grindstone for him while he sharpened his ax? He wondered if the boy was big enough to turn the grindstone; didn't look big enough to him. Well, so he could! Surprising! Why, what a strong boy he was for his age and size! Gee minently! There weren't many boys about that could turn a grindstone like that. Perhaps little Billy Jones could turn it a mite faster. Well, will you look at that? Land o' livin'! No, Billy Jones couldn't turn it as fast as that. Now he was going to bear down a little more and see if the boy could still turn just as fast. Yes, sir, he could. Wasn't that wonderful? But there was this about Billy Jones: He could keep it up. Yes, sir, he could turn and turn for the longest time. Was this little boy (bright, intelligent boy he seemed to be), going to let Billy Jones get ahead of him? That's the boy! That's the fine bold bucko.

And then when the ax was all ground nice and sharp, and the boy was clean plumb tuckered out and blowing like a quarter-horse, the man suddenly turned severe, and told the boy to go on along about his business or he'd boot him off the place.

You're the little boy, and old Dame Nature is the man with the ax to grind.

I want an automobile, but if the very best make were selling for a dollar forty-nine I shouldn't want it at all.

I want an automobile, but if I thought it would save me car-fare I'd be ashamed to have one. I'd rather ride in one of these five-cent automobiles with a pole on top. Surer to get there.

What makes it desirable is that it is an advertisement of the fact that you have so much money you don't know what to do with it. The steam-yacht used to be the best for that; but the reason why the automobile has such a vogue is that with it your advertisement, for less money per agate line, gets a top-of-the-column, next-to-pure position in a medium with as much larger circulation than the yacht, as roadways all over this broad land are more populous than the waterways around the edges of this broad land. It beats getting your wife all sleety with diamonds and planting her in a box at the opera; beats it to death, for there's only one genuine, yellow-label Grand Opera in the country, and there are roads almost every place; the opera is only seventeen weeks at best, and the program of the Metropolitan Opera House with its list of box-holders, its stingy "Mrs. Delancey Jones, every other Tuesday"—why, for all folks know, you might save up for that, whereas the automobile is a continuous ex-

"D'YOU' SEE WHO THAT WAS?"

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pense, winter and summer, week in and week out.

Now, if you think I have my nose hooked up into a sneer about money and "the vulgar display of wealth," you're mighty much mistaken. I might have had a poor opinion of "this fantastic game of life"; I might have been Byronically mocking of "the way of the world," right after I came out of college, but I've got all over that. I don't despise money a bit, and if I had it I should slather it on till you'd have to gasp for your breath, and I'd feel I was only doing my plain duty to my country. I saw an automobile at the Vanderbilt cup-race that just suited me. It had scarlet leather cushions, and it was all done in gold leaf. Not in gold paint, mind you, but gold leaf, even to the spokes. That's the way to do it. That's something like. Play the limit; and if that wasn't the limit, I don't want a cent.

"I'LL SHOW 'EM!"

But please take notice that I don't stop at money and its display. Let's look deeper. What do we want money for? To keep life going in us? Oh, that's only an incidental. The real purpose of money is that it shall be the diploma of success. And what is success?

Doing what is urgently needed by the world this very minute. Oh, bother Art and Literature! Yes, and even Scientific Research, although I rather hate to include it, seeing that it has got so near the most intimate secrets of the universe that any minute now we may expect to have those secrets published with such complete diagrams and working drawings that any good mechanic could make a world to suit himself. Art and Literature, and the Pursuit of Knowledge for its own sake—all these can wait. They'll be good any time. There will always be a world to tell about in colors and in words; there will always be some secret of nature left to pry into and pick at. We haven't begun to realize on what is already known; we haven't put it into practical operation; and nothing is really known until it has been put into practical operation. What is the veriest A B C of the laboratory is incomprehensible mystery to the counting-room, and the solid citizens of finance are as ignorant as Guinea niggers beside the scientific man good enough to draw a salary equal to a head bookkeeper's. Art and Literature and Scientific Research don't pay, except as street piano playing pays. Coppers are tossed at them out of the up-stairs windows of the successful. It isn't work that's urgently needed at the present moment. Those who stick at such pursuits are like gardeners that keep on mowing the lawn when the house is on fire.

But laws-a-my! The world can't wait a minute for what these successful men are doing. Don't you see the signs all about you, telling in a thousand different ways that something big is going to happen pretty soon, that we're right on the verge of the New Era, for which the whole creation has been groaning and travailing in pain so long? There never was such a moment as this present, never since the world began. We marvel at the great advances of the last fifty years, greater advances than fifty previous centuries have seen. We that grunted and sweated and bent our backs have turned over some of our chores to new forces, forces that have not only added to our resources but have become multipliers of them. But we haven't begun to do more than fiddle and fool with them. They tell us, who may be presumed to know, that in the idle breath of our mouths there is energy enough to turn every wheel on earth; but no matter for that now; we have more than a plenty as it is; we are rolling in wealth—some of us, and some of us aren't quite that. There is plenty for all, though, but we are muddling along with a system of distributing wealth and wages that matches with our civilization just about as plowing with a crooked stick does. That isn't going to last; it can't last; it simply can't. We've got to get ready for another system. Behold, the bridegroom cometh. Go ye forth to meet him.

And when the bridegroom of this New Era, for which the world has waited so long, is come at last, how we shall progress! I used to think that this was what Dame Nature had in view, that this was the ax she wanted ground, wheedling us to turn the grindstone with talks about how much smarter we were than Billy Jones. I rather think, now, that her ax is much more elemental and not so human. I think that all she's after is to get a larger and larger percentage of inorganic matter turned into organic matter; that she sees that we men can

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lo that better for her than any other animal r plant she's ever tried before, and that that's hy she pats us on the back and tells us how trong we are for our age, and how we'll be a an before our mammy.

(I won't be positive about this being her im. I'm only telling you. It takes quite a od deal of thinking to be able to say right t what Nature's policy in the universe is, d I've been so busy here, lately, looking ter the furnace and all, that I haven't had e time to give to it that the subject really lls for.)

However, it is plain to see that Art and terature and the Pursuit of Knowledge for own sake ought not to pay big money; they their own reward; they're pleasure in mselves. But preparing for the coming is hard work, and it's dirty work, the dirti- kind of dirty work, for which the soul itself ds overalls. The raw elements had to be nsformed into life that just was life and no re; that had to turn into grass and such; t into meat; that into human beings that e just human beings and no more; these to be crushed into tribes, and these in turn nations and empires. From the beginning l now the process has been one long scream ain. The higher the organization attained, more acute the agony. The sentient being reation likest to a god is likest also to a l. We are a free people . . . er . . . nsibly, at least; and there are not lacking otoms that we mean to be so in real earn-

We haven't got this far by "Please" and "Thank you kindly," but by lying and swindling, by robbing and throat-cutting, by blazing homes and babies dashed against the stones, by every horror that nightmare can picture forth. Hard work, dirty work, the dirtiest kind of dirty work, whose wages could be nothing short of kingly crowns. All this deviltry has brought us to the happy estate wherein we are politically.

Industrially, the age just passing is one of little, independent footy tribes busied in cattle stealing and scalp-raising, led by little eighty-acre chieftains. They must be trampled into kingdoms. They must be. *They must be.* Never mind how. Let it be by shenanigan, by oppression, injustice of the rankest sort, by robbery of the widow and the orphan. Let the emperor be a canting hypocrite, snuffling hymn-tunes while he steals the coppers off a dead man's eyes. No matter, so long as he builds an empire. It has to be done, and he won't do it, or any of his kind, except for kingly crowns and fortunes so vast that the income of each hour will keep an honest man's family a year. Honor and glory be unto them! Long live the emperors! Fine smart boys they are; they will be men before their mammy. And then, when the ax is ground . . . .

Well, we did it for George the Third; I guess we can do it for the other fellows. Did I say "other fellows"? I meant "Rockefellers."

And that's why I want an automobile.

Terse Truths

By Tom Masson

Nowadays, a house is known by the bathtubs it keeps.

Some men would argue against babies, to the mother of one.

Manners are the debt we owe to others.

Our enemies hate us for faults, and our friends love us for virtues, that we do not possess.

The cloud of every other man has a silver lining.

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Soldiers of the Common Good

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The bloodless revolution overturning Great Britain and Europe is the subject of the helpful second article in Mr. Russell's significant series. A hundred American cities are buzzing with inconclusive discussions of Municipal Ownership. Mr. Russell pictures with vivid accuracy the practical results in English municipal life. Already municipally operated street-railways, alone, in Great Britain pay an annual profit of $3,823,865.00. Similar successes have followed the operation of all manner of public-service enterprises, from telephones to cemeteries. He tells of the fights by which the fierce corporate defense of the right to live on public indifference has been overcome; he reports that private ownership of franchises abroad is doomed. With a moving flash of description he depicts the pitiful inadequacy of Municipal Ownership to uplift the miserable poverty of the London slums—to overcome the cruel traditions of British caste.

CHAPTER IV

THE REMEDY CALLED "MUNICIPAL TRADING" AND HOW THAT WORKS

AT Millbank, London, on the Middlesex side of the Thames, half a mile above the Parliament Buildings, is a group of substantial flat-houses built and owned by the London County Council. The architecture is good, air and light are provided for, the courts between are paved with asphalt, everything is clean, well-ordered, quiet, eminently respectable. In front is a little strip of park where the children play. On Sunday, July 2d, at noon, there came through one of the asphalt courts a young man, a little boy, and a young woman carrying a baby. They were dreadful to look upon, all of them clothed in dropping rags, emaciated, tallowy, and unclean. The woman had a vacant face and next to no chin; the man had sloping shoulders, one higher than the other, and stooped. The boy reproduced and exaggerated the physical defects of the man and the woman. The man slowly led the way down the court, singing. I have never known a thing more grotesque and horrible. He was singing "Rock of Ages," not to the inappropriate air of Abt's to which it is usually sung in America, but to the tune used in the churches of England. It was not that his voice was feeble, or wailing, or pathetic. What struck every attentive listener with a kind of horror was that it was not the voice of a human being.

"*Other refuge have I none—*" he sang, and then there was a long pause.

"*Hangs my helpless soul on Thee—*" A long pause.

"*Leave, ah, leave me not alone—*" Another pause.

They walked very slowly down the court and looked up at the windows. Two or three were opened and some halfpence were thrown out, perhaps five. And thus, singing in this frightful fashion, they took their rags and their misery out of sight.

They were the problem of London, those four, and they stood before the best answer that London has yet been able to make. It was for them that the flat-houses had been built, the courts paved, the doorways brightened, the sanitation perfected, the little park set with green, the millions of dollars expended—all for them. And they stood and sang in rags before the answer to the problem presented by their own existence, and from it men threw them halfpence.

The London County Council had built those flats to provide house-room for the increasing hordes of the poverty-stricken whose bony fingers are pointed in London's face. It had built many other houses, the County Council, for the same purpose and had done many other things. It had taken an active and leading part in one of the most extraor-

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.NTWORTH STREET, WHITECHAPEL, THE POOREST, UNWHOLESOMEST, WORST CONGESTED DISTRICT IN LONDON. THE COUNTY COUNCIL IS TO BUILD NEW DWELLINGS FOR THE POOR IN THIS DISTRICT AT AN EXPENSE OF MANY MILLION DOLLARS.

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COURT OF MILLBANK FLATS, DOWN WHICH SKULKED THE WRETCHED BEGGAR SINGING FOR HALFPENCE, OBLIVIOUS TO THE FACT THAT THE FLATS WERE BUILT TO RELIEVE THE OVERCROWDING OF HIS KIND.

dinary movements in history, which had swept over Great Britain and all the continent of Europe and revolutionized manners and life wherever it went. In the course of this movement the whole accepted idea of personal ownership seemed threatened with overturning by a strange tendency toward a community of poverty the like of which the world had never seen. And at the bottom of all was this same impulse to protect the less fortunate from Greed, to keep the weak from being the prey of the strong, and to deal in some way with the situation in which one man has too much and another too little, in which Power gravitates into the hands of a few to the injury of the many. For this in all corners is the world's trouble, and in various ways, now consciously, now unconsciously, now driven to blind experiment by the increasing specters of the East End, and now merely taking part in a world-wide movement from St. Petersburg to Auckland, the English mind has tried to find the remedy.

Cooperation was the first salve hit upon by civilization. The earlier impulses of men had usually been, in the manner of the jungle, to set things straight with force. Being hurt, they responded by hurting others; or they stood the pain as long as they could and then had resort to weapons with which they sometimes changed names, but rarely changed conditions. That is to say, Force was salt on the wound and not salve.

The logical offspring and successor of Cooperation was Public Ownership. Naturally, the first supply that men tried in some way to protect against the imminent risks of private control and individual greed was food. Public Ownership merely undertakes that the State shall do for other supplies what Cooperation seeks to do for food. Public Ownership goes much further than Cooperation, but the two travel the same lines with the same impulse, which is to protect the masses of mankind from the raiding of the more fortunate.

The rest of the world has gone very far with these experiments that seem to American eyes so strange and revolutionary. We saw last month how Cooperation has spread from country to country until in all lands but ours it is one of the important factors in modern life. The development of Public Ownership has been still more astonishing. In some form or other almost every considerable city in Europe has embarked upon it, and the range of the municipal enterprises is from the simpler stages of supplying gas and water to the astounding transactions of the London County Council, which owns and operates street-car lines, steamboats, ferries, omnibuses, builds and rents stores, theatres, flats, and dwelling-houses, finds houses for the poor, provides playgrounds, playthings, and games for children and excursions and entertainments for adults, regulates fares, adjusts time-tables, compels railroads to do its will, and governs with a wholly benignant and helpful tyranny beyond any precedent in the world's affairs.

All over Europe, private corporations have been dispossessed of the ownership and operation of street-car lines, gas, water, and

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electricity supplies, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and even mines. So far has this gone that in Europe, and particularly in England, Municipal Government is now accepted and understood to include definite functions of trade and transportation on behalf of the people. The constant tendency everywhere is to extend the scope of such functions. The theory of Public Ownership may be good or bad; I shall not try to establish either side of a question with which I have here nothing to do; but it is an interesting fact that I have yet to find or to hear of more than one community that, having tried any phase of it, would be willing to return its utilities to private hands. Hardly shall any one study the subject on the ground and escape the conclusion that in Europe Public Ownership is regarded as something beyond experiment and has become a demonstrated success.

For instance, take the city of Birmingham. Two or three years ago it had this matter before it in a way that made the test typical. The British Traction Company, which is the business name of Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, long and unfavorably known in Chicago and elsewhere, earnestly desired to get a franchise in Birmingham, and it waged to that end an exceedingly skilful and well-planned campaign. Mr. Yerkes, it may be believed, had lost nothing in wisdom by his varied experiences in controlling American municipalities, and to the task in hand brought all the ripe fruits of his knowledge. He was able, moreover, to make a most plausible showing and of the kind that strongly appeals to the voting Englishman; that is to say, he was able to prove something about the blessed "rates." His company had offered to pay for the streets a price that would assuredly work a great reduction in the rates (or taxes), whereas Municipal Ownership had no such promise to make. Moreover, the company had meanwhile secured certain rights over suburban and adjacent lines and was thus enabled to offer alluring things in long and cheap rides. Altogether, the attractions seemed on the side of Mr. Yerkes, and the disadvantages and expenses of Municipal Ownership were fully set forth in many publications and meetings.

Also, among his American lessons was one to the effect that political campaigns cannot be conducted successfully without funds. First and last, there was plenty of money for the British Traction Company's side and very little for Municipal Ownership. But when the vote came on Mr. Yerkes was beaten to bits. He hardly knew he was running. Birmingham seems not to regret its decision. The blessed rates have never received the relief promised by Mr. Yerkes, but the city has an extended, rebuilt, cheapened, and immensely improved system, and with that the people are content.

Or take Liverpool. "What do you think of our trams?" the admiring visitor used to be asked in Liverpool ten years ago. "Aren't they the worst in the world?" It was a local

A LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL STREET-CAR.

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LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL FLATS AT MILLBANK, BUILT FOR

pleasantry to affect an ironical pride in the wretched service, in the way that St. Louis people speak of the heat. The superlative assertion about the Liverpool tram was, of course, merely idle so long as Chicago remained in the world, but in those days street-car travel in Liverpool was certainly bad enough. At one time the road-bed was so rotten that the city authorities served notice on the company to remove the rails from the streets because they menaced public safety. If you drove over a rail in the middle both ends flew up in the air. The company owned sixty-seven miles of track in the city and about seven miles outside, and most of the time there seems to have been a row on with the authorities and incessant sub-currents of bitter complaint from the outraged inhabitants. In the end the city wearied of the situation, and in 1897, under sanction of a special act of Parliament, it took over the whole enterprise. Its first move was to install the overhead electric system and the next to lay forty miles of additional lines and relay the old track. The results of Municipal Ownership in Liverpool seem to have been rather pleasing to the populace. The operations show an annual gross profit for the city of about $1,000,000 a year, on a total investment of $9,000,000. Of this profit, $260,000 goes to the sinking fund to pay off the purchase price, $250,000 to pay the interest on the purchase bonds, $320,000 to the reserve fund and for renewals and depreciation, and $160,000 to reduce general taxation.

Here are the figures that show the comparative results of the two systems:

	1897. Last Year of Private Ownership.	1903. Under Municipal Ownership.	Increase per cent.
Passengers carried.	38,409,084	113,057,234	194
Mileage.....	6,013,182	11,734,838	95
Receipts.....	$1,453 715	$2,622,545	80

I recite these instances because they explain at the outset the rapid growth of an idea that has transformed local government in so many European cities. They find that the thing pays; that is why they stick to it.

Take for another example, Manchester, which seemed to me to have an incomparable traction system. The city proper is the center of an intricate net of lines, 138 miles in all, covering every suburb and about twenty neighboring cities and towns. This great railroad, all owned and operated by the municipality, supplies a vast population with frequent, comfortable, quick, and wonderfully cheap transportation in a bewildering variety of directions. Manchester has arranged with the authorities of outlying towns to operate the traction lines of each, and thus secured a uniform service under one management. The cars are large, handsome, well lighted, noise-

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THE VERY POOR, AND SEIZED BY THE COMPARATIVELY WELL-TO-DO.

less, running without jar over a faultless track, and equipped with every imaginable comfort. The hours of the employees have been reduced to fifty-four hours a week, a reduction of more than sixteen hours a week from the schedule enforced by the private company, the wages have been increased, the city now provides the men with uniforms. In the days of Private Ownership, the company paid the city $115,000 a year. The city's gross profit from its own operation of the lines is about $1,100,000 a year. From this, various sums are charged off for the sinking fund to pay the purchase price, for the reserve fund and for depreciation, after which $250,000 goes to reduce general taxation.

Naturally, a proposal to return to Private Ownership would not be popular in Manchester.

I should add that great as is the present Manchester traction system, it seems only a beginning, for the Corporation continues to extend its lines to additional towns and villages, and there is discernible a planned organization so vast that its like does not exist anywhere.

In Leeds, a city of 446,000 inhabitants, the street-car lines have been for ten years owned and operated by the municipality and so well that on a capital investment of $5,000,000 the annual gross profit is about $355,000, of which $250,000 goes to the reduction of taxation. In Sheffield, with 425,000 persons, the system pays about $125,000 a year; in Salford, with 300,000 persons, about $25,000. In Glasgow the municipality, confronted with an obstinate private company which would neither sell nor vacate until the expiration of its lease, built in one year stations, houses, stables, and some lines of its own and took over the whole system on the hour. *It pays more than $1,000,000 a year and among its achievements is the carrying of 57,000,000 passengers at a one-cent fare. Sixty per cent. of its passengers pay a two-cent fare, thirty per cent. pay a one-cent fare, six per cent. pay a three-cent fare, four-tenths of one per cent. pay a five cent fare.*

Some of the Public Ownership experiments in England have fared badly in a business way, that is true. In Huddersfield, for instance, where the municipality owns and operates all the street-car lines, thirty-five miles in length, the taxpayers have been obliged to make up an annual deficit on the enterprise. While the number of passengers carried has more than doubled in ten years and the annual receipts have increased from $130,000 to $325,000, a deficit that was $35,000 in 1894, was still $23,500 in 1904. The taxpayers are said not to complain—which seems strange—because of the extraordinary facilities provided, the twenty-nine waiting-rooms, the arrangements for carrying parcels and heavy freight, the letter-boxes on the cars, and so on; but in a town of

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95,000 inhabitants where there is an annual bill of $25,000 for street-car service, the people may be esteemed of unusual patience if sooner or later they do not object.

I append a table (see opposite page) showing at a glance the approximate results (in dollars) of Municipal street-car lines in all the British cities except London, and the amounts turned over by the municipal lines to the city to reduce general taxation.

In addition, twenty-four British communities have municipal street-car lines in course of construction or planned.

Continental cities that have experimented with the Public Ownership of street-car lines almost without exception report profits and an improved service. Munich, Cologne, Coblenz, Zurich, and Vienna afford examples of admirable service and able management. In Vienna particularly, it would seem difficult to suggest any improvement, the fares are so low, the service is so quick, and the cars are so comfortable. Yet the Vienna system returns a substantial profit.

Wherever in Germany the street-car lines are still private concerns the day of municipalization is not far off, for the reason that the cities have granted franchises providing for Public Ownership after a term of years, the companies to receive no compensation except the actual cost of their rolling stock. In the meantime the companies pay over an annual percentage of their gross receipts, sometimes seven and sometimes eight per cent. In Berlin conditions are slightly different, and the story of Berlin's experience with Capital ought to be most instructive to Americans, it is so like, and still so unlike, their own.

The municipality granted to the Great Berlin Street-Car Company (an institution very like the Metropolitan in New York) certain exclusive privileges in the streets, to expire in 1919, when the public should take possession. As popular conviction grew in favor of Public Ownership the municipality became restless under the contract, but no one could suggest a way by which the waiting time could be shortened. At this juncture one of the members of the Ministry of Public Works suddenly resigned to take the place of

METHOD BY WHICH THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL PREVENTS CROWDING IN ITS STREET-CARS. THE CAR MAY BE ENTERED ONLY FROM THE BOX AT THE REAR, WHICH HOLDS THE SAME NUMBER AS THE CAR.

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	Annual Net Profits.	Contributions to Taxation.
Aberdeen	$70,000	.....
Ayr	17,500	.....
Birkenhead	10,000	.....
Blackpool	265	.....
Bolton	72,000	$11,000
Bournemouth	37,000	.....
Bradford	65,000	.....
Brighton	23,000	.....
Burnley	17,000	.....
Burton-on-Trent	3,500	.....
Cardiff	31,000	3,200
Chester	1,700	.....
Dover	4,600	.....
Dundee	20,000	.....
East Ham	10,000	.....
Glasgow	1,200,000	125,000
Hull	100,000	57,000
Ilford	22,000	.....
Kirkcaldy	400	.....
Leeds	350,000	260,000
Liverpool	480,000	160,000
Manchester	595,000	250,000
Nelson	400	.....
Newcastle-on-Tyne	59,000	.....
Newport	2,000	.....
Nottingham	130,000	65,000
Portsmouth	$80,000	.....
Rotherham	11,000	.....
Salford	75,000	$60,000
Sheffield	135,000	41,000
Southampton	30,000	25,000
Stockport	3,000	.....
Sunderland	47,000	20,000
Wallasey	26,000	13,000
Wolverhampton	5,500	.....
Total	$3,823,865	$1,090,200

	Annual Net Losses
Blackburn	$25,000
Darwen	2,000
Farnworth	8,000
Halifax	2,500
Huddersfield	25,000
Lancaster	14,000
Oldham	39,000
Rochdale	20,000
Southport	1,600
Warrington	3,000
Yarmouth	1,000
Total	$142,000

APPROXIMATE PROFITS OF BRITISH MUNICIPAL STREET-CAR LINES, WITH AMOUNTS TURNED IN TO REDUCE TAXES.

managing director with the street-car company; whereupon the pleasing discovery was made that he had brought with him a new franchise, in which the date of transfer to the city was postponed until 1946. Just how he obtained it none of the indignant citizens of Berlin has been able to find out.

Baffled in this way the municipality has busied itself in constructing branch and minor lines, which it operates with no great profits, and in acquiring a new electric line constructed by the Siemens & Halske firm. Three larger roads are about to be built by the city, but it cannot hope to overtake the street-car company, which possesses the fat of the traffic and declares ten per cent. dividends. The municipality of Berlin and the Government of Prussia are not on good terms. The street-car company avails itself of the strife, just as an American company would, and the Government is induced to place obstacles in the city's path.

The course of these complications led to the courts and resulted in a decision well worth careful attention. Berlin is growing rapidly, and much of its old business center was planned for a city of one-fifth its present size. Hence the streets in that region are often congested. One of the greatest thoroughfares, Leipsiger Street, is particularly crowded. The street-car company has a double track in Leipsiger Street, and as its own traffic has enormously increased with the city's growth the lines of slowly moving cars have become a nuisance, for daily the traffic is blocked. To relieve the situation the city several months ago encouraged the Siemens & Halske Company to extend one of its lines by tunneling Leipsiger Street.

The traction company promptly went into court to secure what in our happy land would be called an injunction, on the ground that its concession from the Government plainly gave it the exclusive right to construct and operate railroad tracks upon, under, or over Leipsiger Street, and the city could not interfere with that right; a position with which we have become familiar in America. But when the case came to trial, the court, in a country which is supposed to afford the extreme of protection to every vested interest, knocked the company's case to pieces. On the ground, apparently, that the Government could do whatever it pleased for the public welfare and that franchises inimical to public policy could not be enforced, it ruled in favor of the city on every point, and the long-needed tunnel is now under construction.

Whoever would see how differently we do these things in America need but refer to the

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experience of Chicago, where all franchises of every description have long since expired on many of the street-car lines, and a company without any rights, a mere interloper and trespasser in the streets, has successfully defied every attempt to oust it.

The court's decision in the Leipsiger Street case foreshadows more public ownership of transportation lines in Berlin. The municipality has fully determined upon this, and with good reason; the lines it has already acquired afford a service so superior in every way to the private lines that the people are almost wholly with the municipal government in its policy.

In this they are of a mind with the people of all other Continental cities. Private Ownership in public utilities seems doomed in Europe. The practical demonstrations are all against it. The most obvious trend of thought is surely destructive of it. Originally in the cities private ownership was the rule; in a few more years it will be a rarely found exception. *In European cities, at least, the people have fully satisfied themselves that they can do many things they formerly had done for them and do them better and more cheaply. That settles the fate of Private Ownership.*

CHAPTER V

THE CITY GOES INTO BUSINESS

In Great Britain, the progress of Public Ownership has almost obliterated the Private Ownership of water supplies, though once nearly all such supplies were in private hands. Of the British municipalities that own their water-works, 193 show an aggregate capital of $280,000,000 and an average gross profit of $10,150,000. Even the smaller towns and villages are now rapidly taking over this supply. Curiously enough, the laggard of the great cities is London itself. London water is supplied by eight companies whose profits have run for years into such fabulous sums that one share in the New River Water Company is an independent competence for an ordinary family. London is now to absorb all these companies—although at an enormous expense. All the local gas-works are to go the same way. Of the cities, towns, and villages in Great Britain and Ireland, 282 now own and operate their gas-works, and the reports show a yearly increase. Some municipalities have found the gas business exceedingly profitable. From gas profits alone Belfast turns over to the reduction of taxation about $100,000 a year, Leeds $150,000, Salford, $100,000; Rochdale, $65,000; Nottingham, $100,000; Southport, $56,000; St. Helen's, $25,000, and Manchester, $300,000.

In electric lighting there is the same story. Five hundred and eight British cities and towns have electric light and in 334 the plants are owned and operated by the public authorities, leaving 174 privately owned. Public Ownership of electric plants does not mean here that the authorities merely light the streets; they also sell electricity to consumers for light and power. I give some of the annual profits of publicly owned electric-light plants in Great Britain:

Aberdeen	$50,000
Aldershot	500
Ayr	3,000
Bath	5,000
Bedford	4,000
Belfast	30,000
Bermondsey	2,500
Birmingham	50,000
Blackpool	9,000
Bolton	50,000
Bradford	50,000
Bristol	40,000
Canterbury	4,000
Cardiff	10,000
Chester	10,000
Dublin	67,000
Edinburgh	115,000
Glasgow	210,000
Hackney	25,000
Huddersfield	20,000
Leeds	17,000
Leicester	21,000
Liverpool	155,000
Manchester	155,000
Nottingham	62,000
Plymouth	15,000
Portsmouth	20,000
St. Pancras	102,000
Sheffield	27,000
Southampton	22,000
Total	$1,351,000

An act of Parliament has enjoined upon municipalities a reserve fund if they go into the electric lighting business: hence, as many of the enterprises are very new, not many have so far made contributions for the reduction of general taxation, as have the municipally owned street-car lines, noted in the preceding chapter, but I notice that Blackpool turned in $9,000 from its electric lights, Bolton, $34,000; Burnley, $4,500; Cardiff, $15,000; Edinburgh, $75,000; Harrowgate, $13,000; Liverpool, $75,000; Nottingham, $30,000; Croydon, $15,000, and so on. One hundred and ten English cities, according to

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the latest compiled reports, have made and sold electricity at a profit, and sixty-two report no profit, or a loss upon a year's operations, though not in any case a greater loss than $6,000.

Nothing is done in England without the unrolling of red tape; almost to draw your breath requires an act of Parliament or at least the license of some absurd and useless department of the ponderous Government. Probably half the cities of England would now own their telephone systems if it were not for the difficulties placed in their way by this foolish obstruction. On the Continent telephones are almost universally operated by the governments, but in England at first, as with us, the service was rendered by private companies. British municipalities desiring to go into the telephone business must secure licenses from the Postmaster-General, and these do not seem to be easy to obtain. The municipality must also fight The National Telephone Company, or Telephone Trust, which I judge to be enough of an undertaking to test the municipality's pluck and skill. Nevertheless, so far, six British communities, Glasgow, Portsmouth, Swansea, Brighton, Hull, and the Island of Guernsey, own and operate their telephone systems. Manchester, Salford, and Stockport have determined to go into the telephone business, and other cities have such a project under discussion. In Glasgow the municipally owned telephones cost $26.25 a year for an unlimited service, any number of calls, no extras and no grafting; or subscribers can arrange for a limited service costing $17.50 and two cents a message for all over the limit. The Glasgow city-owned system handled 37,000,000 messages in 1904, and made a net revenue of $102,000, leaving, after interest, sinking fund, and all other charges a surplus of $18,000. In Brighton the unlimited service costs $27.50 a year and the system returns a small profit. In Portsmouth the unlimited service costs $29.25 a year and the system turns over $6,000 a year toward taxation.* In Hull and Swansea the municipal telephones have but lately been installed. In the Island of Guernsey the publicly owned telephones are so cheap that one inhabitant in every thirty-three rents one. There are three tariffs, one at $7.50 a year and two cents a call; one at $11.25 a year and one cent a call, and one at $25 a year. The net profit for the year after all the charging off was $1,005, which was applied to the relief of taxation.

Tunbridge Wells is the only city in England that has tried public ownership of anything and abandoned it. For three years Tunbridge Wells operated a telephone system of its own in opposition to the National Telephone Company's exchange. The company's rate was $40 a year and two cents a call. The municipality cut this to $29.37 a year for an unlimited service, or $17.50 and one cent a call. The first year's operations left a net surplus of $650. The National Telephone Company, which must surely be an American concern, organized a body called the Rate Payers' League and carried on a skilful campaign by which it won a majority in the Town Council. Whereupon an ordinance was passed leasing the public lines to the company. I omit the comments of the Municipal Ownership advocates on this event. The company promptly raised the rates. The lease must needs be referred to the Postmaster-General, who was then that powerful intellect, Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain could have stopped the deal if he had so chosen. He approved it, seemingly with joy. But the telephone chapter in this story is not very important if the common prediction that the Government is to take over the entire telephone service be well founded. So far as I can see the foundation seems shaky. The Government has just entered into a strange and sinister alliance with the Telephone Trust by which the Trust is made secure for some years in the possession of its advantages. That does not look like immediate Government Ownership.

Public baths and public wash-houses (for laundresses) are maintained by 138 municipalities in Great Britain. This is the oldest form of municipal trading and the least profitable. Nearly all the baths lose money and have lost money from their inception.

Fifty-one British municipalities have built or acquired and are now operating their own slaughter-houses, and nearly all of these are so profitable that the assertion is made that in five years privately owned slaughter-houses will have disappeared from Great Britain and all slaughtering will be done under the supervision of the public authorities. Persons that have visited the packing-houses of Chicago

* In Boston, a city with its suburbs a little larger than Glasgow, the rate for unlimited service is $162 a year, as against Glasgow's $26.25. In Providence, a city of about the size of Portsmouth, the unlimited rate is $120 for business houses or $100 for residences, as against Portsmouth's $21.25. But in Minneapolis, another city comparable with Portsmouth, there is competition, and lo! the Bell Company (The Northwestern) charges but $84 business and $48 residence, while the rates of the competing company (The Twin City) are $48 business and $30 residence.—Editor's Note.

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and persons that know the operations of the American Beef Trust will readily understand the bearing of this on public health.

Three hundred and eighteen towns and districts in the United Kingdom own their cemeteries. Most of these are conducted at a loss.

But the most interesting part of municipal trading and the part that comes the closest to the world's problem is what is called the "Housing of the Working Classes"—classes being as clearly recognized and established by English law as by English practise. The crux of the painful situation in England is over this matter. If the slum-dwellers had decent houses, enough light, air, and sanitation (with enough food), there would be no fears about physical degeneration and no hordes of Hooligans in the East End. Moreover, the housing problem in England is aggravated by the peculiar land system. As nearly all the land is tied up in great estates and cannot be sold, the growing populations of great cities are congested within rigid limits, and when improvements, as, for instance, the building of a railroad or of a market, demolish existing dwellings the inhabitants have literally no roofs for shelter. The municipality, therefore, is being driven to the expedient of finding ground and building houses to be let to the dispossessed workers. Under the leadership and example of the London County Council these activities have become very general in English cities. Nearly every London borough has a housing scheme under way. The City of Westminster, for instance, has bought a site containing an acre and a half on which it has built three flat-houses capable of housing 1,600 persons. There are 793 rooms, arranged in 342 one-, two-, three-, and four-room tenements. One-room tenements rent for seventy-five cents to $1.06 a week, two-room tenements for $1.50 to $1.75, three-room tenements for $2.12 to $2.37, four-room tenements for $2.37 to $3.12. The houses are built on sanitary principles and have many modern conveniences. The City of Westminster is the owner and landlord, issues the leases, finds the tenants, collects the rent, and makes money by the operation. Almost every Borough Council in London has done the same thing; the total of dwelling-houses built, owned, and rented to tenants by London boroughs is most imposing. Battersea has 173 such houses, Bermondsey is building four blocks of them to accommodate 980 persons, Chelsea owns 108 tenements, Camberwell has spent $175,000 in the like work, Shoreditch has cleaned out one of its innumerable plague spots and built modern tenements instead, Stepney has under way two great schemes of building and house-renting, and so on.

Liverpool has spent $250,000 in buying and clearing away rear tenements, rat-holes, and "Hell's Kitchens," and filling their places with habitable tenements. Glasgow has spent $10,000,000 in the same work. It owns dwelling-house property valued at $4,400,000, and in 1902, after deducting all expenses and charges, it had a net profit of $35,000 from such property. Greenock has spent $1,000,000 in providing houses for working men; Wolverhampton is building fifty new dwellings; Bath is building forty.

In Birkenhead the municipality bought a tract consisting of 4,530 yards and cleared away from it 101 houses which, as they were used for human habitation, were called dwellings. On the space thus obtained eighteen houses were erected. Subsequently, the town acquired another tract on which it is now erecting 232 buildings.

Manchester bought for $535,000 a slum area in Pollard Street, five acres, from which it displaced 1,850 persons and rehoused them at a cost of $520,000, thereby lowering the death-rate.

Leeds is clearing away seventy-five acres of slums and building new dwellings at a cost of $2,500,000.

Plymouth has built houses and flats for 1,200 persons and clears about $8,000 a year from its venture.

Sheffield acquired a slum area for $450,000, cleared it, and has built 124 modern dwellings on part of the site.

Devonport tore down a fine collection of rotten rookeries and built in their stead 105 modern tenements at a cost of $250,000.

Southampton cleared three acres of slums and spent nearly $300,000 in building homes for working people.

These are a few samples. Besides these, twenty-one communities have issued bonds to build dwellings; thirty-eight others have plans under way.

Twelve communities conduct cheap lodging-houses. Glasgow has found its lodging-house so profitable that it has paid five per cent. on the value of the site; one per cent. is charged off for depreciation, and the city takes about four and one-half per cent. a year, net profit, which is applied to the general funds. It also conducts a Municipal Board-

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ing-House with 160 boarders, who pay from $1 to $1.25 a week for their rooms and five cents for breakfast, eight cents for dinner, and six cents for tea. These are not paupers, nor mendicants, nor criminals, but mostly widowers left with children for whom the city provides nurses free of charge.

CHAPTER VI

THE ASTONISHING GROWTH OF A PEACEFUL REVOLUTION

But of all these achievements none approaches the things done by the London County Council—that body unique in the history of government. The task set before it of forging something like order from the diverse materials of twenty-seven boroughs and as many wrangling vestries was greater than the creating of the Roman Empire. Most empire builders are described as wading through seas of blood. The London County Council may be said truly to have swum through oceans of red tape. A more preposterous condition never confronted an adult community. The Council could hardly buy a paper of tacks without a special act of Parliament, and to secure each act cost about $5,000. It was like a comic opera; I wonder no humorous genius has ever turned it into song and story.

The Council was created about seventeen years ago to supplant a band of premium incompetents called the Metropolitan Board of Works. I have no chance here to recount the bewildering things it has done since—how it has introduced good architecture into the poorer districts of London, widened old and made new streets, created little oases of beauty in the hideous desert of the gloomiest of modern cities, provided transportation, and furthered civilization. The utmost I can do is to give some glimpse of its work on merely the lines we are considering.

Of the 115 miles of street-car lines in London the County Council owns ninety-four miles. It leases forty-eight miles on the north side of the city to Mr. Yerkes, and the forty-six miles on the south side it operates itself. Its policy is to extend as rapidly as possible the system that it operates. It has long been engaged in an endeavor to wring from Parliament permission to bring its lines across the Thames Bridges (where they now stop), when it will inaugurate a system of street-cars through and about the Strand and reaching to every part of London. At present the north-side lines do not run where anybody wants them or ever sees them. They do not come within any useful distance of the Strand, and they seem to exist as some mild kind of entertainment, not as a serious enterprise in transportation. But when the present leases run out the Council purposes to unite these lines with the projected roads across the bridges and thus amalgamate all the systems. No city in the world has what this plan will produce if it shall ever be carried out. At present it is blocked, mainly because of the personal opposition of King Edward. It is hoped that his objection (understood to be founded chiefly on the obstruction the lines would cause to automobiling) will be removed before the next sitting of Parliament.

In its operation of the south-side lines the County Council has enlarged and greatly improved the service, reduced fares, increased wages, shortened the hours of its employees, and in 1904 it turned over to the general funds a surplus on its street-car operations of $100,000. On the other hand, it is true that the profits of the lines worked directly by the Council are smaller than the sums paid by Mr. Yerkes for the lines he leases, notably smaller, so that to the taxpayer the advantage at the first glance would be in favor of leasing lines for private management. Mr. Yerkes maintains an association for the purpose of trying to stem the rising tide of Public Ownership, because it threatens to engulf all his British interests. This association, in which Mr. Robert P. Porter, late of America and the Tenth Census, takes a peculiar and vivid interest, has lately been at pains (and expense) to impress upon the British voter how much greater are the returns from the leased lines than from the Council's lines in London. I cannot find in the association's utterances on this subject that the apparently small profits of the Council's lines are due to its expenses in extending and improving its service, whereas Mr. Yerkes, of course, has no such expenses. However, I judge that Mr. Yerkes's association and even Mr. Robert P. Porter's industrious services are of but slight weight in the public estimation. In truth, these gentlemen seem like a man hallooing at a cyclone. The people of London give every evidence that they are satisfied with the Council's work, they are fully committed to its support, and year after year this strange combination of shrewdest business sense and the most ad-

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vanced philanthropy gathers new powers to use toward the realization of ideals in government of which the world has not before dreamed.

As a remaker of London, as a huge business enterprise, as a practical protest against the world's indifference to its duties, the County Council is interesting enough, but its work as a landlord is what concerns us most here. In different regions of London and the adjacent territory the Council now owns or has an interest in thirty-seven housing enterprises. In some instances it has bought the land and built the houses, in some others it has contributed to work carried on by the boroughs. Twelve of its own holdings have a total acreage of 350, cost $17,000,000, and will house, when the improvements are completed, 70,522 persons.

I must try to show what these things mean by giving a few typical instances. At Norbury, on the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway, just on the county boundary, the Council secured an estate of thirty-one acres. On this it is building block after block of cottages in which it will be able to accommodate 5,800 persons. These it rents at low rates as fast as they are completed. The cost of this enterprise will be about $1,500,000. The houses are small but very neat, well lighted, and sanitary.

At Tottenham, on the other side of London, the Council owns 225 acres on which it is building houses that will accommodate 8,530 persons. It has also built and operates at Deptford a great cheap lodging-house on the general lines of the Mills hotels in New York. And then there are the flat-houses at Millbank where the tatterdemalion went singing.

In these enterprises and those of a similar nature conducted by the boroughs, London is now engaged in spending about $100,000,000.

So then, this is the answer, this is the solution England offers to the problem that terrorizes her, this is how society proposes to avert the plague. Of what avail is it? None in the world. Beautiful charities, beautiful houses, beautiful work of the County Council, beautiful plans, beautiful enterprises—would you like to see the perfect comment on them all? There it goes, down the asphalt court, wailing for halfpence. Those flats were built ostensibly for him: he begs at their windows. The 8,000 cottages here and the 3,000 there and the 7,000 somewhere else were all built theoretically for him, and he never saw the inside of one of them. When all of the $100,000,000 shall be spent for him he will just where he was before, just where he is no going down the asphalt court with his terrib misshapen wife and his stunted child, singi for halfpence. The remedy is nothing; helps not, it avails not, it is a mere straw in t current. Why? Because the trouble is son thing so deep and radical you cannot cure by treating symptoms. This dreadful singi creature and the swarming millions of l kind are the products of conditions in whi a large part of the population is denied o portunity—and of nothing else. The remed lies in an equal chance for all. Men do n of a choice live in slums; degenerates are n the normal products of humanity. But in country where the caste system rules as rules in England not only is there no chan for the substrata, but the controlling Engli minds cannot be induced to look upon t substrata as worth considering or legislati about. For the evil that opens wide its gu at England's doors the one possible cure democracy; but whenever democracy is see approaching, then tradition and custom, th national habit of mind and the reverence fo rank combine with the interests that upho the caste system to suppress the intrude In one way or another they combine to sup press it.

If the King gives a garden party and shake hands with a promising labor leader, instantl that labor leader is converted into a reactio ary and a sturdy upholder of caste. If th Government knights the editor of a radica newspaper, it becomes at once a fervei champion of present conditions.

Of the fact of the slum there is recognitio yes; and that in some way it is eating out th vitality of the nation. Slowly and throug painful revelations these things have bee forced home upon public attention. But ther is nowhere in England any recognition tha the slum inhabitant is a human being of equa rights with the fortunate, that he is the victin of conditions surviving feudalism has force upon him, that he is a bill for English societ to settle, that he is the inevitable and logica result of a system for which he has no re sponsibility. And yet he is the crux of Eng land's problem, he—not the man that has work and a home and a way of life. The aristocracy and the prosperous in England think they have helped the situation when they have provided cheap omnibuses for workers, or perhaps a loan exhibition of pictures. Of what use to the starving millions of the slum-

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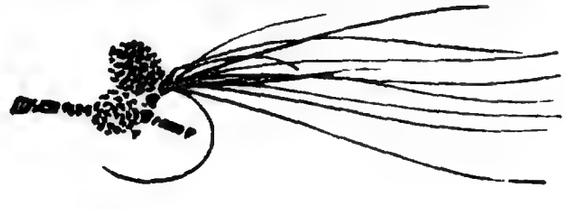
is the opportunity to ride cheaply? They do not want to ride at all. They want food and light and air and a chance to live. Of what use is it to them that taxes are lowered, that the municipality reaps these millions of profits for the relief of the rates? They pay no taxes, they have nothing to do with the rates. What to them are royal commissions and societies of the amiable rich to assist the worthy working classes? They have nothing to do with the working classes. What do they care about "working men's trains" and "working men's omnibuses"? They have never heard of such things and do not care to hear of them. Their demand is not for loan exhibitions but for something to eat and a place to live, and you will not answer that demand by building pretty bathhouses, good my lords!

All these publicly built and publicly owned dwellings, these model tenements, these great enterprises for "Housing the Working Classes," the sanitary cottages and the airy flats—most admirable, worthy, wise, profitable, economic, salutary, beneficent for those they serve—they do nothing to solve the world's problem. Whatever they may achieve hereafter, so far they do nothing. The model tenements are invariably seized by the well-to-do, the sweet little cottages are possessed by persons of good and regular incomes. All the families that have occupied the County Council houses at Norbury were housed before; they have merely moved—from poor and dear to cheap and good houses. The County Council has enormously helped them, no doubt; it has not helped those that needed help; it has not saved those that needed saving. Is there any light in Whitechapel for all this? Not a ray. In those frightful regions is no whit less misery, no less suffering, no fewer dwellers in the subcellars and dark alleys, no fewer stunted bodies and stunted minds and stunted lives. Fewer? There are more. Day after day the horrible tide rises there, the numbers increase, the plague-spot grows, the cloud darkens. I can think of no spectacle at once more pathetic and more solemnly suggestive than the London County Council busily carrying out its excellent plans for the benefit of the middle classes and the working men while the real plague of England rises unmitigated upon it.

I do not mean merely that hundreds of thousands are starving, nor that they are shiftless, lazy, and ignorant, nor that society has always had to deal with a certain percentage of incompetence, and that these constitute the troubles. What fills with alarm all thinking men in England, brings forth royal commissions of inquiry, and produces the weekly panics about England's defenseless state is that the ill-fed, the ill-developed, the physically feeble, and the mentally inept are numbered by the millions, that they swarm everywhere, that they steadily increase, that nothing yet devised operates in the least to check the increase. Blinded by the system of caste that is England's greatest misfortune, the English social reformer cannot be induced to look below the men that labor with their hands. He cannot be brought to think of the men that do no work because they have none to do, to the hordes that drift and idle and spawn about the English cities. Therefore, the worst conditions, at once the products of the caste system and fortified and buttressed by it, remain the same for all the remedies. The dwellers ousted from one destroyed slum swarm into another. The paupers abound, the millionaires thrive, the great unproductive estates are as they were, vast areas of fertile land still have no use but as hunting preserves for the nobles, great populations struggle for air and space on the edge of unpeopled wastes. Again, in spite of all, some men have too much of the fruits of the earth, some men have too little. Nothing is changed that essentially needed changing. The whole situation is perfectly symbolized by that man at Millbank. On both sides of him are the houses built to relieve the overcrowding of his kind. They are filled with fortunate people that needed no relief. And here comes the skulking figure, indicting and condemning the whole scheme as he passes, begging for halfpence and singing with terrible irony:

"Other refuge have I none."

In the February instalment of ***"Soldiers of the Common Good,"*** Mr. Russell will discuss ***Government-owned Railroads in Europe.***



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A SCORE OF THOROUGHLY UNTRUSTWORTHY-LOOKING MEN.

When Knighthood Wore Skates

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by Albert Levering

I HAD been examining a room filled with curios, picked up in odd corners of the globe by my host, Billy Campbell, and had just turned from studying two suits of medieval armor, when the actor broke in and asked: "Where do you reckon I got that ironware?"

I knew a little about antiques, and had seen that these were genuine and of English workmanship, and said as much.

"They may have been turned out in a Johnny Bull factory, but Tiberius Smith and I procured them near the west shores of Hudson Bay on a stream bearing the unromantic name of Fried Fish River," replied my host. "And, say, if you could have witnessed that little crusade, led by the old showman and supported by your humble servant, I reckon you'd concede that all the Carnegie medals for bravery oughtn't to go to Richard Cœur de Lion and his convincing curtal-ax. For although we were handicapped by a lack of palms and a Moslem host, we more than made up in scenic effects by doing our stunt on skates in a realm where the average Saracen would quit his religion for a chance to steal coal."

That was his way: to annoy me with a coaxing outline and then appear to have forgotten it all in trying to light his pipe.

"Are you inviting assault, or will you explain in detail?" I demanded.

"Oh, you want the story, eh? It's not much—merely another demonstration of Smith's adaptability. It was late in the fall of 1892 when we struck the Hudson Bay region in quest of natives and material intended for constructing at the World's Fair a lifelike replica of the big fur-trading stations, their environment and methods. The manager of the concession knew Tib had been the prize collector for several big circuses, and had run all kinds of shows on his own hook; consequently we were liberally supplied with all that makes for success. We had letters to all the Hudson Bay Company's factors, stating we had never been in jail and could be trusted in an ice-house, and the heads of the different houses, as the stations and forts are called, speedily fell victims to Tib's hypnotic brown

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eye and outdid themselves in aiding us. In one post we arranged for the fur exhibit, another was to supply the trappers and hunters, another the natives, and so on.

"One night, at the tail end of our visit to the Swamp House, the conversation turned to skating. Tib was trying to figure out how Hudson Bay climate could be reproduced in a St. Louis summer. Artificial snow-storms and cold-storage atmosphere were easy, but the main problem was an ice-covered lake. From ice the talk switched on to skates, and MacGully, the factor, declared: 'If you want to combine pleasure and business, why not walk a mile over to Fried Fish River and skate up to Spoon Lake? The river is one smooth glare, and besides the sport, you could visit the Spoon Lake house, long since abandoned as a living-post, but sometimes used for storage purposes. It belongs to the company and has the happy reputation of being haunted. Happy, because it keeps the half-breeds and Indians at a distance and we don't have to police it. The last factor there was an Englishman, who shot himself while insane. The natives say his ghost walks betimes. Dawley was his name, and it is supposed the solitude and cold, gray vastness of the country unhinged him. We older fellows know he was crazy before taking the position; for when he came over from the old country he brought along lots of truck that no sane man would have bothered with, and used it in decorating the house. He left no kin, and as he was in debt to the company, many of his effects are still there. If you're not afraid of some supernatural manifestation, you'd better visit the place. It's only a ten-mile skate, and if you find anything you can use in your business, I'll send some men with a sledge to tote it back.'

"I could skate like a fiend, and was zestful for the trip, but feared for Tib, who was fat and round.

"'Don't worry about me, child,' he answered. 'I may not be so slim and ingrowing an elf as you, but I was born in Vermont and could easily shave myself on steel runners. Produce your skates, Mac, and we'll see if my riper years have robbed my feet. We'll start early to-morrow.'

"I suggested that we also lay out some firearms, as I had heard one of the trappers the day before remark that the Tan-Nic tribe was on the rampage. MacGully laughed and said I was already dreading Dawley's ghost, and assured us the Tan-Nics were now making for the Block River grounds to rendezvous for the winter.

"So early next morning, laden only with a luncheon and our fair repute, we tramped north to the Fried Fish and strapped on our skates. The river wound in and out and you could see only a few hundred feet of it in a straight line, except where the sturdy wood gave way and allowed the eye to pick it up across country in more curves.

"And say, talk about skating! Tib was a greased rubber ball. He didn't seem to need any ice, and he gave the impression of flying. As we careened around bend after bend I felt sorry for having cast reflections on his prowess, especially as it incited him to smash all records and then try to lower his own. In fact, I had to apologize, just to get him to slow up and give me a breather. When we debouched into Spoon Lake I was nearly fagged and began looking for the post. But the old chap was disappointed at the brevity of the jaunt, and said he wished we could skate 'way across to the Great Slave.

"We found the lake quite small and surrounded by a monotonous level sweep of gray land, except on the left, where a solitary bluff, some thirty feet high, rose forlorn. It was on this lone elevation that we found the long log house that Dawley grew tired of. The door was simply fastened with a deerskin thong, and really, as Tib blew on his benumbed fingers and tried to unfasten it, I began to hanker for the open, and appreciate why the brooding silence struck the average local scalawag as being sinister and unwholesome. Once inside, with a blaze chuckling in the big fireplace and coffee simmering on the hearth, the eerie feeling vamosed, and as soon as Tib had carefully divided the bread, cheese, and meat, I was ready to eat a lion. And such appetites! I'm ashamed to confess that when Tib sorrowfully laid the odd chunk of bread on my birch-bark plate I gobbled it like an unthankful but thoroughly hungry hound, and pretended not to notice his partiality.

"Well, after feeding ourselves and the ruddy flames we began to look about. At first we saw only bales of hides and furs and a few boxes of tinned goods. Then we noticed a shelf of books, once fingered by Dawley, but we didn't touch these. Next a few curious weapons, formerly housed in some moated keep in Old England, whetted our interest a bit. Then we discovered the armor, three outfits in all; only, when we first saw

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them, we thought Dawley, accompanied by some of his mailed forbears, had stepped in to get warm. My heart jumped into my mouth, and Tib prepared to hurl his skates. You see, the junk was set up on cross-sticks and looked quite businesslike. This fat one, here, held a shy attitude, I remember, as if it was about to address us, but felt restrained by diffidence. I wanted to pack it up to take south, but Tib reminded me that the heavy clothing of the Middle Ages, paraded in a Hudson Bay concession in St. Louis, would appear about as plausible as a snow-storm in Hades. It was while discussing the matter, and fingering the heavy breastplates and gauntlets, that we nearly had nervous prostration, only the scare this time came from without.

"'Men talking!' cried Tib, jumping to the door and making it fast without knowing why he did so. Then peering through the small glass light he added: 'Indians! They can't be from around here, or they'd fear Dawley's spook.'

"Then I took a peep and beheld a score of swarthy and thoroughly untrustworthy-looking men standing on the edge of the lake, pointing their spears and several ancient fire-

"I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING TO BRANDISH IN MY MAILED FIST."

arms at the smoke, now curling merrily from our chimney.

"'Tan-Nics, Tib,' I whispered.

"'They're coming up. Let's anticipate 'em,' he replied; and opening the door a bit, he thrust forth his amiable countenance and asked what they wanted. For reply he got a bullet that knocked moss from the doorpost.

"'They behave like census-takers,' I observed hysterically.

"'They're Tan-Nics, all right,' he decided, slamming the door. 'Hunt up some guns and powder.'

"But search as I would, while he kept watch, I could find no firearms nor ammunition. By this time our visitors had scattered and had shot out the few small windows. Then, waxing more obstreperous as we made no return, they crept nearer, and one industrious varlet from behind a tree began bombarding the door with big rocks.

"'Never mind, my lad,' growled Tib, picking up a tin of beef. 'Two can play at that pastime.' And as the anarchist became still more venturesome and exposed his person, Tib took a pot-shot through the window and nailed him on the brow. But the effect was not as we had desired. The other beggars, on discovering the can of beef, forgot their wounded comrade and seemed more anxious than before to storm us and obtain the rest of the fodder.

"'Maybe MacGully will get worried when we do not return and send aid,' I encouraged.

"'My boy,' said Tib, 'this portal was once massy and solid. It's now old and decayed. The hinges are already loosened by the onslaught, and long before Mac can arrive Lucknow will have fallen. We must make for the Swamp House.'

"'I can't see it,' I cried; for although if given a clear way we could easily distance the foe, who had no skates, it seemed impossible to gain the lake and the river, as the merrymakers were guarding the only exit.

"As I was characterizing our hard luck, a chunk of lead hurtled through the window and clinked musically on the armor. 'See what damage it did,' directed Tib. I didn't care to satisfy his trivial curiosity and said so, and

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reminded him that I was young and loved to be alive and was interested solely in getting away.

"'Why, child, that's all I'm thinking of,' he said gravely. 'To see you rolled snugly in Mac's blankets is my only desire.'

"Of course I felt mean, and stilling my bleat, I ambled over and examined the iron overcoat critically.

"'Bullet struck square on breastplate and glanced off,' I announced.

"'Good!' he cried, now all animation. 'Strap on your skates and we'll teach these sensation-mongers how to run a gentle joust-at-arms. I think the short, fat, Falstaff design will cling gracefully to my plump person.'

"And hang me, if he didn't insist that we put on the armor!

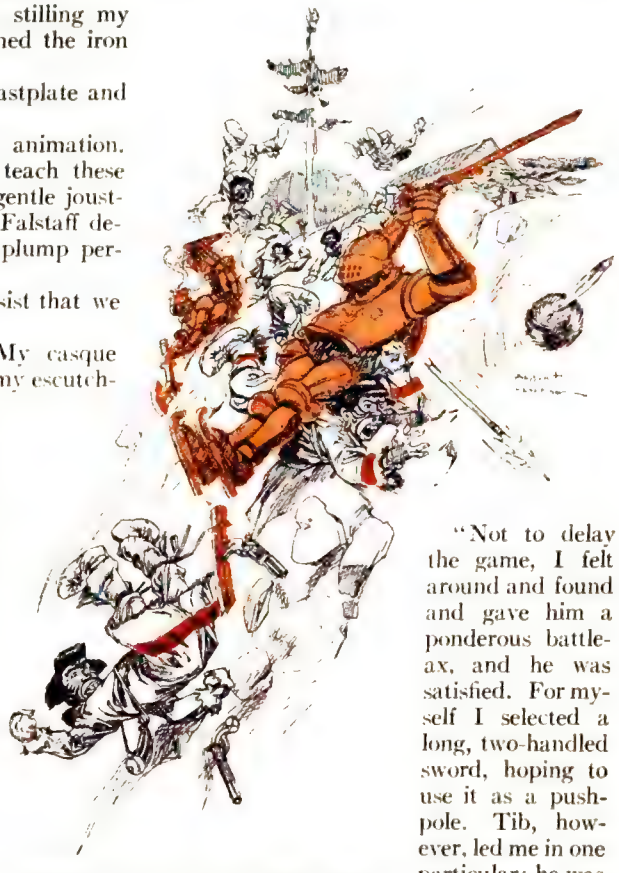
"'Ho, armorer,' he cried. 'My casque and greaves! D'ye notice, Billy, my escutcheon? It's a lame leopard eating an angle-worm. And that means: "We Eat 'Em Alive." Live up to your old family legends, child. Your frontlet bears as a device a two-legged horse with a wart on his nose, prancing with blind staggers in an azure field. The Latin was largely knocked off by the bullet, but here's *bello*, and it means you must be doughty in war. Maybe Cæsar wore it.'

"You simply couldn't check his spirits. He didn't seem to care for the mob outside, but squandered precious time in hunting for a plume to stick in his helmet. I tried to quiet him and make him finish fastening his greaves, but he took his time.

"'We must teach 'em, my child,' he responded, 'that chivalry is not dead, and as this passage-at-arms is to be *à l'outrance* to the finish, I would fain caracole the lists right bonnily. Remember, if we win, it is our prerogative to name the Queen of Beauty. Say, how do I look?'

"And, really, he certainly was a gay scene, especially after he closed his vizor and tried to imitate a clarion through the rusty bars. His uniform fitted like a glove, while mine was low in the neck and roomy. It was very hard to move about and retain our balance, as we had strapped on our skates the first thing, but the effect was stunning. Then Tib balked again and wouldn't open the door until he had found a weapon in keeping with the rest of the furniture.

"'I've got to have something to brandish in my mailed fist,' he protested. 'I can't appear rampant with an empty gauntlet.'



I HEARD ONE POOR DEVIL SCREECH SHRILLY AS I RAN OVER HIM.

"Not to delay the game, I felt around and found and gave him a ponderous battle-ax, and he was satisfied. For myself I selected a long, two-handled sword, hoping to use it as a push-pole. Tib, however, led me in one particular: he was armed with spurs. Well, sir, I appreciate there were some gay birds when knighthood grew outside of hothouses, before the revolving pistol and hip-pocket were invented, but for downright oddity you could safely wager the Frozen Northland never saw two such imprisoned sprites before. We were about as graceful as a steel-rolling mill, but when it came to solidity, we had everything from King Arthur's time down to the Spanish-American War bereft of all garlands.

"'Are you ready, Sir William?' asked Tib, at last unfastening the door, just as another volley of bullets and spears assured us the infidels were willing to devote all of their time and attention to our reception. I clanked

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THE MOMENT WAS TOO LATE FOR THE MOST OF THEM.

my helmet against the wall in assent and staggered after him into the afternoon twilight, the air tasting ancient and musty through the vizor-bars.

"It simply swept the foe off their feet, sir. In all their Arctic-Circle doings they had never stubbed up against the steel trust. With a cry of wonder, tainted with terror, those in the underbrush about the cabin began scuttling away from the highlands to join those on the edge of the lake, where they concentrated in one startled, frightened mass. Then as the sun touched up our burnished joints they began to notice the details and grunt in amazed envy as Tib's vanity led him to flash his ax about. They could appreciate such a noble weapon even if they couldn't dope out the utility of tempered steel earlaps. I reckon Tib's show of grace hastened their first attack; for, although mystified, they wanted our plumber's outfit badly. We were now looking down on them, and one, their chief, even as he howled in apprehension, shied a bone-tipped spear up the bluff and laughed nervously as it shattered on Tib's flank. As we did nothing to cripple this aggressor their wonder gave way altogether to avarice, and the leader yelped an order and the others barked back, and with offensive demeanor the whole band commenced sauntering up to reconnoiter our position.

"'If you weren't so cursed proud,' I mumbled through my mask.

"'Tut, tut,' cried Tib. 'They can never crack this combination, not even if they are safe-blowers.' And then like a gay troubadour, fresh from Palestine, he chanted a brave lay about ye ladye faire, and I staggered to his side and asked if we should meet them there on the cliff.

"Before he could retort I answered my own query by tripping over my sword and falling against him. The tinkling of our two forms in collision reverberated loudly from the frozen bosom of the Spoon waters and reminded me of the gong on an ambulance. My unintentional ramming of Tib caused the foe to pause, suspicious of some trick, and then retreat again to the lake. And while they deliberated, Tib and I surrendered our equilibrium, and as he cried, 'Charge, Chester, charge!' we gracefully toppled over the edge of the bluff and shot down to the ice, I feet first, Tib headlong. We were second-hand meteors.

"Then was the beauty of our garb demonstrated. Being steel, we could skate just as well on our back or head as on our feet. We struck the petrified sons from Farthest North in a masterly manner. Nothing but a stone wall could stop us; I felt as if I were inside a runaway freight-train. I heard one poor devil screech shrilly as I ran over him. I tried to look out to identify him, as I had aimed myself at the chief, but the pace baffled me. In shooting the bluff I had made a right-end play, for about ten yards' gain, while Tib had bucked the center for as much more. My drive, I shall always contend, was the acme of energetic, manly grace, while Tib, eschewing the beautiful, was crude

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force personified. He pivoted on his hip-pads just before striking his ninepins, and in pinwheeling through them he got more action for his money. There was a heavy shower of brownies long after I slowed up. They simply littered the landscape!

"Once we'd ceased to slide we were surrounded, and the blows rained on my shell sounded very loud to me inside. I couldn't get up, nor could Tib, and so he began digging his spurs into the ice and propelling himself in my direction. He steered by my voice, and as he hove in line with my vizor I observed he was heavily laden with dusky passengers. Once our uniforms clinked together, he cleared a space with his ax and we managed to gain our feet. It was surprising, sir, to see how neatly I could skim around, once I began to skate. Tib was even better, and threw in a few extra flourishes I couldn't command. Meanwhile the Injuns stood back regaining their wind and expecting us to do something fantastic. I could see they were determined to absorb our weapons, which we still retained.

"'All I'm afraid of is that the ice will break,' cried Tib. 'We must weigh as much as a Cunarder.'

"The main force of the Tan-Nics ran ahead and formed a line of battle in front of us, while the outpost began piling logs across the neck of the Fried Fish River. We had started toward this and were now forced to turn. We couldn't stop, as that meant to go down and freeze to the ice or get a spear inside our castles. The Injuns were now in pursuit, but whenever we turned a corner they lost ground, being unable to make the curve. We toyed with them in such simple ways for some time, until we made a mistake and collided. Only Tib's quickness in hooking my helmet with his ax kept us upright. Then they changed their tactics, and while half pursued, the others ran around to meet us. 'Full head of steam!' cried Tib. 'We must hit 'em fair.' And with safety-valves closed tight we bumped those in front and slid on our necks, passing through the bunch like a rotary plow through a new snow-drift.

"On the next turn around we noticed the vidette at the outlet had strung a rawhide line from shore to shore. Tib began to yearn and hanker to possess it, and, although it seemed a waste of energy, I emulated Barkis. It required an exchange of several sharp-edged courtesies before we could procure the cord, but that once done I appreciated and applauded Tib's motive. One end he made fast to the ax and allowed that weapon to trail on the ice some fifty feet in our rear, with the other end held tight in our willing gloves. Then we rapidly skirted the opposite shore until we got a noble start and had our anchor bouncing and nicking the pavement; then we curved in toward the massed force and when within thirty feet of their left wing we pivoted, standing fast, hanging to each other's necks like twin oaks. I never saw oaks do that; but our stratagem worked to perfection. For when the heavy ax could no longer con-

HE SAT DOWN AND MADE THE ICE LOOK LIKE FRACTURED STARS.

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I'LL ADMIT THE SENSATION WAS ODD.

tinue in a straight course along the edge of the lake, it swiftly began to answer the centripetal requirements and describe a blazing circle. The enemy got wise and tried to abscond from the danger, but as the gliding ax was now overlapping their firing-line the moment was too late for the most of them. And when the whizzing cord and steel struck their scampering legs, the air grew dusky with their going up and coming down.

"'Quite like our childhood's game of snapping the whip,' observed Tib cheerily, forgetting his iron complexion and trying to mop the sweat from his brow.

"'My hands are cold—very,' I gasped, for steel mittens aren't the warmest things sold in glove-stores.

"'Beat them together—' began Tib, when zip! and a baby boulder shot over the ice and knocked his feet from under him. You could have heard the earth bulge on the opposite side of the globe from where he sat down and made the ice look like fractured stars.

"'Two can play at curling,' he growled, as I helped him to his feet. We skated to the near shore and procured an armful of rocks. Then, striking a blithesome clip, we began enfilading the beggars with double shots. Tib would shoot at one end of the group, I taking the other, with an occasional stinger straight for the center. What with the ax and rock play we soon cleared the lake, and then for the first time had a clear course to the barriers at the outlet. Gaining this, Tib used his ax until he had effected a narrow lane, the guard in the meantime trying to dent our chests with odd pieces of hardy timber.

"Then we drew back, right in the face of the approaching rear-guard, to gain momentum, and describing a ponderous circle, just without the reach of a fringe of clutching hands and rampant spears, turned under a ninety-pound pressure and again made a bee-line to the riddled chevaux-de-frise in the neck of the lake to smash our way through to the clear ice of the river. For the lake was a bottle, and that narrow outlet, littered with stumps and gnarled branches, could never have been penetrated without a flying start. And dear! dear! what a vision of odds and ends, logs and ill-advised aborigines, I enjoyed in passing, as the débris rained down outside and heartily thumped my roof! Through my narrow windows I was rejoiced to see Tib also had weathered the storm, and thus shoulder to shoulder we left the lake, struck the first bend in the river, and were off for home.

"But the Tan-Nics were as persistent as book agents, and while some continued in our wake, others, by cutting across lots, headed us off at the next corner. Our fighting blood was now up, however, and without giving an inch we hugged the pole and crashed our way through this new menace and past the first quarter. Tib yelled in my clouded ear that the original owners of our borrowed clothes had permeated the iron with their spirits and were inciting us to daring deeds. But navigating the slim river was vastly different from loafing about on the roomy lake and more difficult; and I answered that the old knights had neglected to supply strength commensurate with their legacy of ambition, and then confessed I was out of energy and was all in. Just as I had shown

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the white feather, my legs became two strings and I went down, a clattering clutter of old junk.

"'Go on and get help,' I groaned. 'I'm but an ancient relic.'

"But the old chap knew a trick worth several of that. 'Stick up your heels,' he cried, and I had just sufficient vigor to obey. Then taking a mailed hoof in each of his gauntlets he continued skating, pushing and steering me before him head first, as if I were a sled. There was a ridge of iron up and down my back that made a nice keel.

"We now made terrific headway, as Tib in leaning against my feet could steady himself and put all his strength into his kicks. I'll admit the sensation was odd and slightly disagreeable at first, but after a while I began to enjoy it and pity Tib for having to stay out there in the cold and work.

"'Hear 'em screech,' he telephoned down my insulated form. 'How near? I can't turn my head.'

"Aroused from my reverie I slightly elevated my weighty casque, and through the weaving in and out of his sturdy legs caught occasional glimpses of a dark, unwholesome throng behind us. They certainly knew how to run on ice, but as we made a turn I got a wider view and joyfully cried that only half of the tribe was in pursuit.

"'Cheer up!' gasped Tib. 'We haven't lost any of 'em. Ah, I thought so!' And he gave a mighty lunge against my heels that caused my overcoat to grow warm with the friction.

"'Waiting for us at the bend!' he cried, holding me dead ahead and picking up extra speed with every stroke. 'Steady!' he yelled.

"And snap! snap! bang! we'd gathered in two videttes and like a stamping mill had struck the close-pressed pack fair in the center. We bored a yawning hole through them, but we lost in speed a bit, and to my horror I saw those from behind draw nearer, just as Tib, clear of the muss, began to wabble and coast.

"'The foe! the foe! they come! they—' I howled, as one swart devil staggered almost within reach of my motive power.

"Tib straightened to renew his lost youth, but I had listed heavily to port, and before he could right me on an even keel the foremost rogue jumped fairly upon his shoulders. If Tib hadn't been supported in a measure by my heels he would have gone down and out. As it was he went trembly for a second, then regained his underpinning, while the impetus of the jolt sent us gliding swiftly ahead.

"But the slight hesitation allowed the other sprites to close in on both sides, and while they could not strike Tib, for fear of hitting their chief on his shoulders, they had no false modesty when it came to me. Whang! smash! and every kind of a primeval weapon battered my aching sides. 'Look out!' gurgled Tib, and bending suddenly he bucked his rider ten feet in the van, and by the next second's soft crunch and slight jar I knew we'd rammed him out of commission before he could roll off the tracks. And just as the last jolt on my head-piece made me grow dizzy and steer badly I was conscious of some one popping corn down the river, and as Tib gave a muffled hurrah and gasped, 'MacGully's men to the rescue,' I slipped my moorings on reason. When I woke up I was in blankets at the Swamp House, and Tib, still wearing all his armor except the helmet, was pouring whisky down my throat. The corn-popping was MacGully's men taking pot shots at the bloodthirsty heathens.

"That's about all. The fur-trading post fell through, as the promoter died that winter. But we brought back the armor, as a slight memento of the time we met the Saracens on skates and demonstrated that the days of chivalry were not dead."

The Shadow

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ONE soul there is that knows me as I am,
Reads each pretense, sees through each futile sham;
Goads me with scorning lip, with laughter dry,
And dogs me night and day: *my better I!*

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Reporters of To-day

Stories of Our Foremost Newspaper Men and "Beats" They Have Scored

By HARTLEY DAVIS

I. The New York Reporters

A CLASS of energetic, highly trained men, for the most part obscure, whose work is not recognized as a profession, furnish practically all information of what is going on in the world. Every timely thing that appears in a newspaper is written by a reporter or is based upon facts collected by one. This is as true of a war in the East as of a pink tea in the home town. The reporter receives the first direct and comprehensive impression of those events and happenings that rank as news. He is the first accurately to estimate their value. The millions of readers see with his eyes, hear with his ears. It is the critically important function of this unknown man to make the public record of things as they are; and if his record sometimes falls short of absolute accuracy, it should be remembered that exaggeration is one of the most familiar of human weaknesses.

Consider the facts: A newspaper is a vendor of truth. In the last analysis its success depends upon the amount or the percentage of truth, up to a certain point, it offers to its readers, and, in a lesser degree, upon the attractiveness with which the commodity is presented. Probably no two editors agree as to how much truth is good for the public, a controversy not confined to daily journalism, for it is just as much a moot point in law, literature, medicine, diplomacy, politics, business. And let us humbly remember that the debate as to what truth is has been going on since the apple episode in the Garden of Eden.

Primarily, therefore, it is the business of the newspaper reporter to collect truth and to present it in that form which will make it most generally understood and most convincing. Considering the great speed at which he is compelled to work, for he is always being chased by the hands of the clock; the fact that he is ever at the mercy of exaggerators or deliberate deceivers; the succession of copy-readers, compositors, proof-readers, through whose hands his copy must pass, the marvel is that so few mistakes are made. Apart from accidental errors, there is no question but newspapers sometimes print outrageously false articles; the ranks of reporters are no freer from shysters, quacks, and dishonest men than are those of lawyers, physicians, and ministers.

Outside of a newspaper office, a reporter has no professional standing, and he cares not a hang for it, nor for honors apart from those won in his own narrow world. He rests upon his individual achievements, not having the prestige of belonging to a traditionally "learned profession," as has a lawyer or a doctor. When there is need for it the collector of news labors with greater energy, more unselfish devotion, deeper loyalty, and with keener delight in his work for the work's own sake than I have ever encountered in any other walk of life. He is alternately the hardest worker and the most desperate grumbler on the face of the earth, but it is significant that he complains only when there are no great events to rob him of sleep and food.

In dull times, when he must do routine work like a dull, punctual clerk, he overflows with peevish protest and fretful wailing. He damns newspaper work with fluency and precision as the most abandoned, God-forsaken calling that ever ground out the life of a miserable victim. He will prove that he is the most wretched, underpaid, abused idiot ever sacrificed to a monstrous machine that squeezes out the juices of his being in a few short years and then casts him aside, exhausted, penniless, hopeless. Such a picture is

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not lacking in truth, for your crack newspaper man is like to be a careless, thriftless soul, with small thought of the future. As a rule he has no conception of ordinary system nor of business caution. He comes to be a pursuer of mental sensations. The excitement and variety of his work, and none other can compare with it, make usual forms of recreation insipid.

When, to use the vernacular, "a big story breaks loose," and the reporter who "covers" it faces a crisis where he considers himself fortunate to get two hours' sleep on a bench and enough leathery sandwiches to combat hunger, he will work with an enthusiasm, with a determined, deadly earnestness that no amount of hardship can check. He will take any risk, even to jeopardy his life, in order to get news of second-rate importance into the office—unless he has to consider the next day's developments. In that case he will cannily safeguard himself that he may be fit to meet them. He has no thought of reward save his own satisfaction, which is vastly increased if he can "beat" his dearest friend on a rival newspaper.

It is curious that these men, whose life is made up of extraordinary experiences, whose training is a succession of picturesque and intensely interesting hazards, should be, personally, so barren in anecdote. One reason is that they forget; few experiences interest them after twenty-four hours have elapsed. That is the spirit of the newspaper. Another reason is that those episodes that most interest them are not likely to interest the average man because he usually cannot understand their bearing.

Nevertheless, there are plenty of tales on record whose dramatic character is conceded by craftsmen and public alike. And among these is the story of the Johnstown flood, probably the most terrible experience within the memory of the present generation of newspaper reporters. In some mysterious way the Philadelphia papers received the first bulletin some two hours earlier than those in New York, and they had the additional advantage of the two hours in time between the two cities. But this was lost in demonstrating that there was no way of reaching the scene of the flood by rail. The New Yorkers also lost valuable time in proving this. Both parties ordered relays of carriages, one telegraphing from West Virginia and the other from Harrisburg. The story that the New Yorkers heard the Philadelphians' order for carriages passing over the wire and appropriated the vehicles doesn't happen to be true, although it might have been. But it is true that both parties reached Chambersburg on the same train, and that the New Yorkers defeated their rivals in a foot-race to the carriages, thereby being able to select the lighter vehicle and the better horses. And this very slight early advantage enabled them to get into Johnstown nine hours ahead of the others, and in such crises an hour is as a year.

There were mighty able men in those parties. From Philadelphia the *Ledger* sent Richard Harding Davis, while the *Press* sent Harry Brown, now in charge of the *New York Herald's* Washington bureau. From New York the *Herald* sent Charles E. Russell, author of "The Greatest Trust in the World" and "Soldiers of the Common Good," published in this magazine; R. H. Lyman, now one of the strong executives on the *World*, and W. O. Inglis, now one of the brilliant writing men on the *World*. The *Sun* sent Daniel C. Kellogg, its present financial editor, while Irvin Wardman, now publisher of the *Press*, represented the *Tribune*. R. A. Farrelly, who has since become one of W. R. Hearst's managing editors, was in charge of the *World* men. Of course each metropolitan newspaper despatched other members of its staff, but those named were the vanguard.

The New Yorkers crowded into a light side-bar vehicle so small that one man had to stand on the step all the way. At Harrisonville they managed to ford the river—the bridge had gone out—while the Philadelphians, coming later and in a heavier carriage, had to go eight miles out of their way for a bridge. The New Yorkers made 124 miles in exactly twenty-four hours. They crossed two ranges, the Blue Hills and the Alleghanies. They walked up the mountains to save the horses and frequently walked down because the wagon was disabled. Despite the efforts of well-meaning folk to prevent they crossed two condemned bridges that were hanging on ends, the piers having been washed away. They routed a farmer from his bed at midnight by pretending to be highwaymen and frightened him into guiding them through a gorge of the Juniata, and to this day each man marvels that he escaped death in the blackness of that night, jumping and scrambling from rock to rock, with the rain falling in torrents, and the swollen river rushing about him.

Half-dead from exposure, from physical

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exertion, from the lack of food, these men staggered upon the horror of what was Johnstown. Yet their first and greatest fear was that it would be impossible to secure a telegraph wire and an operator to send their news. But the operator was there—men from Pittsburg had been the first to reach the scene—and without a moment's rest the reporters plunged into work, collecting facts and writing them down. They labored for forty-eight hours without food except a few dried sandwiches, without water fit to drink, and amid surroundings as frightful as ever made sick the soul of man.

One is willing to grant that there are exceptional men in other occupations capable of doing as much. In newspaper work the exceptional men are those who could not or would not have done it.

In getting the news of the great strikes, like that at Homestead, the Brooklyn street-car strike, the great railroad strike in Chicago, the coal-mine strikes in Pennsylvania, the same devotion and self-sacrifice were shown. There is nothing so hard to cover as a strike. One never knows where the news will break loose, and the only dependable thing is the certainty that both sides will lie with an earnestness and enthusiasm to make one regard Ananias and Münchhausen with toleration.

Photograph by Paris MacDonald, New York.

EDWARD G. RIGGS,
of the Sun.

Nothing is more common in the experience of the best newspaper reporters than to have business men marvel over the devotion to their calling. There is scarcely a reporter who has not had some one say to him: "If my employees displayed one-half the intelligence, insight, loyalty, and energy that reporters give their newspapers I should be ten times richer than I am." The business man doesn't know that few reporters possess application, that it is the constant change and novelty of the calling that spurs them on. Not one in fifty could buckle down to the steady, exhausting grind of a formal business. An abstract success doesn't appeal particularly. They demand quick action, immediate results.

A reporter is always astride of difficulties; it is a part of his business to be equal to any emergency, in big things and in little things, and the little things cling to one's memory. Years ago I was assigned to an "obituary," which means getting a biographical sketch of a man who has just died. I reached the house about midnight, and aroused the deceased's brother, who thrust his head out of the window and said unkind things. I was about departing when along came De Francias Folsom, then on the *Times*. I told him it was useless to try to get information in that house. But of course he insisted upon making the effort. He rang the bell, and when the brother thrust a tousled head from the window to burst forth in fury——

"One moment," interrupted Folsom sharply; "then there is justification for the report that your brother committed suicide?"

"Great Heavens, no!" came from the window. "I will be down at once."

"You see," said Folsom to me sweetly, "there is usually some way of persuading a reluctant man to tell you things."

Not long since a *Herald* reporter, assigned to make sure whether or not a divorce had been granted the wife of a rich man who had made counter charges against her in which a clergyman was implicated, exhausted every straightforward means. The proceedings had been secret and the court had ordered the papers sealed. It was impossible to learn, in the ordinary way, whether the decree had been signed or not. The reporter made a demand upon the clerk of the court to see the judge's decision in the case, on the ground that it was rumored that

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Photograph by Parkinson, N. Y.

HENRY CLAY TERRY,
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of the American.

W. O. INGLIS,
of the World.

the name of the reporter's wife appeared as corespondent. The newspaper man did not disclose his identity as a reporter and the name was an assumed one. The clerk would not allow him to see the papers, but said he would carefully examine them. This he did and reported that the name was not mentioned in the decree granting the divorce. That was really all the reporter wanted and it gave his newspaper a clear beat concerning an affair that had greatly interested the public. Newspaper men would not discuss the ethics of the matter among themselves. Each man pursues his own method of getting news, and these differ as widely as those of lawyers in the conduct of their cases.

It is usually assumed that newspaper reporting has reached its highest development in New York, and I think it is true, because the higher salaries—double those paid elsewhere—and the prestige attract the best men. Or it may be the other way about. Only the *Sun* has been successful in training its own men. Big staffs tend to make men specialists, and specializing is likely to destroy that invaluable versatility which enables a good reporter to handle any subject capably. There are no men who have so wide a range of superficial knowledge as the best newspaper men. Among the forty or fifty men who are best known on New York newspapers, nearly all are well educated in much more than the usual sense, and many know some things thoroughly.

Naturally, many newspaper men know politics. I suppose that Edward G. Riggs, of the *Sun*, knows the game better than any other man in this country. He probably has a wider acquaintance among public men and more friends in both great political camps than any contemporary of whatever calling. For years he has strolled in and out of the White House as freely as most reporters enter the office of their managing editor. Political bosses and the enemies of bosses treat him with the same consideration and affection. He has been a profound student of the political history of the country, and has attended every national convention and all the important state conventions since 1876. And he knows men. He broke into journalism from an Episcopalian theological seminary twenty-eight years ago, and has been on the *Sun* for a score of years. During his long period of service he has covered but two departments, politics and finance, and has been through every panic in Wall Street since 1876. I once asked him why he made this selection.

"I chose the two things in which the American people are most interested," was his reply.

As a writer "Eddie" Riggs has few superiors in journalism. He is trenchant, clear, and forceful, or brilliant and humorous, as the

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occasion appeals to him. When W. J. Stone and a group of Missouri men who were waging a battle for the "plain people" once came to New York on a political mission, Riggs actually laughed them out of town by a series of ludicrous descriptions of their luxurious dinners and luncheons.

While New York newspaper workers frankly concede the journalistic supremacy of Riggs, the most remarkable thing about him in their opinion is the fact that he has accumulated a comfortable fortune. He is the most highly paid reporter in America and he knows Wall Street; probably it is because of this knowledge that he never bought a share of stock on a margin. Years ago he told me that when he entered newspaper work he made up his mind to retire at forty-five with a quarter of a million dollars. I reminded him of this not long ago and asked him when he purposed giving up the prodigious amount of work he takes upon himself.

"When I die, I suppose," he answered with a laugh. "Why, man dear, it is my chief fun in life; I wouldn't give it up for all the money in Wall Street."

And he spoke the absolute truth.

Nevertheless, it is acknowledged that most newspaper reporters lose their keen interest in news-hunting as they approach forty, and that marks the beginning of their professional decadence. Enthusiasm is the salt of the work. After fifteen or twenty years on a metropolitan daily it takes a pretty big event to send the blood more swiftly through one's veins. The glamour has worn off and creature comforts cry for consideration. The attrition which has sharpened wits to microscopic points begins to wear on nerves and body. When a reporter reaches this stage he is likely to seek an executive position or give up newspaper work. But the inevitable exceptions are not uncommon.

KARL DECKER,
of the American.

Not so many years ago there was a reporter on the *Herald* who was approaching sixty and he set a pace that made the youngsters grumble.

It is the fashion to say that there are no great reporters nowadays like the most celebrated of the *Sun* men—men who were recognized as clever reporters, by the way, before they joined the *Sun* staff. Julian Ralph, E. O. Chamberlain, W. J. Chamberlain, familiarly known as "Jersey," are dead; John R. Spears, whose skill and finesse in gathering the ends of a difficult story have never been equaled, now devotes himself chiefly to historical work; William McMurtrie Speer, one of the ablest of political reporters in the old days, now devotes himself to the law. Yet it is not true that they have no successors. The truth is that conditions are entirely different, and of the group named, "Jersey" Chamberlain, who died on his way home from the Boxer outbreak in China, is the only one who was distinguished in both the old and the new régime. It is doubtful if any one of them could write a stronger, more brilliant, more finished story than Lindsay Denison, who was in Yale when they were in the height of their fame, or than Will Irwin, who was at Stanford.

No better reporter ever lived than Philip Esdaile Cohen, now on the *World*, whom no one will recognize unless he is called "Doc" Cohen, a brilliant, big man, capable of filling any position on the biggest newspaper, a generous, kindly man, with a caustic wit and a marvelous insight into human nature, a man who can write like one inspired. He is a regularly graduated physician, and to this day the theory of medicine is one of his chief interests, but he would rather be what he is—the best newspaper reporter in America—than have medical distinction. He is one

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Photograph by Pirie MacDonald, New York.

LINDSAY DENISON,

Formerly of the Sun, now one of the associate editors of Everybody's Magazine.

of those rare and fortunate beings whose enthusiasm is not lessened but only becomes more discriminating with years. And he is one of the most beloved men I ever knew.

Isaac D. White, of the *World*, has done more big things than any reporter in New York. He routed the Chesapeake Bay oyster pirates, who had shanghaied victims for years, compelling them to endure a slavery worse than death. White personally secured evidence against them, swore out warrants, chartered a tug, and arrested eight of the ten accused captains at the point of the pistol and sent them to prison after the authorities had admitted they were powerless. And for fifteen years the abuses ceased. White went to Progreso, the port of entry of Yucatan, and rescued twenty-two half-dead shanghaied survivors, who had given up all hope of rescue. And this after White himself had been arrested by the Progreso authorities, who connived at the practise of kidnapping men in New York when they could not be enticed by false promises.

White it was who traveled far into the Northwest Territory, bent on rescuing a supposed child of an officer of the United States army alleged to be a prisoner of a Blackfoot Indian, Chief Dog Child. He was three days in the open along the foot-hills of the Rockies with a half-breed guide, and one night they wandered about, lost in a blinding snowstorm. He perfected a plot to kidnap the little girl with the aid of whisky smugglers from across the United States border, and then he found out that the little girl was the daughter of Chief Dog Child's wife, so of course all the privation and scheming were for nothing. These exploits belong to a former time, the time that marked the change from passiveness to activity on the part of newspapers.

White also has to his credit what I believe to be the biggest news beat scored in New York in twenty years, the identification of the bomb-thrower who tried to kill Russell Sage. Inspector Byrnes had upward of two hundred highly trained detectives and practically the whole police force of New York working on the case; he gravely announced that the bomb-thrower was one of a band of dangerous anarchists organized to rid the country of millionaires. The excitement over the crime was tremendous, and thousands flocked to the Morgue to see the head of the man whose attempt at murder had ended in his own destruction. By means of a trousers' button and a small piece of cloth, White established the fact that the bomb-thrower was a note-broker named Norcross who lived with his parents in Somerville, Mass., and whose mind had become deranged through business reverses. White caused the detective force almost as much chagrin when he discovered the identity of a negro woman whose husband

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had murdered her and placed her dismembered body in a sack; he even secured a confession from the murderer.

White isn't particularly proud of the big things which have brought him fame. He has a perfect horror of "gum-shoe" methods, and he much prefers to be recognized as a first-class, all-around reporter, as valuable in covering routine news as in meeting emergencies.

For ability to unearth exclusive stories week after week, Gus C. Roeder, also one of the *World's* old guard, seems to stand alone. Like White, he can work for months with energy and enthusiasm in the absence of visible results. When it comes to a steady grind of high intelligence and at times brilliant work, I know of no man who excels David Ferguson. He once succeeded in interviewing a celebrated New York prelate, a feat no other man on his newspaper has accomplished. This churchman, a truly distinguished and great man, is not lacking in vanity. Ferguson went to the churchman's house, and giving his deep voice, that suggests a megaphone, full swing, he demanded: "Is His Gr-a-a-c-e within?" The servant replied that the dignitary could receive no one. Fixing the minion with a disapproving eye, Ferguson's voice again boomed the inquiry: "Is His Gr-a-a-ce within?" The servant weakly repeated instructions.

"I desire the privilege of speaking to His Grace," insisted Ferguson. A pleasant, cheerful voice from the second floor wafted to the door: "Is there some one who wishes to see me?" And Ferguson secured his important interview.

Photograph by W. Henry.

WALTER SCOTT MERIWETHER,
of the Herald.

It may sound paradoxical to say that a reporter who was responsible for the most successful newspaper hoaxes in my recollection should be recognized as one of the most trustworthy news writers in New York. A reporter who deliberately misrepresents facts or concocts things which he intends to have accepted as facts is of no value to a newspaper, no matter how brilliant he may be, and he never lasts long. But it is permissible to manufacture a whole story out of one's imagination, so long as the "fake" is harmless. The distinction cannot be made very clear to one unfamiliar with newspaper work, but it is clearly understood in editorial rooms. There are few reporters who equal Monte Cutler, who has an uneasy way of moving from one newspaper to another out of sheer restlessness, in skill and thoroughness in collecting facts and writing them, and yet Cutler is the deliberate creator of "Cattle Kate," who has immense notoriety all over the West as a woman horse thief.

I have met at least a dozen men who insisted that they knew Cattle Kate personally. Yet she never existed save in Cutler's imagination and in newspapers. Years ago Cutler was in love with the charming woman who is now his wife, and whose Christian name is Kate. Her family didn't approve of the match and sent her to Denver. Cutler promptly accepted a place on a newspaper in Cheyenne, because it was much nearer Denver than New York. It was pretty lonely for him there, because he could go to Denver only once a week, and he was out of touch with New York altogether. One evening he was writing "Kate Cutler," because he thought it seemed a much more attractive name than her own, and out of that came the name of Cattle Kate and a marvelous story of her exploits, which Cutler sent to the New York *World*. The office knew it was romance and mighty good romance, and a telegram of congratulation came back. After that, Cutler put in all his spare time devising yarns about Cattle Kate, and they were

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Photograph by Parkinson, N. Y.

LEO L. REDDING,
of the Herald.

Photograph by Pirie MacDonald, New York.

ISAAC D. WHITE,
of the World.

Photograph by Hall, Brooklyn.

MONTE CUTLER,
formerly of the Mail.

marvels. Within six months other romancers began helping him out, and Cattle Kates sprang up all over the Western country. They still exist. Every little while one reads of her death.

Cutler had a lot to do with the wonderful stories that used to come out of Niagara Falls, when he was employed on a Buffalo newspaper. The most remarkable revolved about Larry Donovan, who was so convinced that he had accomplished the feats ascribed to him that he really did attempt to jump off a bridge, and it cost him his life.

One of the most persistent, ingenious, resourceful, and audacious newspaper reporters, and one of the ablest, is Henry Clay Terry, of the *American*. No one will take greater chances to secure news, and yet I know of one instance when he tossed aside a fine beat. Terry looks like a clergyman—he is known as "Deacon" Terry—and on one occasion, when he was on a murder case, he managed to reach a suspect who had been arrested but was about to be released for lack of evidence. The prisoner mistook Terry for a priest and made a full confession. It would have made a great story, but it was never published. The reporter held the confidence as sacred.

If the stories of the American newspaper reporters in Cuba before and during the war were printed, they would make a tremendously absorbing volume. Charles Michelson, of the *American*, a vivid and powerful writer, one of the brilliant men whom W. R. Hearst brought from California, was perhaps the first New York newspaper man to be thrown into Morro Castle. Then there is Karl Decker, the daredevil who rescued Miss Cisneros, and did other extraordinary things, also on the *American;* and Langdon Smith, now on the *World*, who found ample opportunity for his breezy, picturesque, audacious style of writing. Smith, known as "Denver" Smith to distinguish him, was celebrated from one end of the country to the other as a telegraph operator before he took up newspaper work. To this day when it happens that he sits at a key to telegraph one of his own stories, as not infrequently happens in out-of-the-way places, old-timers will recognize his sending. On one occasion he wrote a story on the key, the story of a national convention in Chicago. The wire led from the convention hall to the *Journal* composing-room in New York, and his graphic descriptions were on sale on the streets fifteen minutes after the events took place.

Walter Scott Meriwether was in charge of the *New York Herald's* Havana bureau when the Maine was blown up. He made no attempt to get a despatch past the Spanish censor, but cabled to Key West to have a wire held open, chartered a boat, and wrote the story on board on the way to the Florida

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coast, thus giving his newspaper the first connected story of the disaster. Several days later Meriwether learned that the board of inquiry had evidence which it regarded as proof that the Maine had been destroyed by a mine, and that the report was being delayed by private instructions from Washington to enable the army and navy to make ready. This was tremendous news, and only a trained newspaper man can understand the burning anxiety of Meriwether to get it to his office. The despatch boat was disabled and he could not get another that day. His only hope was to deceive the censor. He handed in this despatch:

"In important cable which will be filed at Key West to-morrow, please note that Maine story is *mine*."

The censor was no less keen than the alert minds in the home office who would have at once comprehended the message. An hour later another censor came on duty, and Meriwether had evolved another cable. It was general and innocuous, apparently. In the middle of it he referred casually to the fact that naval officers in Havana were discussing Kipling's poem, "The Destroyer," lately published. The officers especially praised the technical accuracy of the final stanza.

"This seems to be innocent enough," observed the censor, and Meriwether's hopes flew high. Hours later the censor hunted up the correspondent and pointed to the stanza to which Meriwether had referred. It read:

"The doom that in the darkness spread
The mine that lifts the main;
The white-hot wake, the 'wildering speed—
The choosers of the Slain."

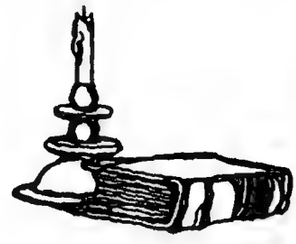
"And I almost let that go through," said the censor. "It was only an afterthought that made me look it up. It is clever, clever."

It wasn't clever enough because it didn't succeed, and newspapers care only for results. But in the meantime Meriwether had hustled until he secured a boat to take him to Key West, and he scored his big beat after all.

When the Spanish officers and men captured in the battle of Santiago were sent to the United States, Meriwether managed to be on board the ship with them. This resulted in an official investigation in which the reporter was exonerated because it was shown that he had simply made use of opportunity amid much confusion. The fact that he had served in the navy for nine years probably had much to do with it. Meriwether secured from Admiral Cervera and others the first Spanish version of the fight and the reason for the hopeless sortie, one of the great stories and best beats of the war.

Such as these are the reporters of New York. Some of the best are not included; I scarce have mentioned those on afternoon newspapers, those marvelously energetic workers whose business it is to accomplish the seeming impossible every day of their lives. Indeed, it would be out of the question to make it clear how the many men who have won distinction by newspaper reporting in New York gained the place they occupy. It would require an exposition of the philosophy as well as the methods of the work. Then, each has a pronounced individuality not to be explained in few words. There are, too, important and subtle distinctions only comprehensible by those who have long been in journalism. Men in the very first rank would tell an inquirer they had never done anything in particular, and their editors would give them high praise without being able to go into details. So what I have tried to give is an idea of the underlying spirit of the craft. The result is lame enough, I know. Perhaps it is because I have lived so close to them that I have lost my sense of proportion. Above all, I should regret having failed to make plain their splendid generosity, their broad charity. They know things, these recorders of the daily life of the people, the human things that are worth while and that are not to be learned from books. I know of no finer men, nor truer, than those with whom I have worked, and I can make no greater boast than to say "these be mine own people."

In the February issue Mr. Davis will treat of American Reporters outside of New York.



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Frenzied Finance

The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

PART III

Editor's Note.—Boston Gas is the subject of this, the last instalment of "Frenzied Finance." The later vicissitudes of the unfortunate corporation are set forth; Addicks reappears and is discovered for a brief period in Rogers's arms. A new class of financiers—the "Goodie Goods"—takes the stage, and there is an inspiring tableau representing a stock raid for conscience' sake. Lawyers, judges, receivers, and other functionaries participate in a Donnybrook fight for the relics and remnants of Bay State Gas; a vital passage describes the final falling out between the author and the Master of "Standard Oil," and in brilliant fashion there is described the tremendous court duel which signalized the parting of the ways. In conclusion there is a brief review of the story.

CHAPTER XXXI

BACK TO BAY STATE GAS

YEARS ago I was impressed by the story of an African explorer who, having traversed a thousand miles of pathless forest, forded great rivers, and crossed two ranges of precipitous mountains, was, in the last lap of his heart-grinding journey, engulfed in a quicksand. Untouched he had passed among ferocious beasts and cruel savages; the fierce waters had spared him, and with sure steps he had climbed through dark ravines, up awful summits; yet, at the end, after eluding death in all its sterner forms, he perished ignobly in a swamp. It came over me as I speculated on this man's inglorious fate, that in softness inheres as great destructiveness as in force. In the yielding suction of the morass was death as sure as in the lion's mouth or in the tiger's claws. The malignant shark of tropic waters is not more terrible than the monster jellyfish which smothers its prey in its own viscid pulp.

Among men, it is as in the wilds. Silent craft is as dangerous as brute strength. More to be dreaded in the world of finance than the daring plunger is the "unco quid" banker, whose gold bricks are served out to unwary investors from under a cloak of sanctity. In the course of this incidentful story my readers have been shown many strange men in dark places. With the pirates of finance and their ways there has been opportunity to establish an intimate acquaintance. It is now the turn of another and more subtle contingent, the disguised buccaneers, a group of whom at this juncture come into my chronicle. I refer to the "smug men of frenzied finance," those "O-Lord,-we-are-all-that-we-should-be,-thanks-to-Thy-having-created-things-for-our special-benefit" creatures of the dollar world.

When these white-wax-plated warriors of the golden highway are marshaled for the easel, the inkpot must be discarded and the quill reversed lest their immaculately glazed hides should be stained or punctured. So with the feather end of my weapon, I shall run over their enameled-for-inspection surface and lay-in their outlines in a solution of smudge juice and pansy extract.

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Ages seem to have elapsed since I left Addicks and his band toasting their feet in front of the refrigerator that Rogers had so adroitly substituted for the red-hot cooking-stove labeled "Bay State Gas of Delaware" and guarding it with as much vigilance as though it had not been relieved of all tangible tokens of value.

To enable my readers to comprehend the inextricable confusion into which the conflicting conspiracies of these arch-schemers had plunged Boston gas affairs, I shall have to ask their patience while I make a verbal diagram of actual conditions.

Addicks, at this time, was still in absolute control of the Bay State Company, his henchman, J. Frank Allee, acting as first lieutenant, and the old band of political heelers and body slaves constituting the board of directors. The sole change was that Allee, the country jeweler, by grace of Addicks and his trick ballot-boxes, now occupied a seat in the honorable Senate of the United States. The directors knew no will but that of their master and at his nod and beck went through the motions of passing such votes as he required to give legal form to his innumerable bunco games. The company kept open its offices in Philadelphia and Wilmington, but gave no other physical evidence of its continued existence. Its income bonds were still in the hands of the public, largely in the possession of friends and followers of mine, and its million shares of stock outstanding in about the same kind of ownership.

It will be remembered that Rogers, having got possession of the Boston gas companies, the title ownership of which was in the Bay State Company of New Jersey, through Addicks's transfer to him of the entire stock of that corporation after the Braman and Foster mix-up, was bound definitely to hold this control as the trustee of the Bay State of New Jersey, and to deliver it back whenever Addicks should raise the money for its redemption. Instead, as I have shown, he turned over to the New England Gas & Coke (Whitney) Company not only his own and Rockefeller's Boston gas properties, but also these properties of the Bay State of New Jersey, marketing, in addition to the millions that rightfully belonged to him, the other millions that belonged to the Bay State of Delaware. He well knew the illegality of the proceeding, and as time wore on became more and more uncomfortable as the possibility of heavy damage suits for the wrongs done Delaware stock- and bond-holders took threatening shape.

On the surface the thousands of holders of Bay State securities knew nothing of Rogers's confiscation of their rights. According to their understanding, the stocks and bonds they held represented the ownership of the valuable Boston gas properties, and if these happened to be in Mr. Rogers's possession it was merely as a trustee and they could be redeemed whenever the money he had advanced was paid back to him. My own position in the affair was of public record. I knew that Rogers had actually sold the trust properties to the Whitney corporation and had taken for himself all the proceeds, but from time to time I plainly informed him that there must be a day of judgment. I also notified the larger holders of the stocks and bonds among my friends of the actual bearing of recent events—but, as a matter of fact, I was not seriously disturbed by what Rogers had done, for I knew, or thought I knew, that he could in no way cut loose from the legal responsibility to account for his trusteeship, and the longer he abstained from a settlement the bigger would be the sum he must eventually turn over to Bay State, as the properties were all the time increasing in value. At this juncture then the several parties to the controversy were lined up about as follows:

Addicks, holding on to Bay State, awaited some definite move by the New England Gas & Coke crowd, which held physical possession of the Boston gas companies, whose equities the Bay State owned. The New England Gas & Coke Company, administering the Boston gas companies in connection with its own water-logged scheme, was incidentally trying to keep up such a show of success as would enable it to work off its load on the public. Mr. Rogers was thinking overtime to rig some sort of a reorganization deal which would relieve the predicament of the New England Gas & Coke Company, satisfy all the other interests, and bury forever all liability for his past acts. The holders of Bay State stock and income bonds, uneasy and fearful, were looking to me for protection and help, while the holders of the fourteen millions of first and second Boston bonds remained gloriously indifferent to the turn of affairs, because they knew these securities were a first lien on all the property and that no matter what happened to others they were safe. I, keenly cognizant of the unutterable

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complications of the affair, was attempting to arrange some sort of a settlement which would be fair to the parties I spoke for or had pledged myself to—the stock- and bond-holders of the Bay State and the gas consumers of Boston. This I did by threatening, publicly and privately, to throw the whole mess into the courts unless my terms were acceded to. These terms were a clean-up and reorganization which would pay off the Bay State income bonds, give all that was possible to the stock, and at the same time fairly reduce the price of gas to the consumer. After that I demanded an opportunity to make profit out of the new order of things to the amount of my expense in the fight, some $750,000. Simultaneously, I was campaigning to balk the efforts of the New England Gas & Coke crowd to market their paper, and by way of forcing them to come to terms I was issuing weekly statements calling public attention to their condition and declaring that I proposed to keep fighting until they were in the hands of a receiver.

"Complicated," you say? Yes, but in its actual working conditions, even more so, or as was said by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts when the unsavory mess was unhooped in that honorable chamber of justice, "A more complicated affair was never brought under the observation of this court, and it does not surprise this court that it is weighted with litigation."

From the above my readers may be able to see the affair as a whole, long enough to make a rough eye-joint with what follows:

All sides were now jockeying for position, and amid the twisting and turning a strange thing happened—Rogers and Addicks came together! There is an old law which affirms for all time the unblendableness of oil and water—but these two worthies in their great need—Rogers anxious to cremate the past, and Addicks with personal yearning for new victims—chose to disregard it. The consequences were curious. I have often reflected what parrot-and-monkey, tiger-and-boa-constrictor affairs are often hidden under the familiar phrase "come together."

Rogers and Addicks came together, just as two fighters in a prize-ring encounter one another—a warm handshake and a quick side-step. I knew nothing of the interview until later, and when in the fulness of my surprise I intimated to Addicks that he was lying, he promptly entered into particulars, winding up:

"Do you know, Tom, I am beginning to think I have done that man a great wrong. He showed me the other day the most loving character. He is as forgiving as a child. Why, he even told me he not only never said most of the mean things I have heard, but that if I had only come right to him at the very beginning of our differences there never would have been any. I tell you, Tom, I didn't know Rogers as I do now, and now that I do know him I am going to take no more chances of trouble."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Just this: I told him I would put all of my affairs into his hands to do with them as he thinks best."

"Did he say he would take them?" I asked, having in mind that the Delaware statesman's affairs at that moment were on a par with those of the young professional who, having picked a pocket and been chased a dozen blocks by the police, rushed up to another of his class with, "Jim, I am not feeling well—may die, etc. Take this watch and pocket-book and get away to mother with them."

Addicks looked at me solemnly. "He has not taken them yet, Tom, but he will. I explained to you we are getting closer together at every interview."

I went to Mr. Rogers for verification of Addicks's come-and-go yarn and then I was surprised.

"Lawson," replied the Master of "Standard Oil," "Addicks must be a changed man or I misjudged him in the past. I have seen something of him of late, and whether it is the change or whether I was wrong before, he certainly is willing to do business now on about the right basis, and as I always liked him outside of our differences I am going to give him a chance to get back into some good things where he can make a little money, that is, when the opportunity offers."

I looked at him with an I-wish-I-had-an-ear-drum-tester look, but his face gave no sign of any chuckle behind it.

"Is it possible, Mr. Rogers," I persisted, "that you are going into business with our Delaware friend again? It is none of my affair, only I'd like to keep track of him be-

For various causes Mr. Lawson did not get to his writing until very late this month and the bulk of the instalment will be found in the advertising department, commencing on page 65.

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The Trembling Brave

By LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

THE bungalow was square built, and founded on the rock of the mountain, but none the less it felt the mountain wind in every timber, and quivered, quivered, "for all the world," said Caroline Fore, "like a motor waiting for the start."

The table screamed at her: "Motors, Caro! There it is again! We can't get away from the races!"

"Who wants to get away from them?" she answered.

"We couldn't, if we did," said Martin Reeve, and smiled around the circle, with a half-hid defiance. "They've got us—or rather we've got them—on the brain. We're not in the mountains. We're in the garage; we're on the track. We're at the throttle every minute. The house shakes like a starting car, and the wind—hear that!—sounds like that car gone crazy at eighty miles an hour."

The table laughed as if, as usual, they were not quite sure how to take it. And then they looked at one another; but Caroline Fore, ivory and gold above the dark collar of her hunting blouse, looked down the table at the man who spoke, and smiled. It was wonderful to her, how he could put people's feelings into words, as he had just put theirs! Wonderful how among these nerveless, impassive, somewhat callous faces, his face, fine, dark, and nervous, flashed with expression. Perhaps it was a little too nervous, but that she missed. She was very much in love with Martin Reeve. And so she smiled at him, a special smile, and Gordon Keen, their most impassive host, drew up his eyebrows and looked oddly at the pair.

"That's right," he said; "it's been nothing but races, races, machines and races, since we've been up here, until now, every time a gun pops at a quail I think it's the starter's gun. If you keep it up much longer you'll break my nerve."

They laughed, for Keen had nerves of whipcord. Yet, after all, they might be overdoing it. For the five men around Gordon Keen's table all entered in the races, and drove themselves, and, hard and headlong as they were, they could not but acknowledge this high pressure of excitement.

Caroline nodded across the table to Keen: "Better take a tonic before you go down to Monterey, as I am going to do; and run away for a while into a less thrilling atmosphere."

"I would, if I might run with you."

"You may," said Caroline, laughing, "as far as you can go on rubber tires."

Keen's smile reluctantly appreciated this. "Then may I take you, and Reeve here, down to the train in the motor to-morrow morning?" This invitation included Reeve as it might have included Caroline's ribbon or spaniel, but the insolence was not intentional; even Caroline did not catch it. She was too struck with the splendor of his proposition.

"Why, Gordon, I should love it!" Then she glanced along the table at Reeve, and seemed to hesitate, surprised at his expression. Gordon Keen's eyes followed hers.

"Reeve isn't much on motors," he remarked, "but perhaps, as an act of charity to me——"

Caroline stared, such a curious look went back and forth between the two men. If it was not a common understanding, at least it was a common suspicion. She thought Martin looked rather fiercer than Gordon's words required. He did not decline the invitation, but took it up with an effort, as if it were a challenge he dare not refuse.

"I would like to see that car of yours taken down the mountain," he said. "At a good clip it would be twice the job we'll have in Monterey on Monday."

At this two of the women exchanged a glance so odd as to make Caroline wonder. They saw her and looked away again.

There was very little in her clique that was not discussed in the open. But evidently here was an undercurrent. She was truly uneasy. The company rose, and in couples and threes went out into the large living-room. Caroline did not rise. She only turned her chair around, away from the table, and sat looking into the fire. She had not liked it—that

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these people of her set were not being as nice as they might about her engagement to Martin. Of course she knew he wasn't one of them. That was why she had fallen in love with him. He seemed to fulfil completely and blissfully an ideal which, with the romanticism of practical natures, she had always cherished. He could do everything these other men could do, but it was all on the side. He himself was so much more. She was jealous for him that the others did not realize that. Presently she became conscious she was not waiting alone. She looked over her shoulder and saw Gordon Keen. He was lounging on the table watching her. When she turned he rose and took up his stand in front of her with his back to the fire, whose light fell ruddily upon her white and gold. His face was callous without coarseness, long and leathery and hard-mouthed. She smiled up at him appreciatively. She tremendously admired Keen and everything Keen stood for. Above all, she admired his love of danger.

"How like you it is to live on a mountain and have a motor to go up and down with," she said. But in a moment she added, "But what made you say that Martin did not like motors? That wasn't nice of you."

"'Motors' was merely a figure of speech," said Keen.

She was amused. "You mean he doesn't like you?"

"Why should he? I've never given him cause." His face did not change a muscle, but a very faint, dull red came up under the skin.

Caroline smiled. She was not vexed by the fact that Gordon Keen was in love with her. She was not even vexed by his frankness about it.

"Well, do be nice," she coaxed, "if we are all to go down in your car to-morrow. If you quarrel, I shall be afraid you may do something malicious to each other's machines next week at the track."

He looked at her hard a moment. Then—"If I am nice, shall I wear your ribbons at the track?" he wanted to know.

This time she was annoyed. "No, you goose, of course not; they belong somewhere else."

He blinked. "Where?" It was the way he looked that was so vexing.

"Martin," she said, and yawned to remind him that he bored her.

"But he doesn't enter."

She rose. "Why are you so exasperating? The machine is at Monterey. You know it. It is already on the books."

"The machine," he said, "of course. But Reeve doesn't drive it." He was so cool that Caroline felt her certainty tottering. She faced him amazed and dismayed.

"Who told you?" she said abruptly.

"Why, every one knows. I supposed, of course—at least it is odd you didn't—" He hesitated, a little awkwardly.

For a moment she couldn't speak. She could not, for her life, help that spasmodic contraction in her throat.

"That I didn't hear?" she got out at last. "Oh, no! I'm not curious about Martin's personal affairs." She looked defiantly at Keen. "I'm sorry he isn't going to enter; but if he is not, I am sure he has a good reason. And what more is there to want to know?" So far she had carried it bravely.

He never left off looking at her.

"Well," he said, "some of your more curious, or lest trustful sisters, would like to know what Reeve's good reason is. They've been giving some pretty tall guesses, too, along that line."

"And have they arrived at any one conclusion?" she inquired. She was looking as icily ugly as only a blond woman can.

"Now, my dear Caro," he urged, "don't take it like that! But you see we're a simple-minded pack of people, and to us the only two reasons for not entering a race are a broken neck or—the fear of breaking it. But I dare say the artistic temperament could turn up several others."

Caroline could only look at him. Her fair, thick skin did not blush easily. She showed no change of color, but she was burning within. The palms of her hands felt like flame. She wanted to strike him. She dared not speak, for there were terrible words ready for her tongue. Then she sank down in her chair again as if her knees were suddenly too weak to support her. Martin Reeve had opened the door and come into the room.

"Hullo," said Keen, "a rescuing party?"

"Something of that sort."

The two men looked at each other disagreeably. Caroline rose and moved toward the door.

"Just a moment, Caro," Keen spoke after her.

She hesitated, angry for the first time in her life at his familiarity.

"Don't go, for I am going myself," he said.

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He nodded to Reeve and walked away across the room as if he had meant to in the first place.

Martin Reeve looked after him until the door had closed upon him. Then he took Caroline by the chin, and looked intently into her troubled face. "Damn his impertinence! What has that Johnny been saying to you?" he wanted to know.

"Martin," she said, "he has been saying you weren't going to drive your own machine in the races."

"Well?" he said, and sat down in one of the empty places at the deserted table.

She took the chair next him, and leaned forward trying to get his eyes. "Is it true?"

"True as the Gospel," he said, and spun the spoon in the empty coffee-cup.

"Then why didn't you tell me before you told all the rest?" Her voice trembled a little.

He turned on her quickly. "I didn't tell them. Heaven knows how they picked it up, unless it was from Bligh, who drives for me. I didn't even know they knew until I noticed Keen to-night. I'm sorry you didn't hear it first from me. I meant you should. But you don't know how I've hated telling you, child."

"Why?"

"Because I knew you'd set your heart upon it. I knew it meant so much to you; I knew you'd take it hard—as you are taking it," he added with a sigh.

"But I thought it meant so much to you too," she said, reproachful and surprised.

"Oh, doesn't it!" The sudden exclamation made her start.

"Then why can't you enter, Martin?"

He turned to her again with the intense quietude that means nervous repression. "Why, I can't tell you, Caro."

"Why not?" Her implacable words falling at regular intervals seemed to increase his tension. She looked at him levelly from under level brows. "I would tell you anything," she said.

"You are a different person altogether," he answered gravely. "You know I would do anything in the world for your sake—if it were possible."

"But it isn't for my sake," she cried impatiently. "Martin, you don't know, you can't imagine what they're saying about you! They are saying that—that—" She faltered, for it was an awful thing to charge one man with saying of another. "They are saying that you are afraid."

He blushed as if she had struck him. The fine muscles around his mouth quivered; but for a long moment he neither spoke nor moved, nor looked at her. At last he smiled, and that smile struck Caroline as even more painful than his blush.

"Keen told you that?" he said.

She took the meaning of his look.

"Oh, yes, I know he is jealous; but he didn't mean to lie, Martin. He believes it, and it isn't Keen alone. I've seen looks myself, and heard allusions that I haven't understood, until he spoke. They *are* all talking—" She looked at him in silent appeal, breathless with excited indignation.

"They say—what say they?—let them say!" he quoted, and rose, and stood looking down at her.

"But you can't, you must not let them," she said, looking up with simple conviction. There was that in his manner that troubled her; he did not seem fully to realize his strange position.

He was quiet, but with a terrible nervous calm, as though he suppressed some violent outburst. "What do you want me to do?"

"The race," she insisted.

The wind in the oaks outside was roaring like an eighty-horse-power car in full career. His fixed smile, that had never left his face, widened, growing slowly dreadful.

"I can't, Caro, because what they say is true."

She kept her eyes on him without appreciable change, for she did not take in what he meant.

"I'm afraid, afraid—do you hear?" he doggedly repeated, as though he dreaded most of all that she should not comprehend him.

"You mean you are afraid you won't win?" she said slowly.

"No, no, no!" He made a frantic gesture with his hands, repudiating her meaning. "Afraid of the races! Afraid of breaking my neck—or some other man's! Afraid as I always am, and always will be—only this time I can't go through with it!"

She could not mistake his meaning now, for it was staring her in the face through Martin's eyes. She felt a cold thrill through all her sleepy nerves—a sickly sense of solid floor giving way beneath her. She opened her lips twice before any sound would come.

"Martin, you don't know what you're saying."

"Don't I?" he answered her. "I've lived all my life with it. It's you who don't know

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what you're saying, child; for you don't know what fear is. And yet"—he looked at her sullenly—"it isn't such an unusual thing as you seem to think."

"It's horrible, horrible!" she said passionately.

"Good God," he answered, "you don't suppose I'm proud of it! I've dreaded that you should know this; and yet I knew you would have to hear some day; for it's part of me."

"It isn't!" she denied him. "Don't say it—I won't hear it!"

"We can't dodge it," he answered hardily. "At least I can't. And I know it too well to make any mistake. I've had it at school, in the football and the fights; I've had it on the hunting field with every fence and ditch. In times and places where you and the rest knew nothing but pleasure, I knew fear." His reserve was gone to pieces. He was walking up and down gesticulating with trembling hands. "I've made myself go through with things because, God knows, I've wanted to be like all the rest of 'em! But these last—these cursed machine races! I thought I could stand them; but I can't! I can't!" He leaned toward her across the table. The hands he rested upon it shook. His face was white and queerly twitching.

It seemed she must be listening to the horror of a dream, and not the waking truth; must be looking at a stranger, and not the man she loved; not the man she had leaned upon as impeccable, yet who was now trembling here before her. Oh, anything to wipe away that dreadful look, and bring back the old, brave eyes! She stretched out her hands to him across the table. "But, Martin," she implored him, "there is no—danger!" Her voice just touched the last word, and let it fall, ashamed, hardly articulate.

"Danger?" he repeated, and rang the word out clear. "What do you know about danger, you and these others? Why, you live on it! You're drugged with it! Danger! There is more danger in an instant of those races than in a normal man's whole life! And that's why you're all so excited, why you've talked of nothing else all the week. You're so eager to see men killed. Ugh! They're eager to kill themselves. They love it—that speed that keeps your nerves on the rack. Have you ever felt it? Can you dream what it's like—that top speed when the car begins to rock, and your throat closes, and your eyes swim, and you know a pebble in the course will kill you! That awful speed splitting into eternity!"

"Martin!" Her voice rose almost to a scream. She sprang up and thrust out her hands, but this time as if to push him away from her.

"Ah!" he groaned, and let his arms drop heavily at his sides; "but it is true, child—every word of it."

She went to him, laid her hand on his arm. "Even if it is," she said, "a man must go through with it."

He looked at her sadly. "A man must do what he can, Caro; and what you ask is impossible."

"But if you only wouldn't think about it, and imagine it, but just do it!" she besought him.

"Do what? Kill some decent fellow who likes to live as much as I do—or kill myself?"

She looked at him a moment. "Yes, I would rather you did that, than—the other."

He smiled with a grim, whimsical twist. "Well, child, I wouldn't. And I won't. You don't know what you are asking." Of the two he was the calmer, as if all his passion of fear and torment had burned out in his wild moment.

She made a gesture of despair.

"But if you don't, what *will* become of us—now that I know!"

He looked at her aghast as if this thought had not come to him before.

"How can we ever go on, as we have?" she insisted. "How can anything ever be the same with us—with this awful thing between us!"

His face did not change; but the furrows already drawn in it deepened.

"Are you trying to threaten me into what I am afraid of, Caroline?"

"You know I am not doing that," she answered. Her voice was deep, and trembled. "It's only because I can't see life at all without you! I can't bear this thing should separate us, and yet it will! I can't help feeling as I do!—that a man must be brave before he is anything else."

His eyes were fixed upon her with a grave and passionate expression that seemed to concentrate all the man's power into one look. "It's awful to me to think of losing you," he said. "If you're ashamed of me, I can't ask to keep you. But think, think, Caro. There's a deal more in life than this one thing. If you would give me the chance I might take as good care of you as a braver man."

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She knew he was standing beside her, but she did not turn her head, for she knew that this one thing was large enough to overshadow all the rest. It was the foundation of the masculine. Without it the woman was lost. She heard the hall door close upon him, leaving her alone.

The groaning of the oak branches awakened her in the morning. The autumn sky was hard and brilliant; but she hated to face it as she hated to face the thought of the people in the house, all the gay, hard, curious eyes so eager for Martin's secret.

There came a great knock at her door, and Keen's voice proclaiming the hour as seven, and the rate of speed of a touring-car on a mountain road as thirty miles an hour. His voice was large and cheerful, as if nothing had happened; as if he had not, with his merciless hand, toppled her little god into the dust. She knew he had not done it maliciously, but she knew he had been glad to do it; and that he hoped things from it. Martin knew this as well as she. And yet she and Martin were going down the mountain with Keen, they three together. And all the way, for thirty miles, she would have those two men together before her. It was too late for any one of them to back out now, or how the tongues would clack.

She flung into her clothes in haste. Above the rustling of the leaves she could hear the chuff, chuff, chuffing of the waiting motor; a good deal of running to and fro and laughing; then voices calling that Caroline was late. She threw a veil around her hat, and ran out of doors. Two or three women were standing in the porch, but the greater group was around the long, white, rakish road-car that sighed and shivered as if in nervous anticipation of what it was about to do, and was soothed with oil and tightened with new nuts by Keen, walking round and round it. One of the women handed her a cup of coffee, and wanted her to take a bet on the "High C," which was Keen's racing-car. She shook her head and drank the liquid in fiery gulps, looking at Martin's back as he stood a little apart among the group around the waiting road-car. Did he stand thus apart from his own choice or by a tacit vote among the others?

"All ready," said Keen.

She had meant to get into the back seat with Martin, but, without a word, he handed her into the front, and she was passive. She felt the slightest jar would make a scene of the situation. Gordon Keen got in beside her.

"See you again at the races," the farewell chorus was calling behind them. She waved her hand. She dared not turn her head for fear of seeing Martin's face. The long, white car began to shake, to snort, to move; and the three, hating, despising, heart-broken, each for another, rolled away together into the splendor of the morning.

Sunrise was in their faces. All the shadows pointed backward. They plowed through the deep leaf drift of the grove, and, emerging from the trees, began to puff up the gradually ascending road that curled around the white summit of the mountain.

The races! She hated the thought of them!

The motor, climbing with laborious chuffings, sounded harsh in the still air of morning. Now it found the level with a soft little sob, and quivered a moment on the crown of the mountain, just where the road turns from west to east to dip downward into the Santa Clara Valley.

"Train at eight-fifty," said Keen, "and it's now seven-thirty-five. Fifteen minutes to shake off the dust at the station. Enough time?" he grinned to Caroline; and the car began to grumble like an angry bee as the first long down grade slid away beneath its wheels.

She couldn't help a little quickening excitement as the depths and heights of mountains began to encompass them, and the long interminable descent unwound before them. On the one hand was the mountain wall; on the other the narrow cañon, white and purple in morning light, and through its gap far glimpses of paler, purer blue. White dust streamed up behind them. Quail flew up before them. The faint ringing of the bells of wood wagons came to them from the tangle of roads, invisibly far below.

"Do you often meet teams?" Caroline shouted across her floating veil.

"You never can tell. There's something now." The squeaking of light wheels was audible around the near bend. The horn gave hoarse warning. The buggy sidled into the ditch, and the motor passed with a thread between its outer wheel and the cañon.

She thrilled, elated by the hairbreadth danger, but Martin Reeve winced. Keen glanced at him.

"Sharp work," said Keen nonchalantly, "but they know me by this time."

"And if they don't get out fast enough?" she hinted.

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He shrugged. "Good Lord, there are always chances! But they can hear us coming for ten miles. And we're all right as long as the car sticks together."

The rising wind was like a barrier between the front seat and the back. Martin could not have heard what they were saying; and so his voice, coming in at this moment, sounded the more portentous: "What's the matter with your car?" He spoke in Gordon's ear.

Keen scarcely turned his head, and looking at him from the corner of his eye—"Nothing!" he shouted back, "unless it's too fast for you."

Caroline cried indignantly: "No, Gordon; he's right. There *is* something queer. Listen! Something's rattling."

The brakes went back. The speed went down and down. Keen, listening, grunted.

"You've a fine ear," he dryly vouchsafed to Martin as the motor halted hissing, and he clambered out.

"What's wrong?" said Caroline.

"Chain link gone to glory—almost. Lucky we didn't try a turn with it." He disappeared head and shoulders beneath the car.

Caroline looked at Martin. He sat forward on the edge of his seat, as if he were ready at a moment's notice to spring out.

The car was sighing and trembling beneath them. Its great relentless power was ready at the slightest twist of the wheel to roll on over its owner and plunge them away down the mountain side. Keen, underneath the car, swore mightily.

"What's the matter?" Caroline called, bending down.

His answer came back muffled. "Confounded knife! Scratched myself!"

Followed a minute of muffled imprecations. Then Keen crawled out again, dusty and scowling. "Link's all right," he reassured her. "I only broke my good knife off short, and scratched myself. Confound it! I'd rather have my throat cut than be scratched." He whipped on gloves and goggles, and clambered back again. "Only ten minutes to shake the dust off," he said. The speed moved up from first to second, and the grade slid up behind them like a flying ribbon, but the scowl that Keen had worn when he reappeared from under the motor was still upon his forehead. It might be having to stop in the middle of his pace, it might be having been stopped by Martin, but she knew something more than a broken knife was vexing Gordon Keen.

They were winding from the first cañon into the second through a series of wide, even turns, and yet for all their breadth and sweep the motor took them unrhythmically, jerkingly, as if it answered hard to the steering-gear.

"What ails it?" Caroline questioned.

Keen showed all his teeth at her.

"Mountain road. This isn't the Monterey track, Caro."

But she knew he had given her a pretext. No mountain road could make a car run unrhythmically under Keen's hand. And yet where was the trouble? No sound distinctly warned of danger, but the great hum of the machine had lost its swinging cadence, the machine itself had lost its spring, and went with a sick, uncertain motion. She felt Keen's calm, nerveless poise stiffening beside her. His profile showed gaunt and white against the streaming green of hazel bushes. He did not answer when she spoke to him. It was as if he did not hear. If there was something the matter with the car, why did he go on driving it like this? She felt helpless, frightened. Instinctively her eyes went back for help to Martin. He was leaning forward on his seat, as if he was ready at an instant's notice to spring up, but no consciousness of danger was in his face; only the intensest expectation. She shaped a question with her lips. He shook his head, with an imperative gesture toward Gordon Keen. She took his meaning to be that she should keep her eyes in front. They were slacking speed for the approaching turn where the road doubled upon itself to descend the mountain. Gordon Keen had settled low as if he braced himself for something. His eyes were on the round loop of the road below, showing whitely through waving tops of hazel branches. She felt him gathering himself together as if for some terrific effort; the cords sprang out on his throat; nostrils and lips pinched in. He shot the wheel around with both his hands. She saw him put all the leverage of his body upon it, and a sound escaped his lips that was like a groan.

The motor leaped at the jerk, tottered at the turn, rolled around it like a drunkard. At the sick motion Caroline turned pale.

"What's up with the car?" Martin shouted.

"Damn you," Keen panted, "there's nothing the matter with the car—but I——"

Caroline screamed. A crushing weight had fallen on her shoulder—the dead weight

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of a man's body. She seized the wheel; the brakes shrieked; the car slid groaning, and came to a halt in a cloud of dust and steam. She cried: "He's dead! Martin, take him off me! There's blood!"

He was already in the seat beside her, had his arm beneath Keen's shoulders, and Keen's head rolled back ghastly with lips drawn up from the teeth.

There was blood on Caroline's white blouse; blood on Martin's coat; blood on the bright handles of the steering-gear. Martin looked at these, then ran his hand down Keen's sleeve, and that was soaked; then drew off the gauntlet. It was full like a cup.

"God!" said Martin. He looked so white she thought for a moment he was going to faint, but he threw the glove into the road, and cut away the scarlet rag around the wrist. She saw a thick red line across the uncovered flesh. It opened and let out a little stream of blood.

She laughed hysterically. "He said it was a scratch!"

"It's an artery," said Martin. "Take my silk handkerchief and help me here." His face was still as white as chalk; and as he knotted the silk where the red rag had been, she saw his hands were trembling. He took a light steel tool from the kit bag, and thrust it through the knot, and twisted, twisted, twisted it until the flesh sprang up on either side the silk, and the thick red line paled and ran languidly in drops. He stooped and put his ear to Keen's lips and felt his heart. "He's just alive now. Get me the whisky out of my pocket. Hold his arm—up straight—now—there!" For Keen had swallowed, stirred a little, and groaned. But his lungs were laboring with ghastly sounds as if every breath was his last, and he still lay heavy as lead on Martin's shoulder, with his lips drawn back from his teeth, as if in scorn of what these two could do for him. For the great circle of mountains was all around them, empty of help as the sky. Caroline looked up the long road behind them, and whispered, "We can never get him there alive."

"Up? Good Lord, no! There's no doctor. We must get him down." She cried out, "Twenty miles!" He muttered, "It'll be quickest. We must put him in the back seat. Help me, Caro. Take his feet."

She was obeying him instinctively, though all her sense cried out that he was mad. He looked wild. His hat was gone, and now, as he stripped off his coat and waistcoat, the red stain where Keen's arm had rested showed on his white shirt-sleeve.

She looked up at him from where she knelt on the floor of the car with Gordon's head upon her knees. "Martin, it's too far! We never can!"

He answered, "Hold his arm up whatever happens—and hold fast."

He ran around to the front of the machine. She saw him stoop and pick up and put on Keen's bloody glove which, with such horror, he had flung away. The car began to sigh and quiver beneath her, and then move slowly forward along the grade again; the speed moved up from first to second. The dust began to stream up in a long white funnel behind them. The motor began to sing like a homing bee along the level road that clasped the midriff of the mountain. The note of speed was rising, and still she did not understand how he could hope to bridge that terrible long distance, until the grade began to descend again and the speed did not diminish. The note was still rising. She looked anxiously at Martin. She could see his black hair blowing in the wind as he leaned out to the right. And then his hand, looking huge in Gordon's glove, moved up the speed brake, and the roar of the wind took away her voice calling to him. The firs on the sky-line, the thicket beside the road went flashing past faster, faster. The grade was swimming away beneath them faster, faster. They were flying along as on a narrow white shelf above the great jungle of the second cañon, and still as they went round and farther round, fresh, far, blue vistas opened out before them, but still gave up no distinct glimpse of the valley they were racing for. It was speed by which he meant to bridge that distance—she understood at last—not speed in spurts, over level reaches—but speed continuous, on dangerous descents, and rocky turns, and narrow bridges, wherever the road led. And now the road led downward. Down, down, she looked, and farther down at dizzy loops, and whirls and twists of white, drawing nearer, larger, rising up to meet them. She saw the first turn, just below them, sharp as a whip. Ever so little she felt the speed go down. She leaned in, and braced for what was coming, and round they went, an inch from the blue lip of the cañon. An instant the abyss danced before her—she felt the motor pause and poise and leap forward. Glimmering green of hazel bushes streamed back on either side. They were speeding on the down grade

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again. She was kneeling on the floor of the car with her hand on the heart of a dying man. Her eyes were fixed on Martin's head and the hand in the great glove that turned the brakes, moving up speed. But for all it was terrific it was not reckless. A strange sense of security was beginning in her, as if the head and hand that drove the car possessed, through that sixth sense of sheer necessity, a delicate perception for edges of danger that never toppled, a calculation for distances that never failed, a courage of speed that could not falter. The car was roaring through the great mountain silence, shrieking, trembling on the turns, despairing in every agonized wheel and screw and winch, but sticking to the mountain road as if some will had overridden destiny. But the girl now dared not look on either side of her. She looked at the pale head lying in her lap, and wondered how much longer life would stay in it. She looked at Martin's head above the high seat back, and to her eyes, dazzled in the biting of the wind and the strong sun, it seemed to diminish, grow tiny, altogether disappear, and leave her alone with a great machine with a great human hand plunging her away through reverberant distances.

Blue mountain tops were soaring high above them, and below the white roof of a house was sailing up to meet them—was passing them. And then the horn began. Her mind flew back to the danger she had forgotten. It did not seem to her that chance could be so cruel as to throw an obstacle in their path. And yet the horn was roaring against the streaming wind, and the mountain walls took up the long note of warning and flung it down the cañon, warning, warning human obstacles, warning moving specks of life somewhere miles below that speed held the road.

Before her she saw the vast pale bluff of rock that thrust out gate-like from the cañon side. Around it went the road. Behind it, she knew, were the foot-hills and the valley. It was their gate, their loophole, their escape from this awful maze of cliff and cañon. She watched it drawing nearer, all a dazzling white under the hard rays of the sun; and then the sun played her some trick. There was a fleck of black upon it. Her heart was in her throat. Something like a short black snake was crawling into sight around the bend of the bluff. It crawled slowly in the middle of the road. The horn of the motor seemed suddenly gone mad; the machine abated not a notch of speed; but the short black snake moved neither right nor left, but crawled on, stubborn and dumb. It was growing larger, it was filling up all the road. For a moment it seemed as if the motor would not slacken. Then all the brakes went down. It shrieked, and slid, and skidded with a dreadful, sideways motion; stopped, and the hoofs of mules were almost upon it. A jangle of bells rang down the line of plunging backs, and high above them all a great voice was pealing profanity.

She saw Martin, risen waist-high above the seat, gesticulating passionately with trembling hands. His voice rose in high, broken falsetto:

"A dying man, a dying man!"

She heard the words repeated in many voices. She looked down at the head upon her knees. Her ears were full of his laborious breathing. Then he was dying! She looked up at the team that towered over them; she wanted to shriek to Martin to push it over into the cañon and go on. But then she saw he had got out of the motor, and heard men arguing together: "Can't do it. Can't drive perpendicular!" Then Martin's voice again: "Give me the outside—I'll show you!"

Then a man was at the mules' heads, and another at the wheel hub. The wood team began to creak forward, to tilt up, up, as the wheel climbed the embankment. Then Martin's voice shouting, "Can you hold her?" Then his face, gray with dust, for an instant looking down at her. "Sit left, and hold fast," he said, and she saw he was in the car again, and the car was moving back up the road. She knew what was coming then; she put her arms around Gordon Keen, and fixed her eyes on that white space of road between the wood team and the cañon. It grew narrower, narrower, until it danced before her like a thread. They paused. She closed her eyes—then, with a swoop, down they went again. She heard avalanches of earth and stones pitching for the cañon below, felt a great thrill and shiver through the chassis, the rocking of the car as on two wheels around a turn, and still they were alive.

She opened her eyes, and cried out at the sight. White hills and round tree tops rolled away beneath her—the foot-hills, and the river, and they were out on the long, broad road that streamed away into the valley. Martin shouted over his shoulder. The wind snatched the words away from his lips, but she thought he said, "Hold fast!"

And something happened. The hills be-

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neath began to sail like a drifting curtain—to rise up around her—to sink down beneath her. Then the forms of landscape melted, and ran past her eyes in streams of liquid color. The wind began to rise and shriek in her ear. The hoarse hoo-hooing of the horn grew into one prolonged voice of terror. The car began to rock, to rock; and she knew this was the awful speed that Martin had spoken of, but couldn't remember where he had said it went. Then something snatched her breath out of her lips, and put it back, and snatched it out. Color vanished. Sight and touch were gone. She did not know if she were on earth or air, and all sound ran into one, roaring, roaring, roaring.

It came to her that this speed led to eternity. And was she there now she could neither see nor feel!

Then that one sound broke up into many, and she saw a broad, harsh light, and shut her eyes, and something stopped. She thought it was her life. She opened her eyes, and saw a long white line of steps. She wondered why they stood so still instead of streaming by her. People were coming down those steps. Faces were all around her. A heavy weight was lifted from her lap. Then she herself was lifted from the tonneau to the white steps, but she would not let them lead her through the door. She did not even see the dead weight which was carried past her. For the man in the motor had risen, trembling like a creature spent; had taken a wavering step from the car to the ground, and stood there with his dark head drooping forward, gray with the dust of the mountain. She did not see the whispering circle around them. She did not know that tears were running down her cheeks. She put her arms around him. She sobbed. "Oh, you can talk! You can talk! What does it matter as long as you've done this!"

The doctor, coming out on the veranda, looked, and touched the hotel clerk on the arm. "Tell them, as soon as they are disengaged, that I think we'll pull him through."

Mother's Daughter

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

AFTER the preliminary reading of the play, Miss Del Orme seldom rehearsed with the company. Ann Carmichael, trembling with her first big chance, was thankful for this. The few times that the star was present during those early rehearsals, Ann showed herself stiff and wooden, wholly lacking the fire that had so abundantly justified the choice of her for the passionate *Lady Phillis*. The stage-manager looked at her shrewdly after her third reduction to a wooden Indian, but said nothing; Miss Del Orme was kind, even friendly. Ann went home sick with mortification, and the next day, Miss Del Orme being absent, made them all thrill with the sweep of her spirit. Her part was becoming important out of all proportion to its length. Burton, the stage-manager, tapped her shoulder approvingly with his lean forefinger.

"You're Mother's own daughter," he said. "Give her my congratulations."

At Miss Del Orme's reappearance, a week later, Ann plunged in bravely. Then a glimpse of the great lady looking on with a critical half smile reduced her suddenly to cold clumsiness. After her scene—her *big* scene, when she played it as she could—she tried in her mortification to keep away from Miss Del Orme; but the star patted the empty chair beside her invitingly and was impressively kind until it was time to step forward with her own exquisitely finished performance. The stage-manager met Ann in the passage when she was making her escape and, instead of reproof, grinned broadly.

"Mother been putting you up to this?" he asked.

She shook her head, surprised. "Why,

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Mr. Burton, Mother would kill me for such a performance!" He nodded shrewdly.

"You *are* a deep one," he said. "I thought it might be scare, before."

"But it was—it is," she protested; then hurried on lest she should burst into tears.

The tears came overwhelmingly in her own apartment. Mrs. Carmichael, rocking by the window, laid down her paper.

"Now, daughter, what's the sense!" she protested. "Your eyes are your best point; for mercy's sake, don't spoil them." Ann's only answer was a dismal sob. "Well, then, if you must bawl, get something out of it," pursued Mother reasonably. "That is just the sob you want in your scene with Emerson —see if you can't get it again."

Ann dried her eyes with a long sigh. "There isn't going to be any *Lady Phillis* for me," she announced, despair in her voice.

"Daughter! Burton hasn't fired you?"

"Oh, no! The worse I do, the funnier he seems to think it. Miss Del Orme is so k-kind—just the way I should be kind to a b-blithering idiot. I c-can't act when she is there. I'm g-going to resign."

"You're going to do nothing of the kind." Mother folded her stout arms across her chest. "Why, daughter, where is your sand! What if you had had to do *Mazeppa* on one-night stands—strapped to the back of any crazy, half-broken horse they could pick up? I didn't cry about it, either—and I wasn't eighteen. And now my daughter comes home whimpering because the leading woman looks at her! Pshaw!"

There was a tonic energy in the final exclamation. Ann rose and straightened her disordered hair.

"It's just that I hate to have her see me such a stick," she apologized. "She must think I'll ruin the whole effect of the third act."

"Well, you won't," said Mother. "If you do, you needn't come home after it, that's all. Does Burton treat you all right?"

"Oh, yes, beautifully!"

"He'd better, or I'll have a talk with him"; and mother returned to her newspaper with a significant closing of her lips.

Ann tried faithfully to imitate the maternal spirit, but she faced the last week of rehearsal with growing dread, knowing that the star would be present daily. Burton had shown himself surprisingly considerate of her nervousness.

"You and Emerson get here half an hour early on Monday and we'll do your third act scene before she comes," he had suggested. "You can just walk through it, later."

"You make me feel ashamed," Ann had protested. He shook his head at her.

"Foxy, foxy!" was his amused comment. She laughed back out of sheer good nature, not troubling to understand.

Monday morning she went swimmingly through her long scene, quite undampened by the dim, empty theatre with its sheeted chairs. A charwoman, crawling out from between the rows, settled back on her heels to stare open-mouthed, a gray cat watched her solemnly from the rail of one of the boxes. The minor members of the cast, clustering in the wings, glanced at one another affirmatively as she sprang to her climax. She felt her triumph as keenly as if every chair had held a breathless spectator.

Burton gave a sharp nod and looked at his watch. "Very good. Again, please."

Ann played the whole scene to the gaping charwoman; she had never done it better. If she had not been so absorbed, she might have seen Burton's eyes trying to reach her with some warning signal. When, flushed and tremulous after her final burst, she turned for his approval, she found herself confronting Miss Del Orme.

The star stood with her long, thin hands crossed on the knob of her umbrella, her eyebrows arching sharply over drooping lids, her thin lips drawn down at the corners; the patronizing kindness of the past weeks lost in cool disdain. Burton, lurking behind her, had a quizzical twist on one side of his shrewd face: the other side was always inexpressively smooth. Ann, in her first rush of joy at being seen at her best, moved impulsively toward them. Miss Del Orme brushed past her with an imperious gesture to Burton.

"Now let us have as little delay as possible, please," she said sharply.

It took Ann some moments to accept the truth. When there was no longer any doubting the fact that Miss Del Orme was in a jealous rage, some inheritance from mother awoke in her veins; she played her part with spirit and assurance, her cheeks burning but her big eyes cool. Miss Del Orme looked sallow and acid beside her full-blooded, angry youth.

Burton, pausing beside her in an interval, spoke cautiously out of the expressive left side of his face.

"Too bad! I tried to give you the tip

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when she came in. I'm afraid there is no use trying to tone down now."

"I have no intention of trying!" Ann was splendid in her scorn. "She can never frighten me again." His lips screwed to a dubious whistle.

"She can do you, though," he warned her. "Awful pity, after your good bluff. I wanted you to get on the first night before you were found out."

"I'm not worried."

"Mother's own daughter! All the same, my dear, look out for yourself. She's I–T—It on these premises."

A messenger interrupted to say that Miss Del Orme wished to consult with him in her dressing-room. He came back presently to dismiss the cast, looking preoccupied and annoyed. When they returned that afternoon he gave Ann one expressive glance, but set them to work without explanations. Miss Del Orme was less hostile, but Ann felt no reassurance in that. Her confidence in the friendliness of stars had been seriously shaken.

Burton detained Ann after the others had gone. His manner had become formal and impersonal. Drawing up a chair to the prompter's table for her, he opened a tattered manuscript.

"We are obliged to cut the play down a little," he began curtly. "Have you your part here? Very well; I will show you what to strike out."

The omissions in the first two acts were not serious—a sentence here and there in the middle of a speech, leaving the cues unchanged; but when he turned to the third act and her one good scene, she dropped the pencil and clasped her hands tightly together with a quick "Oh!" of dismayed reproach. All the force and meaning had been cut away—nothing survived but a colorless line or two of explanation. No room was left to her, no chance; her part had dropped from a living creation to a bit of bald mechanism.

"Why, it's ruined, it's absurd!" she stammered. "Why, Mr. Burton!"

His defensive curtness deserted him and he turned to her, a kindly hand on her shoulder.

"Say, my dear, I'm awful sorry," he admitted. "I did all I could for you, but it was no use. You might just as well swallow it."

"But how could it hurt her—my one scene!" Ann cried, letting despairing hands fall on the table.

"Well, it couldn't. But, you see, she's an old story, and the critics will jump at something new. You'd be starred in the morning papers, just because they've said it all about her so often—see? And she won't stand for that. So there you are." He had taken Ann's manuscript and was quickly lining-out the parts to be omitted.

"What if I give it up?" she demanded.

"Little Cory would leap to get it, cut or uncut," he reminded her. "Go home and sleep on it, like a good girl. You'll count, you know, anyway. No one can prevent that."

"Oh, it's too mean!" She went away with tears running down her cheeks; she had worked so hard and cared so vitally!

"Well, daughter, what is it now? Del Orme been looking at you again?" was Mother's greeting. Ann offered her part with an angry laugh.

"She's been looking at *Lady Phillis*," she explained. "Oh, what's the use of trying!" She flung herself on the couch, and Mother let her cry without comment, turning over the leaves with a determined tightening of her lips. When she laid it down, there was battle in her quiet movements.

"Daughter, it's an outrage," she said firmly. "I shall see Burton about it myself."

"It won't do any good," sighed Ann; but she felt less desolate. Mother was a power when she took hold of a situation.

Late the next afternoon, when Ann was going doggedly through her denuded part, a strenuous bonnet rounded a Corinthian pillar. Burton started and glanced hurriedly about as if for shelter.

"Oh, good Lord, *Mother!*" he muttered. Mother came across to him with the deliberate step of fate. He began a hurried apology about being too busy to see her now.

"That's all right, Burton. I can wait, if you prefer," she said, fixing him with a cold eye. He sighed and dismissed the cast for the day.

It was an hour before Mother emerged. Her bearing never knew defeat, but nevertheless this time it did not express victory.

"Burton can't help it," she announced to Ann. "He'd like to, but he always was a weak fool. That Del Orme has everything under her thumb." She offered no consolation, leading the way home in a silence which Ann was too dejected to interrupt. If Mother had failed, then, indeed, hope was gone.

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There was no first-night anticipation or nervousness for Ann, whose shorn part seemed to her scarcely worth the trouble of dressing. Emerson, a stolid person whose one aim in life was to keep the precarious favor of Miss Del Orme, had accepted the change indifferently, but her fellow workers were generously indignant for her and whispered loudly—out of the star's hearing—of "A perfect shame!" That was her one consolation. Burton showed himself apologetically kind when they were alone. "But, for the love of Mike, don't turn Mother loose on me again, Ann," he said, with a solemn shake of his head. The young woman whose part was bounded by "The carriage is waiting" was far more agitated than Ann when the curtain rolled up on the great night.

Nevertheless, even she caught something of the prevailing excitement as the first two acts passed to increasing popular approval. She had kept faithfully to her reduced lines, but even so had managed to make herself felt. Perhaps a martial gray pompadour in the fifth row had something to do with this; Mother was a general at starting and prolonging applause. At all events, she felt that they were with her—that sea of heads blurred in the white glare of the footlights. A sense of what she could have done with them, given her proper scene, brought a stifled "Oh!" of pain and anger as she stood waiting to go on in the third act. The disappointment seemed almost too hard to bear.

A note was put into her hand. She read it at first absently, then with wonder. It was in Mrs. Carmichael's handwriting:

"Remember whose daughter you are, and that Mother never was downed yet, *or lost a chance.*"

The underscoring of the last words left her frowning. What could even Mother have made of the bald scene ahead of her? Then she had to thrust the note into her belt and step forward to take her cue. "*Or lost a chance?*" Suddenly the words flashed into meaning, and the fighting blood of her inheritance stirred in her veins. An inner leap of excited recognition, then, fine-strung, vivid, daring, desperate, the *Lady Phillis* of the uncut version went on.

She had her house at breathless attention when Emerson came on at his cue—evidently under orders to stop this outrage. *Lady Phillis*, searching for the fatal letter, had to mount from shame to defiance in spite of him, for at first he stood stolid and unresponsive, then tried to check her with the wrong cues. Ann could no more have been stopped than the real *Lady Phillis*. She brushed aside his words, drowned them, carried her part as if his impassivity were his proper rôle; she had her emotions at her finger-tips, and could do with them what she would.

When the moment came for the discovery of the letter, Emerson stood between her and its appointed cabinet, but, with an unexpected hand on his shoulder, she thrust him aside and caught open the drawer. Then for the first time her heart failed her; for no letter lay within.

"Give me an envelope, anything!" she gasped in a quick aside, pretending to struggle with the lock.

"Sorry—I haven't one"; Emerson's smile was coolly disagreeable.

Chaos opened before her—a climax with its point left out. "Mother!" she gasped: it had the passion of a prayer. Then like a sign from heaven came the recollection of the note in her belt. To the house scarcely a moment had passed when she turned with the fatal sheet in her hand.

The day was hers now. The little scene that she had made big rose bigger than ever as it mounted to the full fire of its climax. Not a line, not a word was left out. Behind the scenes there was commotion, suppressed jubilation, hysterical anger; she could not be stopped! Emerson had to follow her lead, a helpless accomplice. To the top gallery, the house was hers.

The courage of her inheritance was still a trumpet in her ears when she swept off the stage, the thunder of the audience swelling after her; her big eyes blazed open triumph into the twitching face of Miss Del Orme. Burton, with an impassive profile to the star, offered her a huge wink from the expressive left side as she passed.

"Mother's own daughter!" he murmured.

Mother herself, calm and business-like, was waiting just beyond.

"Daughter," she began, "I have just handed in your resignation from the company; two managers are to see you to-morrow. You did very well." Her tone was that of a satisfied general rather than a proud parent. Then the triumphant sound that was still holding the stage empty swelled, rose to a summons. Suddenly Mother's chin trembled.

"Go back and take your call—stupid," she said, and gave her a push.

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THE PLAYERS

STRANGE and fearsome things have been done to Mr. Shakespeare's plays, but never has tradition been so ruthlessly swatted, so vigorously slap-sticked, so roundly pommeled as by E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in their presentation of "The Taming of the Shrew"! Dignity and the sober respect which one is accustomed to associate with classical plays flee before a bombardment of everything movable, and characters are bowled over like tenpins. It is the most strenuous Shakespeare it has ever been my lot to witness, a most amazingly athletic Shakespeare. At times one is inclined to believe that Miss Marlowe is training to become a baseball pitcher and that Mr. Sothern is practising in the hope of making a record over the high hurdles, while other members of the cast are hardening themselves for football.

I am no great stickler for tradition; in fact, I confess to a certain iconoclastic satisfaction in seeing it elbowed aside if something better, or even equally good, takes its place. But the Sothern-Marlowe presentation supplants classic precedents with those of the muscular, rip-roaring, slap-dash farce-comedy that was popular a score of years ago. "The Taming of the Shrew" is really a farce, but it is Shakespearian farce, and it is something of a shock to see it so modernly manhandled.

As a production it is magnificent. The beauty of the elaborate scenery and properties, the splendor of the costuming, even down to that of the many supernumeraries, and the admirable stage management contribute to a series of stage pictures that delight a taste for artistic prodigality. But these accessories are the only excuse for charging three dollars for an orchestra seat; certainly the acting does not justify advanced prices. The popularity of the two stars, however, makes it possible to fill the theatre. It is pleasing to see Mr. Sothern in a Shakespearian rôle whose importance does not overpower him. His *Romeo* and even his *Benedick* seemed to have the *Hamlet* spell over them. He is a very earnest, very sincere actor, whose forte is light comedy, and who has succeeded in other lines by reason of intelligence and hard work. In "The Taming of the Shrew" he shone to better advantage than Miss Marlowe, who has hitherto carried off the honors in their partnership. *Petruchio* is not a part that has ever given a player a reputation, or even materially added to one. Edwin Booth, I remember, was atrociously bad as the shrew-tamer, although it seems like sacrilege to say so. Mr. Sothern makes him a noisy, hard-headed *Petruchio*, who was really in love with *Katherine* from the beginning, and who pursues her with a deadly, patient determination that nothing can shake, taking a certain satisfaction in his bullying brutality for its own sake. The part is carefully conceived and beautifully consistent; moreover, Mr. Sothern's is the kind of a *Petruchio* who would dominate and win Miss Marlowe's *Katherine*.

It is impossible to look upon a Shakespearian performance without making comparisons. Certain players have so thoroughly identified themselves with certain rôles that, unbidden, the picture of them comes before our eyes: Booth as *Hamlet*, John McCullough as *Virginius*, Mary Anderson as *Perdita*. In these later days no American player has so impressed herself upon a rôle as Ada Rehan upon *Katherine*, and it is hardly conceivable that any actress essaying the part should not suffer in comparison. I think it is pretty generally admitted that Miss Marlowe is the best actress we have, but even her warmest admirers would hardly claim that her

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SARAH BERNHARDT AS *PHÉDRE*.

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

EDNA GOODRICH AS THE MODEL IN "THE GENIUS AND THE MODEL."

Katherine is as good as Miss Rehan's. The two conceptions of the part are as far apart as the poles. Miss Rehan makes *Katherine* an imperious, queenly shrew, with real force and dignity, a *Katherine* that only a subtle *Petruchio*, like that of Otis Skinner, who gave the best portrayal of the rôle I have ever seen, could have won. Miss Marlowe makes *Katherine* a little vixen, a spoiled, impertinent hoyden, whose ill temper finds expression in throwing things. She is very lovely and very charming, nevertheless, and nothing could be finer than her reading of the long speech in the last act.

There doesn't seem to be any particular reason why Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe should have elected to include "The Merchant of Venice" in their repertoire, for the performance they give of the leading rôles will add nothing to the fame of either. Possibly they and Mr. Frohman desired to show how beautifully the play could be staged, and on this point they have left nothing to be desired. The Venetian scenes are very beautiful, and the masquerade is most adroitly and effectively handled. Scenery, however, does not overshadow text.

Both Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe suffer from the handicap of the latter in playing *Katherine*, for there has been no *Shylock* within the memory of the present generation that equaled Irving's, and *Portia* belongs to Ellen Terry by right of conquest—the great achievement of her distinguished career. Mr.

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Evening Post by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

LOVELL TAYLOR AS *ERNESTINE ORMSBY* IN "EASY DAWSON."

Sothern only proves again that he is a careful, conscientious, studious player, wholly sincere, with a fine gift for elocution. His *Shylock* is an unwashed person with a bitter personal grievance. He is neither Jew nor Gentile, but a rather unpleasant human being. Irving managed to convey the idea, with a subtlety defying analysis, that *Shylock's* bitterness is the logical result of centuries of race persecution, and that the personal equation has small import. It seemed to me that Jacob Adler, the Yiddish tragedian, who played the part in that curious tongue with an English support, was infinitely more impressive, more intelligible than Mr. Sothern, although I could not understand a word the Bowery actor said.

Miss Marlowe is delightful as *Portia*, of course. Few players have so completely mastered the art of reading blank verse naturally, and few can make the meaning so poetic and so clear. She looked very beautiful, and altogether gave a charming performance, but most of us who have seen Ellen Terry kept thinking of her, I fancy.

Robert Mantell returned to New York with something of the acclaim that was to be expected after the impression he made nearly a year ago, when, unheralded and apparently hopelessly handicapped by a wholly inadequate company and pitiful accessories, he made something of a sensation by his playing of classical rôles. He is now announced as "the distinguished tragedian." It is so long

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since any actor has claimed to be a tragedian that most of us had almost forgotten the word. Mr. Mantell reappeared in "Richard III"—and there is no more trying part in all Shakespeare. He uses the familiar Colley Cibber version, which contains a part of "Henry VI," and many additions by Cibber himself. The two best known lines in the play, "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!" and "Richard is himself again," are not Shakespeare's but interpolations of the eighteenth century actor-dramatist who was poet laureate of England. When Mr. Mansfield plays "Richard III" he uses his own version. He omits the famous soliloquy, "Now is the winter of our discontent," because he says "it has nothing to do with the action of the tragedy," but he speaks the famous Colley Cibber lines.

Mr. Mantell's performance is a very beautiful one, scholarly, finished, subtle, devoid of trickery. It is true that he rolls his eyes much of the time, and makes stock of the mobility of his fine face. But these are concessions to tradition, and I am not sure but the old-fashioned way of playing Shakespeare is the best after all. Mr. Mantell's rich, mellow voice and exquisite diction still have that charm that so appealed when he gave practically the whole performance, but his voice has not great strength. In those scenes when one expects him to bellow forth with mighty force, it is not equal to the demand. In such places Mr. Mansfield's superb voice—and no actor was ever blessed with a finer one—would fill the house with its volume.

The Mantell production of "Richard III" is a sumptuous one, and there is a vast deal of action in the fighting scenes. William A. Brady, who manages prize-fighters and Shakespeare's plays with equal ease, trained those many supernumeraries, and the clashes remind one of the football field. And this modern handling of a mob furnishes the background for the good old-fashioned combat between *Richard* and *Richmond*, the "two up and one down; two down and one up." It has been long since New York has seen that manner of duel.

It is as *Richelieu* that Mr. Mantell is at his best. It has not been so very long since I said that I thought him the finest *Richelieu* I have ever seen, and he becomes all the more luminous and forceful in a proper setting. The star's exquisite diction, his perfected technical skill, his reserve force and suppression, make it a distinguished characterization. He does not strike any new note in "Othello," but there is splendid dignity and power in the performance.

Mr. Mantell's company isn't impressively good. Marie Booth Russell, his leading woman and his wife, has intelligence and sincerity. She reads with appreciation, her phrasing shows the coaching of her husband, and she has the discretion not to essay too much. Emily Dodd, an actress of unusual beauty, has power and sweetness, but the men, save Harry Leighton, do not rise above the mediocrity of the modern "legitimate" player.

For many years the Madison Square Theatre in New York came nearer than any theatre in the country to dominating the American stage, despite the fact that it was the smallest of recognized playhouses. That was when it was under the direction of A. M. Palmer, the foremost manager of his day, a day which was over long before his death. It had many extraordinary successes, of which "Hazel Kirke" was probably the most famous. The theatre seats only about six hundred people, and the audience is so near the stage that this mere proximity establishes between them a sympathetic bond. Besides, actors may speak in an ordinary conversational tone, which contributes much to naturalness. The late Charles H. Hoyt found this possibility exceedingly valuable when he took over the theatre for the production of his later satires. After his death the little theatre was used for wicked French farces, which usually failed, and then it came upon evil days. It was closed for a season after the Iroquois fire in Chicago, because of the cost of changes demanded by the authorities. Farthest down-town of the so-called Broadway houses, a mile away from the present theatrical center, it was supposed that it would never again be opened. But Walter N. Lawrence, long associated with Augustin Daly, was sure that the Madison Square had not wholly lost its old following. It was remodeled and opened without any flourish with "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," which, to everybody's surprise, succeeded. The manager's idea was to produce good, clean comedies, American for the most part, with the best players that could be secured. And he has the courage to present the work of untried men.

This season Mr. Lawrence opened with a new comedy, "The Prince Chap," by Edward Peple. The public did not know of Mr. Peple's existence, but the managers did. For

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

FRITZI SCHEFF AS *FIFI* IN "MLLE. MODISTE."

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Photograph by Savony, New York.

MABEL TALIAFERRO AS *NANCE OLDEN* IN "IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE."

ten years he had been besieging them to put on one of his plays. The necessity of earning a living in that long interval developed him from a ten-dollar-a-week clerk into a high-priced accountant.

"The Prince Chap" succeeded through pure merit. The first two acts are permeated with sentiment — real, honest, wholesome sentiment; they bubble with humor—real, honest, spontaneous humor. In truth, they are "perfectly dear," to borrow a phrase from the nice young person. And the entire comedy is exquisitely played. Cyril Scott is the star, and those familiar with his work know him as one of the cleverest of light comedians. An Irishman by birth—he is a native of Belfast—he has lived in this country since he was a child. His first appearance was in "Caprice" with Mrs. Fiske, then Minnie Maddern, just twenty years ago. He was with Richard Mansfield in "Prince Karl," with E. H. Sothern in "Lord Chumley"; later he became a member of the old Lyceum Stock Company, and then of Charles Frohman's Stock Company at Proctor's and afterward at the Empire. He first essayed musical comedy with DeWolf Hopper in "Dr. Syntax," but the next season he was with Mrs. Carter in "The Heart of Maryland." Followed years with Augustin Daly in musical comedies—"The Geisha," "The Country Girl," and the like. Then came the long runs of "Floradora," "The Silver Slipper," and "Glittering Gloria." In all, Mr. Scott has "created" something like a hundred characters.

Despite the excellence of the star and the drollery of Thomas Wise as the butler—he has so long played naughty old men that one had almost forgotten how admirable he is as a character artist—the very pleasantest performance of all in "The Prince Chap" is given by Helen Pullman, who is in only one act, for it takes two children and a grown-up young woman to play the heroine. Helen Pullman is quite the best child actress I have ever seen,

Photograph by Mel...son.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS *JIM CARSTEN* IN "THE SQUAW MAN."

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wholly lacking as she is in self-consciousness. I wanted to know something about her and this is what she wrote me in her own hand:

"I am the littlest *Claudia* in 'The Prince Chap.' You see, it is just like the story of the 'Three Bears.' There is a little bear, a middle-sized bear, and a big bear. I am the granddaughter of a Methodist minister and none of my people have been on the stage. My first start was when I won a prize for singing 'On a Good Old Five-Cent Trolley Ride' in a contest. I was awfully proud when Paul Dresser handed me my prize-money and said: 'There is something in her.' When Ezra Kendall was looking for a little girl to eat ice-cream and run about in 'Weather-Beaten Benson,' I thought it would just suit me. He thought I looked like a good ice-cream eater, too, so he engaged me and I ate ice-cream for eight months. I got kind of tired of ice-cream, so I am glad it is bread and jam in this play. I was with Miss Barrymore for a while, too, and then I became *Claudia*. I am going to grow up into a real actress some day."

Photograph by Waite, New York.

HELEN PULLMAN AS *CLAUDIA* IN "THE PRINCE CHAP."

Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

EDDIE FOY AS *JIM CHEESE* IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL."

It became apparent that "The Prince Chap" was one of the season's successes, so it was moved to Joe Weber's Theatre, which used to be Weber & Field's Music Hall, and in which never before had any company but the owner's appeared. "The Prince Chap" was followed at the Madison Square by "The Man on the Box," a dramatization by Grace Livingston Furniss of Harold MacGrath's novel, which reintroduces Henry E. Dixey as a star. It makes a very uneven but, on the whole, rather amusing comedy. An army officer masquerading as a coachman is sufficiently improbable, and when the author expects us to be concerned in another officer's selling the plans of Fortress Monroe to a foreign government, it is rather too much. If the papers in question were the plans of one of the big hotels there now, it might be different. Mr. MacGrath's assertion that this part of his story is absolutely true makes it no more convincing. The comedy is beautifully acted and exquisitely mounted. Long ago Mr. Dixey proved that he is one of the most graceful and finished of light comedians.

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Photograph by White, New York.

CHESTER BEECROFT AS *MOUNTED POLICEMAN O'BRIEN*, C. N. SCHAEFFER AS *POLICEMAN CASSIDY*, AND HENRY E. DIXEY AS *ROBERT WORBURTON*, IN "THE MAN ON THE BOX."

Carlotta Nillson, who for years has acted in an atmosphere of tears, now shows that she is just as clever in comedy. She has had a hard fight for recognition. For years she played through the country, working like a slave. Her chance came when Mrs. Fiske gave her the part of the deserted wife in "Hedda Gabler," in which she made a pronounced hit. Last year she was an admirable *Letty* in Pinero's play of that name. One of the best bits the stage has known this season was Chester Beecroft's *Officer O'Brien*. Not only did he look like a mounted policeman, but he acted the part with a humor and an Americanized brogue that are delicious.

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

W. B. MACK AS *SCHRAM* IN "LEAH KLESCHNA."

The George Bernard Shaw fad and Arnold Daly received a severe jolt in the utter failure of "John Bull's Other Island," which proved excessively dull and uninteresting to American audiences because it is a long-winded dialogue on social and economic Irish problems. Furthermore, it was marred by Dodson Mitchell's performance of the Englishman, a part longer than *Hamlet*. How an actor who was so good as the minister in "Candida" and so perfect as the husband in "How He Lied to Her Husband," could be so hopelessly bad

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in this rôle is beyond my ken. Mr. Daly hastily prepared "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which he had promised to give only at subscription matinées, "to point a moral lesson and not for gain." The prevalence of "Shaw-itis," which is mildly epidemic, has made Shaw's plays tolerably familiar, inasmuch as those who have read them insist upon telling those who have not about them. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is by far the most disagreeable thing in "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant," and there was a most impressive how-dy-do. The Mayor of New Haven stopped the play, and the Mayor of New York followed suit after the first performance. There have been infinitely worse plays, from a moral standpoint, presented in New York without official interference, but few that left such an unpleasant impression.

It has been two years since the production of Maurice Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" made an impression abroad. Mrs. Fiske had planned to appear in the first English version, but she gave it over to Madame Bertha Kalich, an actress whose fame, won in emotional rôles in Yiddish theatres on the Bowery, had reached Broadway. Like all plays of high literary quality, this best dramatic work of Maeterlinck's demands the finest acting, and this it did not receive. It was superbly mounted and beautifully costumed, but, largely because of the indifferent playing, the stage presentation did not enhance its rich poetry and powerful characterization, except perhaps in the last act when the undercurrent of dramatic feeling comes to the surface in a scene of tremendous intensity.

Madame Kalich had many fine moments, when she approached greatness. She has dignity and repose, as well as repression and power. Her English accent is far better than her understanding of the language. When it is considered that, six years ago, she did not know a word of English, her mastery of one of the most difficult of all speaking tongues is remarkable. Once before Madame Kalich had appeared in English, as *Fédora*. Her early performances were disappointing, but at the end of a fortnight she was able to make a profound impression upon her audience. It may be the same with her *Monna Vanna*.

At one of the Lambs's gambols in New York, there was presented a one-act play which made so favorable an impression that Edward Milton Royle was urged to expand it into an evening's entertainment. The result is "The Squaw Man," in which William Faversham is the star. It is a mighty skilful bit of work, for it makes an outrageous absurdity seem most real and human, and the audience is carried along so cleverly that it forgets there is little in the play that will stand the test of reason.

Three of the scenes are on a Western ranch with the most lovable cowboys that ever were. No one ever saw cow-punchers like Mr. Royle's, but he makes you feel that the real ones should be like those he has on the stage. "The Squaw Man" is capitally played. Mr. Faversham has never been seen to better advantage, while George Fawcett as *Big Bill* is a joy, and W. S. Hart as *Cash Hawkins*, a bad man, is very near the real thing. Then there is Theodore Roberts, playing a Ute chief, Herbert Sleath as the wicked earl, Selene Johnson as the heroine, and Selina Fetter Royle as an English dowager.

Never has DeWolf Hopper had a more successful vehicle, and certainly never so charming and beautiful a comic opera as "Happyland." It is a comic opera with the best music that Reginald DeKoven has written since "Robin Hood," and a really clever book with a story. The libretto was written by Frederick Ranken, who had been struggling for success for ten years, and who died two weeks after his opera scored its triumph. In costuming, scenery, music, and words there is a richness, an elegance, and a refinement which one does not usually associate with a production whose chief purpose is to exploit a singing comedian. A dainty, exquisitely lovely, and extremely clever little elf, Marguerite Clark, whom Julian Mitchell discovered in a chorus a couple of years ago, straightway sang and danced herself into the affections of the audiences, making a success as great as that won by Della Fox and Edna Wallace years ago, which would seem to indicate that women of small stature and diminutive charm appear to the best advantage with the big Mr. Hopper.

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THE SPOILERS

By REX E. BEACH

Illustrations by J. N. Marchand

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Glenister and Dextry, co-owners of the "Midas," the richest mine in Alaska, are about to board the ship Santa Maria, at Unalaska, in order to reach Nome at the opening of the mining season. Helen Chester, niece of Judge Stillman and the innocent agent of a great political conspiracy to defraud the mine owners of Nome, asks their help in escaping from the smallpox-infested ship, the Ohio. The two men, ignorant of the significance of her errand, gallantly fight and defeat her pursuers, smuggle her on board their own ship, and protect her until she arrives in Nome and delivers the secret papers entrusted to her. Glenister, who has fallen in love with the girl, saves her life in a street brawl at the risk of his own. Judge Stillman and McNamara, political boss of Dakota and leader of the conspiracy, arrive in Nome and begin their machinations.

CHAPTER V (*continued*)

THERE are no clubs nor marts where men foregather for business in the North—nothing but the saloon, and this is all and more than a club. Here men congregate to drink, to gamble, and to traffic.

It was late in the evening when Glenister entered the "Northern" and passed idly down the row of games, pausing at the crap table, where he rolled the dice when his turn came. Moving to the roulette wheel, he lost a stack of whites, but at the faro "layout" his luck was better and he won a gold coin on the "high card." Whereupon he promptly ordered a round of drinks for the men grouped about him, a formality always precedent to overtures of general friendship.

As he stood, glass in hand, his eyes were drawn to a man who stood close by, talking earnestly. The aspect of the stranger challenged notice, for he stood high above his companions with a peculiar grace of attitude in place of the awkwardness common in men of great stature. Among those who were listening intently to the man's carefully modulated tones, Glenister recognized Mexico Mullins, the ex-gambler who had given Dextry the warning at Unalaska. As he further studied the listening group, a drunken man staggered uncertainly through the wide doors of the saloon. Gaining sight of the tall stranger, he blinked, then approached him, speaking with a loud voice:

"Well, if 'tain't ole Alec McNamara! How do, ye ole pirate!"

McNamara nodded and turned his back coolly upon the newcomer.

"Don't turn your dorsal fin to me; I wan' to talk to ye."

McNamara continued his calm discourse till he received a vicious whack on the shoulder; then he turned for a moment to interrupt his assailant's garrulous profanity:

"Don't bother me. I am engaged."

"Ye won' talk to me, eh? Well, I'm goin' to talk to *you*, see? I guess you'd listen if I told these people all I know about you. Turn around here."

His voice was menacing and attracted general notice. Observing this, McNamara addressed him, his words dropping clear, concise, and cold:

"Don't talk to me. You are a drunken nuisance. Go away before something happens to you."

Again he turned away, but the drunken man seized and whirled him about and repeated his abuse, encouraged by this apparent patience.

"Your pardon for an instant, gentlemen." McNamara laid a large, white and manicured hand upon the flannel sleeve of the miner and gently escorted him through the entrance to the sidewalk, while the crowd smiled.

As they cleared the threshold, however, he clenched his fist without a word and, raising it, struck the sot fully and cruelly upon the jaw. His victim fell silently, the back of his head striking the boards with a hollow thump; then, without even observing how he lay, McNamara reentered the saloon and took up his conversation where he had been interrupted. His voice was as evenly regulated as his movements, betraying not a sign of anger, excitement, or bravado. He lit a cigarette, extracted a note-book, and jotted down certain memoranda supplied him by Mexico Mullins.

All this time the body lay across the thresh-

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old without a sign of life. The buzz of the roulette wheel was resumed and the crap dealer began his monotonous routine. Every eye was fixed on the nonchalant man at the bar, but the unconscious creature outside the threshold lay unheeded, for in these men's code it behooves the most humane to practise a certain aloofness in the matter of private brawls.

Having completed his notes, McNamara shook hands gravely with his companions and strode out through the door, past the bulk that sprawled across his path, and, without pause or glance, disappeared.

A dozen willing, though unsympathetic, hands laid the drunkard on the roulette table, where the bartender poured pitcher upon pitcher of water over him.

"He ain't hurt none to speak of," said a bystander; then added, with enthusiasm:

"But say! There's a *man* in this here camp!"

CHAPTER VI

AND A MINE IS JUMPED

"WHO'S your new shift boss?" Glenister inquired of his partner, a few days later, indicating a man in the cut below, busied in setting a line of sluices.

"That's old 'Slapjack' Simms, friend of mine from up Dawson way."

Glenister laughed immoderately, for the object was unusually tall and loose-jointed, and wore a soiled suit of yellow mackinaw. He had laid off his coat, and now the baggy, bilious trousers hung precariously from his angular shoulders by suspenders of alarming frailty. His legs were lost in gum boots, also loose and cavernous, and his entire costume looked relaxed and flapping; so that he gave the impression of being able to shake himself out of his raiment, and to rise like a burlesque Aphrodite. His face was overgrown with a grizzled tangle that looked as though it had been trimmed with buttonhole scissors, while above the brush heap grandly soared a shiny, dome-like head.

"Has he always been bald?"

"Naw! He ain't bald at all. He shaves his nob. In the early days he wore a long flowin' mane which was inhabited by crickets, tree-toads, and such fauna. It got to be a hobby with him finally so that he growed superstitious about goin' uncurried, and would back into a corner with both guns drawed if a barber came near him. But once Hank—that's his real name—undertook to fry some slapjacks, and in givin' the skillet a heave, the dough lit amongst his forest primeval, jest back of his ears, soft side down. Hank polluted the gulch with langwidge which no man had ought to keep in himself without it was fumigated. Disreppitableness oozed out through him like sweat through an ice-pitcher, an' since then he's been known as Slapjack Simms, an' has kept his head shingled smooth as a gun bar'l. He's a good miner though, ain't none better —an' square as a die."

Sluicing had begun on the Midas. Long, sinuous lengths of canvas hose wound down the creek bottom from the dam, like gigantic serpents, while the roll of gravel through the flumes mingled musically with the rush of waters, the tinkle of tools, and the song of steel on rock. There were four "strings" of boxes abreast, and the heaving line of shovelers ate rapidly into the creek bed, while teams with scrapers splashed through the tail races in an atmosphere of softened profanity. In the big white tents which sat back from the bluffs, fifty men of the night shift were asleep; for there is no respite here—no night, no Sunday, no halt, during the hundred days in which the Northland lends herself to pillage.

The mine lay cradled between wonderful mossy, willow-mottled mountains, while above and below the gulch was dotted with tents and huts, and everywhere, from basin to hill crest, men dug and blasted, punily, patiently, while their tracks grew daily plainer over the face of this inscrutable wilderness.

A great contentment filled the two partners as they looked on this scene. To wrest from reluctant earth her richest treasures, to add to the wealth of the world—to create—here was satisfaction.

"We ain't robbin' no widders an' orphans doin' it, neither," Dextry suddenly remarked, expressing his partner's feelings closely. They looked at each other and smiled with that rare understanding that exceeds words.

Descending into the cut, the old man filled a gold pan with dirt taken from under the feet of the workers, and washed it in a puddle, while the other watched his dexterous whirling motions. When he had finished, they poked the stream of yellow grains into a pile, then, with heads together, guessed its weight, laughing again delightedly, in perfect harmony and contentment.

"I've been waitin' a turrible time fer this

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day," said the elder. "I've suffered the plagues of prospectin' from the Mexicos to the Circle, an' yet I don't begretch it none, now that I've struck pay."

While they spoke, two miners struggled with a boulder they had unearthed, and having scraped and washed it carefully, staggered back to place it on the cleaned bed-rock behind. One of them slipped, and it crashed against a brace which held the sluices in place. These boxes stand more than a man's height above the bed-rock, resting on supporting posts and running full of water. Should a sluice fall, the rushing stream carries out the gold which has lodged in the riffles and floods the bed-rock, raising havoc. Too late the partners saw the string of boxes sway and bend at the joint. Then, before they could reach the threatened spot to support it, Slapjack Simms, with a shriek, plunged flapping down into the cut and seized the flume. His great height stood him in good stead now, for where the joint had opened, water poured forth in a cataract. He dived under the breach unhesitatingly and, stooping, lifted the line as near to its former level as possible, holding the entire burden upon his naked pate. He gesticulated wildly for help, while over him poured the deluge of icy, muddy water. It entered his gaping waistband, bulging out his yellow trousers, till they were fat and full and the seams were bursting, while his yawning boot-tops became as boiling springs. Meanwhile he chattered forth profanity in such volume that the ear ached under it as must have ached the heroic Slapjack under the chill of the melting snow. He was relieved quickly, however, and emerged triumphant, though blue and puckered, his wilderness of whiskers streaming like lumber stalactites, his boots loosely "squishing," while oaths still poured from him in such profusion that Dextry whispered:

"Ain't he a ring-tailed wonder? It's plumb solemn an' reverent the way he makes them untamed cuss words sit up an' beg. It's a privilege to be present. That's a *gift*, that is."

"You'd better get some dry clothes," they suggested, and Slapjack proceeded a few paces toward the tents, hobbling as though treading on pounded glass.

"Ow—w!" he yelled. "These blasted boots is full of gravel."

He seated himself and tugged at his foot till the boot came away with a sucking sound, then, instead of emptying the accumulation at random, he poured the contents into Dextry's empty gold pan, rinsing it out carefully. The other boot he emptied likewise. They held a surprising amount of sediment, because the stream that had poured out of the crack in the sluices had carried with it pebbles, sand, and all the concentration of the riffles at this point. Standing directly beneath the cataract, most of it had dived fairly into his inviting waistband, following down the lines of least resistance into his boot-legs and boiling out at the knees.

"Wash that," he said. "You're apt to get a prospect."

With artful passes Dextry settled it in the pan bottom and washed away the gravel, leaving a yellow, glittering pile which raised a yell from the men who had lingered curiously.

"He pans forty dollars to the boot-leg," one shouted.

"How much do you run to the foot, Slapjack?"

"He's a reg'lar free-milling ledge."

"No, he ain't—he's too thin. He's nothing but a stringer, but he'll pay to work."

The old miner grinned toothlessly.

"Gentlemen, there ain't no better way to save fine gold than with undercurrents an' blanket riffles. I'll have to wash these garments of mine an' clean up the soap-suds 'cause there's a hundred dollars in gold-dust clingin' to my person this minute." He went dripping up the bank, while the men returned to their work singing.

After lunch Dextry saddled his bronco.

"I'm goin' to town for a pair of gold scales, but I'll be back by supper, then we'll clean up between shifts. She'd ought to give us a thousand ounces, the way that ground prospects." He loped down the gulch, while his partner returned to the pit, the flashing shovel blades, and the rumbling undertone of the big workings that so fascinated him.

It was perhaps four o'clock when he was aroused from his labors by a shout from the bunkhouse, where a group of horsemen had clustered. As Glenister drew near, he saw among them Wilton Struve, the lawyer, and the big, well-dressed tenderfoot of the "Northern"—McNamara—the man of the heavy hand. Struve straightway engaged him.

"Say, Glenister, we've come out to see about the title to this claim."

"What about it?"

"Well, it was relocated about a month ago." He paused.

"Yes. What of that?"

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"NONE OF THAT, HANK," HE CRIED SHARPLY. "I'LL SAY WHEN TO SHOOT."

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"Galloway has commenced suit."

"The ground belongs to Dextry and me. We discovered it, we opened it up, we've complied with the law, and we're going to hold it." Glenister spoke with such conviction and heat as to nonplus Struve, but McNamara, who had sat his horse silently until now, answered:

"Certainly, sir; if your title is good you will be protected, but the law has arrived in Alaska and we've got to let it take its course. There's no need of violence—none whatever—but, briefly, the situation is this: Mr. Galloway has commenced action against you; the court has enjoined you from working and has appointed me as receiver to operate the mine until the suit is settled. It's an extraordinary procedure, of course, but the conditions are extraordinary in this country. The season is so short that it would be unjust to the rightful owner if the claim lay idle all summer—so, to avoid that, I've been put in charge with instructions to operate it and preserve the proceeds subject to the court's order. Mr. Voorhees here is the United States Marshal. He will serve the papers."

Glenister threw up his hand in a gesture of restraint.

"Hold on! Do you mean to tell me that any court would recognize such a claim as Galloway's?"

"The law recognizes everything. If his grounds are no good, so much the better for you."

"You can't put in a receiver without notice to us. Why, good Lord, we never heard of a suit being commenced. We've never even been served with a summons and we haven't had a chance to argue in our own defense."

"I have just said that this is a remarkable state of affairs and unusual action had to be taken," McNamara replied, but the young miner grew excited.

"Look here—this gold won't get away. It's safe in the ground. We'll knock off work and let the claim lie idle till the thing is settled. You can't really expect us to surrender possession of our mine on the mere allegation of some unknown man. That's ridiculous. We won't do it. Why, you'll have to let us argue our case, at least, before you try to put us off."

Voorhees shook his head. "We'll have to follow instructions. The thing for you to do is to appear before the court to-morrow and have the receiver dismissed. If your title is as good as you say it is, you won't have any trouble."

"You're not the only ones to suffer," added McNamara. "We've taken possession of all the mines below here." He nodded down the gulch. "I'm an officer of the court and under bond——"

"How much?"

"Five thousand dollars for each claim."

"What! Why, heavens, man, the poorest of these mines is producing that much every day."

While he spoke, Glenister was rapidly debating what course to follow.

"The place to argue this thing is before Judge Stillman," said Struve—but with little notion of the conflict going on within Glenister. The youth yearned to fight—not with words nor quibbles nor legal phrases, but with steel and blows. And he felt that the impulse was as righteous as it was natural, for he knew this process was unjust, an outrage. Mexico Mullins's warning recurred to him. And yet—. He shifted slowly as he talked till his back was to the door of the big tent. They were watching him carefully for all their apparent languor and looseness in saddle; then as he started to leap within and rally his henchmen, his mind went back to the words of Judge Stillman and his niece. Surely that old man was on the square. He couldn't be otherwise with her beside him, believing in him; and a suspicion of deeper plots behind these actions was groundless. So far, all was legal, he supposed, with his scant knowledge of law; though the methods seemed unreasonable. The men might be doing what they thought was right. Why be the first to resist? The men on the mines below had not done so. The title to this ground was capable of such easy proof that he and Dex need have no uneasiness. Courts do not rob honest people nowadays, he argued, and moreover, perhaps the girl's words were true, perhaps she *would* think more of him if he gave up the old fighting ways for her sake. Certainly armed resistance to her uncle's first edict would not please her. She had said he was too violent, so he would show her he could lay his savagery aside. She might smile on him approvingly, and that was worth taking a chance for—anyway it would mean but a few days' delay in the mine's run. As he reasoned he heard a low voice speaking within the open door. It was Slapjack Simms.

"Step aside, lad. I've got the big 'un covered."

Glenister saw the men on horseback snatch at their holsters, and, just in time, leaped

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at his foreman, for the old man had moved out into the open, a Winchester at shoulder, his cheek cuddling the stock, his eyes cold and narrow. The young man flung the barrel up and wrenched the weapon from his hands.

"None of that, Hank," he cried sharply. "I'll say when to shoot." He turned to look into the muzzles of guns held in the hands of every horseman—every horseman save one, for Alec McNamara sat unmoved, his handsome features, nonchalant and amused, nodding approval. It was at him that Hank's weapon had been leveled.

"This is bad enough at the best. Don't let's make it any worse," said he.

Slapjack inhaled deeply, spat with disgust, and looked over his boss incredulously.

"Well, of all the different kinds of damn fools," he snorted, "you are the kindest." He marched past the marshal and his deputies down to the cut, put on his coat, and vanished down the trail toward town, not deigning a backward glance either at the mine or at the man unfit to fight for.

CHAPTER VII

THE "BRONCO KID'S" EAVESDROPPING

LATE in July it grows dark as midnight approaches, so that the many lights from doorway and window seem less garish and strange than they do a month earlier. In the "Northern," there was good business doing. The new bar fixtures, which had cost a king's ransom, or represented the one night's losings of a Klondike millionaire, shone rich, dark, and enticing—while the cut glass sparkled with iridescent hues, reflecting, in a measure, the prismatic moods, the dancing spirits of the crowd which crushed past, halting at the gambling games or patronizing the theatre in the rear. The old bar furniture, brought down by dog team from "Up River," was established at the rear extremity of the long building, just inside the entrance to the dance hall, where patrons of the drama might, with a modicum of delay and inconvenience, quaff as deeply of the beaker as of the ballet.

Now, however, the show had closed, the hall had been cleared of chairs and canvas, exposing a glassy, tempting surface, and the orchestra had moved to the stage. They played a rollicking, blood-stirring two-step, while the floor swam with dancers.

At certain intervals the musicians worked feverishly up to a crashing crescendo, supported by the voices of the dancers until all joined at the top note in a yell, while the drummer fired a .44 Colt into a box of wet sawdust beside his chair—all in time, all in the swinging spirit of the tune.

The men, who were mostly young, danced like college boys, while the women, who were all young and good dancers, floated through the measures with the ease of rose-leaves on a summer stream. Faces were flushed, eyes were bright, and but rarely a voice sounded that was not glad. Most of the noise came from the men, and although one caught, here and there, a hint of haggard lines about the girlish faces, and glimpsed occasional eyes that did not smile, yet as a whole, the scene was one of genuine enjoyment.

Suddenly the music ceased and the couples crowded to the bar. The women took harmless drinks—the men, mostly whisky. Rarely was the choice of potations criticized, though occasionally some ruddy eschewer of sobriety insisted that his lady "take the same," avowing that "hootch," having been demonstrated beneficial in his case, was good for her also. Invariably the lady accepted without dispute, and invariably the men failed to note her glance at the bartender, or the silent substitution by that capable person of ginger ale for whisky or of plain water for gin. In turn, the mixers collected one dollar from each man, flipping to the girl a metal percentage check which she added to her store. In the curtained boxes overhead, men bought bottles with foil about the corks, and then subterfuge on the lady's part was idle, but on the other hand she was able to pocket for each bottle a check redeemable at five dollars.

A stranger, straight from the East, would have remarked first upon the good music, next upon the good looks of the women, and then upon the shabby clothes of the men—for some of them were in "mukluk," others in sweaters with huge initials and winged emblems, and all were collarless.

Outside in the main gambling-room there were but few women. Men crowded in dense masses about the faro layout, the wheel, craps, the Klondike game, pangingi, and the card-tables. They talked of business, of home, of women—bought and sold mines and bartered all things from hams to honor. The groomed and clean, the unkempt and filthy jostled shoulder to shoulder, equally affected by the license of the gold-fields and the exhilaration of the New. The mystery of the

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North had touched them all. The glad, bright wine of adventure filled their veins, and they spoke mightily of things they had resolved to do, or recounted with simple diffidence the strange stories of their accomplishment.

The "Bronco Kid," familiar from Atlin to Nome as the best "bank" dealer on the Yukon, worked the shift from eight till two. He was a slender man of thirty, dexterous in movement, slow to smile, soft of voice, and known as a living flame among women. He had dealt the biggest games of the early days, and had no enemies. Yet, though many called him friend, they wondered inwardly.

It was a strong play the Kid had to-night, for Swede Sam, of Dawson, ventured many stacks of yellow chips, and he was a quick, aggressive gambler. A Jew sat at the king end with ten neatly creased one-thousand-dollar bills before him, together with piles of smaller currency. He adventured viciously and without system, while outsiders to the number of four or five cut in sporadically with small bets. The game was difficult to follow; consequently the lookout, from his raised dais, was leaning forward, chin in hand, while the group was hedged about by eager onlookers.

Faro is a closed book to most people, for its intricacies are confusing. Lucky is he who has never persevered in solving its mysteries, nor speculated upon the "systems" of beating it. From those who have learned it, the game demands practise, dexterity, and coolness. The dealer must run the cards, watch the many shifting bets, handle the neatly piled checks, figure, lightning-like, the profits and losses. It was his unerring, clock-like regularity in this which had won the Kid his reputation. This night his powers were taxed. He dealt silently, scowlingly—his long white fingers nervously caressing the cards.

This preoccupation prevented his noticing the rustle and stir of a newcomer who had crowded up behind him, until he caught the wondering glances of those in front and saw that the Jew was staring past him, his money forgotten, his eyes beady and sharp, his rat-like teeth showing in a grin of admiration. Swede Sam glared from under his unkempt shock and felt uncertainly toward the open collar of his flannel shirt where a kerchief should have been. The men who were standing gazed at the newcomer, some with surprise, others with a half smile of recognition.

"Bronco" glanced quickly over his shoulder, and as he did so the breath caught in his throat—but for only an instant. A girl stood so close beside him that the lace of her gown brushed his sleeve. He was shuffling at the moment and dropped a card, then nodded to her, speaking quietly, as he stooped to regain the pasteboard:

"Howdy, Cherry?"

She did not answer—only continued to look at the "layout." "What a woman!" he thought. She was not too tall, with smoothly rounded bust and hips, and long waist, all well displayed by her perfectly fitting garments. Her face was oval, the mouth rather large, the eyes of dark, dark blue, prominently outlined under thin, silken lids. Her dull gold hair was combed low over the ears, and her smile showed rows of sparkling teeth before it dived into twin dimples. Strangest of all, it was an innocent face, the face and smile of a schoolgirl.

The Kid finished his shuffling awkwardly and slid the cards into the box. Then the woman spoke:

"Let me have your place, Bronco."

The men gasped, the Jew snickered, the lookout straightened in his chair.

"Better not. It's a hard game," said the Kid, but her voice was imperious as she commanded him.

"Hurry up. Give me your place."

Bronco arose, whereupon she settled in his chair, tucked in her skirts, removed her gloves, and twisted into place the diamonds on her hands.

"What the devil's this?" said the lookout roughly. "Are you drunk, Bronco? Get out of that chair, miss."

She turned to him slowly. The innocence had fled from her features and the big eyes flashed warningly. A change had coarsened her like a puff of air on a still pool. Then while she stared at him, her lids drooped dangerously and her lip curled.

"Throw him out, Bronco," she said, and her tones held the hardness of a mistress to her slave.

"That's all right," the Kid reassured the lookout. "She's a better dealer than I am. This is Cherry Malotte."

Without noticing the stares this evoked, the girl commenced. Her hands, beautifully soft and white, flashed over the board. She dealt rapidly, unfalteringly, with the finish of one bred to the cards, handling chips and coppers with the peculiar mannerisms that spring from long practise. It was noticed that she never

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looked at her check rack, but, when a bet required paying, picked up a stack, without turning her head; and they saw further that she never reached twice, nor took a large pile and sized it up against its mate, removing the extra disks, as is the custom. When she stretched forth her hand she grasped the right number unerringly. This is considered the acme of professional finish, and the Bronco Kid smiled delightedly as he saw the wonder spread from the lookout to the spectators and heard the speech of the men who stood on chairs and tables for sight of the woman dealer.

For twenty minutes she continued until the place became congested, and never once did the lookout detect an error.

While she was busy, Glenister entered the front door and pushed his way back toward the theatre. He was worried and distrait, his manner perturbed and unnatural. Silently and without apparent notice he passed friends who greeted him.

"What ails Glenister to-night?" asked a bystander. "He acts funny."

"Ain't you heard? Why, the Midas has been jumped. He's in a bad way—all broke up."

The girl suddenly ceased without finishing the deck, and arose.

"Don't stop," said the Kid, while a murmur of dismay came from the spectators. She only shook her head and drew on her gloves with a show of ennui.

Gliding through the crowd, she threaded about aimlessly, the recipient of many stares though but few greetings, speaking with no one, a certain dignity serving her as a barrier even here. She stopped a waiter and questioned him.

"He's up-stairs in a gallery box."

"Alone?"

"Yes'm. Anyhow, he was a minute ago, unless some of the rustlers has broke in on him."

A moment later Glenister, watching the scene below, was aroused from his gloomy absorption by the click of the box door and the rustle of silken skirts.

"Go out, please," he said, without turning. "I don't want company." Hearing no answer, he began again, "I came here to be alone"—but there he ceased, for the girl had come forward and laid her two hot hands upon his cheeks.

"Boy," she breathed—and he arose swiftly.

"Cherry! When did you come?"

"Oh, *days* ago," she said impatiently, "from Dawson. They told me you had struck it. I stood it as long as I could—then I came to you. Now, tell me about yourself. Let me see you first, quick!"

She pulled him toward the light and gazed upward, devouring him hungrily with her great languorous eyes. She held to his coat lapels, standing close beside him, her warm breath beating up into his face.

"Well," she said, "kiss me!"

He took her wrists in his and loosed her hold, then looked down on her gravely and said:

"No—that's all over. I told you so when I left Dawson."

"All over! Oh, no, it isn't, boy. You think so, but it isn't—it can't be. I love you too much to let you go."

"Hush!" said he. "There are people in the next box."

"I don't care! Let them hear," she cried with feminine recklessness. "I'm proud of my love for you. I'll tell it to them—to the whole world."

"Now, see here, little girl," he said quietly, "we had a long talk in Dawson and agreed that it was best to divide our ways. I was mad over you once, as a good many other men have been, but I came to my senses. Nothing could ever result from it and I told you so."

"Yes, yes—I know. I thought I could give you up, but I didn't realize till you had gone how I wanted you. Oh, it's been a *torture* to me every day for the past two years." In her now there was no semblance to the cold creature she had appeared upon entering the gambling hall. She spoke rapidly, her whole body tense with emotion, her voice shaken with passion. "I've seen men and men and men, and they've loved me, but I never cared for anybody in the world till I saw you. They ran after me, but you were cold. You made me come to you. Perhaps that was it. Anyhow, I can't stand it. I'll give up everything—I'll do anything just to be where you are. What do you think of a woman who will beg? Oh, I've lost my pride—I'm a fool—a fool—but I can't help it."

"I'm sorry you feel this way," said Glenister. "It isn't my fault and it isn't of any use."

For an instant she stood quivering, while the light died out of her face; then, with a characteristic change, she smiled till the dimples laughed in her cheeks. She sank

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upon a seat beside him and pulled together the curtains, shutting out the sight below.

"Very well"—then she put his hand to her cheek and cuddled it. "I'm glad to see you just the same and you can't keep me from loving you."

With his other hand he smoothed her hair while, unknown to him and beneath her lightness, she shrank and quivered at his touch like a Barbary steed under the whip.

"Things are very bad with me," he said. "We've had our mine jumped."

"Bah! You know what to do. You aren't a cripple—you've got five fingers on your gun hand."

"That's it! They all tell me that—all the old-timers; but I don't know what to do. I thought I did—but I don't. The law has come into this country and I've tried to meet it half-way. They 'jumped' us and put in a receiver—a big man—by the name of McNamara. Dex wasn't there and I let them do it. When the old man learned of it he nearly went crazy. We had our first quarrel. He thought I was afraid——"

"Not he," said the girl. "I know him and he knows you."

"That was a week ago. We've hired the best lawyer in Nome—Bill Wheaton—and we've tried to have the injunction removed. We've offered bond in any sum, but the judge refuses to accept it. We've argued for leave to appeal, but he won't give us the right. The more I look into it the worse it seems, for the court wasn't convened in accordance with law, we weren't notified to appear in our own behalf—we weren't allowed a chance to argue our own case—nothing. They simply slapped on a receiver, and now they refuse to allow us redress. From a legal standpoint, it's appalling—I'm told; but what's to be done? What's the game? That's the thing. What are they up to? I'm nearly out of my mind, for it's all my fault. I didn't think it meant anything like this or I'd have made a fight for possession and stood them off at least. As it is, my partner's sore and he's gone to drinking—first time in twelve years. He says I gave the claim away and now it's up to me and the Almighty to get it back. If he gets full he'll drive a four-horse wagon into some church, or go up and pick the judge to pieces with his fingers to see what makes him go round."

"What've they got against you and Dextry—some grudge?" she questioned.

"No, no! We're not the only ones in trouble; they've jumped the rest of the good mines and put this McNamara in as receiver on all of them, but that's small comfort. The Swedes are crazy; they've hired all the lawyers in town and are murdering more good American language than would fill Bering Strait. Dex is in favor of getting our friends together and throwing the receiver off. He wants to kill somebody, but we can't do that. They've got the soldiers to fall back on. We've been warned that the troops are instructed to enforce the court's action. I don't know what the plot is, for I can't believe the old judge is crooked—the girl wouldn't let him be."

"Girl?"

Cherry Malotte leaned forward where the light shone on the young man's worried face.

"The girl? What girl? Who is she?"

Her voice had lost its lazy caress, her lips had thinned. Never was a woman's face more eloquent, mused Glenister as he noted her. Every thought fled to this window to peer forth, fearful, lustful, hateful—as the case might be. He had loved to play with her in the former days, to work upon her passions and watch the changes, to note her features mirror every varying emotion from tenderness to flippancy, from anger to delight, and, at his bidding, to see the pale cheeks glow with love's fire, the eyes grow heavy, the dainty lips invite kisses. Cherry was a perfect little spoiled animal, he reflected, and a very dangerous one.

"What girl?" she questioned again, and he knew beforehand the look that went with it.

"The girl I intend to marry," he said slowly, looking her between the eyes.

He knew he was cruel—he wanted to be—it satisfied the clamor and turmoil within him, while he also felt that the sooner she knew and the colder it left her, the better. He could not note the effect of the remark on her, however, for, as he spoke, the door of the box opened and the head of the Bronco Kid appeared, then retreated instantly with apologies.

"Wrong stall," he said in his slow voice. "Looking for another party." Nevertheless, his eyes had covered every inch of them—noted the drawn curtains and the breathless poise of the woman—while his ears had caught part of Glenister's speech.

"You won't marry her," said Cherry quietly. "I don't know who she is, but I won't let you marry her."

She rose and smoothed her skirts.

"It's time nice people were going now."

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"I'M APT TO COME ROMANCIN' UP HERE WITH ONE OF THESE AN' BUST YOU SO YOU WON'T HOLD TOGETHER DURIN' THE CEREMONIES."

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She said it with a sneer at herself. "Take me out through this crowd. I'm living quietly and I don't want these beasts to follow me."

As they emerged from the theatre, the morning air was cool and quiet, while the sun was just rising. The Bronco Kid lighted a cigar as they passed, nodding silently at their greeting. His eyes followed them, while his hands were so still that the match burned through to his fingers—then when they had gone his teeth met and ground savagely through the tobacco so that the cigar fell, while he muttered:

"So that's the girl you intend to marry? We'll see, by God!"

CHAPTER VIII

DEXTRY MAKES A CALL

THE water front had a strong attraction for Helen Chester, and rarely did a fair day pass without finding her in some quiet spot from which she could watch the shifting life along its edge, the ships at anchor, and the varied incidents of the surf.

This morning she sat in a dory pulled high up on the beach, bathed in the bright sunshine, and staring at the rollers, while lines of concentration wrinkled her brow. The wind had blown for some days till the ocean beat heavily across the shallow bar, and now, as it became quieter, longshoremen were launching their craft, preparing to resume their traffic.

Not until the previous day had the news of her friends' misfortune come to her, and although she had heard no hint of fraud, she began to realize that they were involved in a serious tangle. To the questions which she anxiously put to her uncle he had replied that their difficulty arose from a technicality in the mining laws which another man had been shrewd enough to profit by. It was a complicated question, he said, and one requiring time to thrash out to an equitable settlement. She had undertaken to remind him of the service these men had done her, but, with a smile, he interrupted. He could not allow such things to influence his judicial attitude and she must not endeavor to prejudice him in the discharge of his duty. Recognizing the justice of this, she had desisted.

For many days the girl had caught scattered talk between the judge and McNamara, and between Struve and his associates, but it all seemed foreign and dry, and beyond the fact that it bore on the litigation over the Anvil Creek mines, she understood nothing and cared less, particularly as a new interest had but recently come into her life, an interest in the form of a man—McNamara.

He had begun with quiet, half-concealed admiration for her, which had rapidly increased until his attentions had become of a singularly positive and resistless character.

Judge Stillman was openly delighted, while the court of one like Alec McNamara could but flatter any girl. In his presence Helen felt herself rebelling at his suit, yet as distance separated them she thought ever more kindly of it. This state of mind contrasted oddly with her feelings toward the other man she had met, for in this country there were but two. When Glenister was with her she saw his love lying nakedly in his eyes and it exercised some spell which drew her to him in spite of herself, but when he had gone, back came the distrust, the terror of the brute she felt was there behind it all. The one appealed to her while present, the other plead strongest while away. Now she was attempting to analyze her feelings and face the future squarely, for she realized that her affairs neared a crisis, and this, too, not a month after meeting the men. She wondered if she would come to love her uncle's friend. She did not know. Of the other she was sure—she never could.

Busied with these reflections she noticed the familiar figure of Dextry, wandering aimlessly. He was not unkempt, and yet his air gave her the impression of prolonged sleeplessness. Spying her, he approached and seated himself in the sand against the boat, while at her greeting he broke into talk as if he was needful only of her friendly presence to stir his confidential chords into active vibration.

"We're in turrible shape, miss," he said. "Our claim's jumped. Somebody run in and talked the boy out of it while I was gone, and now we can't get 'em off. He's been tryin' this here new law game that you all brought in this summer. I've been drunk—that's what makes me look so ornery."

He said the last, not in the spirit of apology, for rarely does your frontiersman consider that his self-indulgences require palliation, but rather after the manner of one purveying news of mild interest, as he would inform you that his surcingle had broken or that he had witnessed a lynching.

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"What made them jump your claim?"

"I don't know. I don't know nothin' about it, because, as I remarked previous, I ain't follered the totterin' footsteps of the law none too close. Nor do I intend to. I simply draws out of the game fer a spell, and lets the youngster have his fling; then if he can't make good, I'll take the cards and finish it for him."

"You talk as if you wouldn't get fair play;" said Helen.

"We won't," said he with conviction. "I look on all lawyers with suspicion, even to old bald-face—your uncle, askin' your pardon an' gettin' it, bein' as I'm a friend an' he ain't no real relation of yours anyhow. No, sir; they're all crooked."

Dextry held the Western distrust of the legal profession—comprehensive, unreasoning, deep.

"Is the old man all the kin you've got?" he questioned, when she refused to discuss the matter.

"He is—in a way. I have a brother, or I hope I have, somewhere. He ran away when we were both little tads and I haven't seen him since. I heard about him, indirectly, at Skagway—three years ago—during the big rush to the Klondike, but he has never been home. When father died, I went to live with Uncle Arthur—some day perhaps I'll find my brother. He's cruel to hide from me this way, for there're only we two left and I've loved him always."

She spoke sadly and her mood blended well with the gloom of her companion, so they stared silently out over the heaving green waters.

"It's a good thing me an' the kid had a little piece of money ahead," Dextry resumed later, reverting to the thought that lay uppermost in his mind, "'cause we'd be up against it right if we hadn't. The boy couldn't have amused himself none with these court proceedings, because they come high. I call 'em luxuries, like brandied peaches an' silk undershirts.

"I don't trust these Jim Crow banks no more than I do lawyers either. No, sirree! I bought a iron safe an' hauled it out to the mine. She weighs eighteen hundred and we keep our money locked up there. We've got a feller named Johnson watchin' it now. Steal it? Well, hardly. They can't bust her open without a stick of 'giant' which would rouse everybody in five miles, an' they can't lug her off bodily—she's too heavy. No; it's safer there than any place I know of. There ain't no abscondin' cashiers an' all that. To-morrer I'm goin' back to live on the claim an' watch this receiver man till the thing's settled."

When the girl arose to go, he accompanied her up through the deep sand of the lane-like street to the main, muddy thoroughfare of the camp. As yet, the planked and graveled pavements which later threaded the town were unknown, and the incessant traffic had worn the road into a quagmire of chocolate-colored slush, almost axle-deep, with which the store fronts, show windows, and awnings were plentifully shot and spattered from passing teams. Whenever a wagon approached, pedestrians fled to the shelter of neighboring doorways, watching a chance to dodge out again. When vehicles passed from the comparative solidity of the main street out into the morasses that constituted the rest of the town, they adventured perilously, their horses plunging, snorting, terrified, amid an atmosphere of profanity. Discouraged animals were down constantly and no foot passenger, even with rubber boots, ventured off the planks that led from house to house.

To avoid a splashing team, Dextry pulled his companion close in against the entrance to the Northern Saloon, standing before her protectingly.

Although it was late in the afternoon the Bronco Kid had just arisen and was now loafing preparatory to the active duties of his profession. He was speaking with the proprietor when Dextry and the girl sought shelter just without the open door, so he caught a fair though fleeting glimpse of her as she flashed a curious look inside. She had never been so close to a gambling hall before and would have liked to peer in more carefully had she dared, but her companion moved forward. At the first look the Bronco Kid had broken off in his speech and stared at her as though at an apparition. When she had vanished, he spoke to Reilly:

"Who's that?"

Reilly shrugged his shoulders, then without further question, the Kid turned back toward the empty theatre and out of the back door.

He moved nonchalantly till he was outside, then with the speed of a colt ran down the narrow planking between the buildings, turned parallel to the front street, leaped from board to board, splashed through puddles of water till he reached the next alley. Stamping the mud from his shoes and pulling down his

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sombrero, he sauntered out into the main thoroughfare.

Dextry and his companion had crossed to the other side and were approaching, so the gambler gained a fair view of them. He searched every inch of the girl's face and figure, then, as she made to turn her eyes in his direction, he slouched away. He followed, however, at a distance, till he saw the man leave her, then on up to the big hotel he shadowed her. A half-hour later he was drinking in the Golden Gate barroom with an acquaintance who ministered to the mechanical details behind the hotel counter.

"Who's the girl I saw come in just now?" he inquired.

"I guess you mean the judge's niece."

Both men spoke in the dead, restrained tones that go with their callings.

"What's her name?"

"Chester, I think. Why? Look good to you, Kid?"

Although the other neither spoke nor made sign, the bartender construed his silence as acquiescence and continued with a conscious glance at his own reflection while he adjusted his diamond scarf pin: "Well, she can have *me!* I've got it fixed to meet her."

"*Bah!* I guess not," said the Kid suddenly, with an inflection that startled the other from his preening. Then, as he went out, the man mused:

"Gee! Bronco's got the worst eye in the camp! Makes me creep when he throws it on me with that muddy look. He acted like he was jealous."

At noon the next day, as he prepared to go to the claim, Dextry's partner burst in upon him. Glenister was disheveled and his eyes shone with intense excitement.

"What d'you think they've done now?" he cried as greeting.

"I dunno. What is it?"

"They've broken open the safe and taken our money."

"What!"

The old man in turn was on his feet, the grudge which he had felt against Glenister in the past few days forgotten in this common misfortune.

"Yes, by Heaven, they've swiped our money—our tents, tools, teams, books, hose, and all of our personal property—everything! They threw Johnson off and took the whole works. I never heard of such a thing. I went out to the claim and they wouldn't let me go near the workings. They've got every mine on Anvil Creek guarded the same way, and they aren't going to let us come around even when they clean up. They told me so this morning."

"But, look here," demanded Dextry sharply, "the money in that safe belongs to us. That's money we brought in from the States. The court ain't got no right to it. What kind of a damn law is that?"

"Oh, as to law—they don't pay any attention to it any more," said Glenister bitterly. "I made a mistake in not killing the first man that set foot on the claim. I was a sucker, and now we're up against a stiff game. The Swedes are in the same fix, too. This last order has left them groggy."

"I don't understand it yet," said Dextry.

"Why, it's this way. The judge has issued what he calls an order enlarging the powers of the receiver, and it authorizes McNamara to take possession of everything on the claims—tents, tools, stores, and personal property of all kinds. It was issued last night without notice to our side, so Wheaton says, and they served it this morning early. I went out to see McNamara and when I got there I found him in our private tent with the safe broken open."

"'What does this mean?' I said. And then he showed me the new order.

"'I'm responsible to the court for every penny of this money,' said he, 'and for every tool on the claim. In view of that I can't allow you to go near the workings.'

"'Not go near the workings?' said I. 'Do you mean you won't let us see the clean-ups from our own mine? How do we know we're getting a square deal if we don't see the gold weighed?'

"'I'm an officer of the court and under bonds,' said he, and the smiling triumph in his eyes made me crazy.

"'You're a lying thief,' I said, looking at him square. 'And you're going too far. You played me for a fool once and made it stick, but it won't work twice.'

"He looked injured and aggrieved and called in Voorhees, the marshal. I can't grasp the thing at all; everybody seems to be against us, the judge, the marshal, the prosecuting attorney—everybody. Yet they've done it all according to law, they claim, and have the soldiers to back them up."

"It's just as Mexico Mullins said," Dextry stormed; "there's a deal on of some kind. I'm goin' up to the hotel an' call on the judge myself. I ain't never seen him nor this

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"KEEP STILL AND DON'T MOVE," HE WARNED.

McNamara either. I allus want to look a man straight in the eyes once, then I know what course to foller in my dealings."

"You'll find them both," said Glenister, "for McNamara rode into town behind me."

The old prospector proceeded to the Golden Gate Hotel and inquired for Judge Stillman's room. A boy attempted to take his name, but he seized him by the scruff of the neck and sat him in his seat, proceeding unannounced to the suite to which he had been directed. Hearing voices, he knocked, and then, without awaiting a summons, walked in.

The room was fitted like an office, with desk, table, typewriter, and law books. Other rooms opened from it on both sides. Two men were talking earnestly—one gray haired, smooth shaven, and clerical—the other tall, picturesque, and masterful. With his first glance the miner knew that before him were the two he had come to see and that in reality he had to deal with but one, the big man who shot at him the level glances.

"We are engaged," said the judge, "very busily engaged, sir. Will you call again in half an hour?"

Dextry looked him over carefully from head to foot, then turned his back on him and regarded the other. Neither he nor McNamara spoke, but their eyes were busy and each instinctively knew that here was a foe.

"What do you want?" McNamara inquired finally.

"I just dropped in to get acquainted. My

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name is Dextry—Joe Dextry—from everywhere west of the Missouri—an' your name is McNamara, ain't it? This here, I reckon, is your little French poodle, eh?"—indicating Stillman.

"What do you mean?" queried McNamara, while the judge murmured indignantly.

"Just what I say. However, that ain't what I want to talk about. I don't take no stock in such truck as judges an' lawyers an' orders of court. They ain't intended to be took serious. They're all right for children an' Easterners an' *non compos mentis* people, I suppose, but I've always been my own judge, jury, an' hangman, an' I aim to continue workin' my legislatif, executif, an' judicial duties to the end of the string. You look out! My pardner is young an' seems to like the idee of lettin' somebody else run his business, so I'm goin' to give him rein and let him amuse himself for a while with your dinky little writs an' receiverships—but don't go too far—you can rob the Swedes, 'cause Swedes ain't entitled to have no money, an' some other crook would get it if you didn't, but don't play me an' Glenister fer Scandinavians. It's a mistake. We're white men, an' I'm apt to come romancin' up here with one of these an' bust you so you won't hold together durin' the ceremonies."

With his last words he made the slightest shifting movement, only a lifting shrug of the shoulder, yet in his palm lay a six-shooter. He had slipped it from his trousers band with the ease of long practise and absolute surety. Judge Stillman gasped and backed against the desk, but McNamara idly swung his leg as he sat sidewise on the table. His only sign of interest was a quickening of the eyes, a fact of which Dextry made mental note.

"Yes," said the miner, disregarding the alarm of the lawyer, "you can wear this court in your vest pocket like a Waterbury, if you want to, but if you don't let me alone, I'll uncoil its mainspring. That's all."

He replaced his weapon and, turning, walked out the door.

CHAPTER IX

SLUICE ROBBERS

"WE'VE got to have money," said Glenister a few days later. "When McNamara jumped our safe he put us down and out. There's no use fighting in this court any longer, for the judge won't let us work the ground ourselves, even if we give bond, and he won't grant an appeal. He says his orders aren't appealable. We've got to send Wheaton out to 'Frisco and have him take the case to the higher courts. Maybe he can get a writ of *supersedeas*."

"I don't rec'nize the name, but if it's as bad as it sounds, it's sure horrible. Ain't there no cure for it?"

"It simply means that the upper court would take the case away from this one."

"Well, let's send him out quick. Every day means ten thousand dollars to us. It'll take him a month to make the round trip, so I s'pose he ought to leave to-morrow on the Roanoke."

"Yes, but where's the money to do it with? McNamara has ours. My God! What a mess we're in! What fools we've been, Dex! There's a conspiracy here. I'm beginning to see it now that it's too late. This man is looting our country under color of law, and figures on gutting all the mines before we can throw him off. That's his game. He'll work them as hard and as long as he can, and Heaven only knows what will become of the money. He must have big men behind him in order to fix a United States judge this way. Maybe he has the 'Frisco courts corrupted, too."

"If he has, I'm goin' to kill him," said Dextry. "I've worked like a dog all my life and now that I've struck pay, I don't aim to lose it. If Bill Wheaton can't win out accordin' to law, I'm goin' to proceed accordin' to justice."

During the past two days the partners had haunted the court room where their lawyer, together with the counsel for the Scandinavians, had argued and pleaded, trying every possible professional and unprofessional artifice in search of relief from the arbitrary rulings of the court, while hourly they had become more strongly suspicious of some sinister plot—some hidden, powerful understanding back of the judge and the entire mechanism of justice. They had fought with the fury of men who battle for life, and had grown to hate the lines of Stillman's vacillating face, the bluster of the district attorney, and the smirking confidence of the clerks, for it seemed that they all worked mechanically like toys, at the dictates of Alec McNamara. At last, when they had ceased, beaten and exhausted, they were too confused with technical phrases to grasp anything except the fact that relief was denied them; that their claims were to be worked by

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the receiver; and, as a crowning defeat, they learned that the judge would move his court to Saint Michaels and hear no cases until he returned, a month later.

Meanwhile McNamara hired every idle man he could lay hand upon, and ripped the placers open with double shifts. Every day a stream of yellow dust poured into the bank and was locked in his vaults, while those mine owners who attempted to witness the clean-ups were ejected from their claims. The politician had worked with incredible swiftness and system, and a fortnight after landing he had made good his boast to Struve, and was in charge of every good mine in the district. The owners were ousted, their appeals argued and denied, and the court gone for thirty days, leaving him a clear field for his operations. He felt a contempt for most of his victims, who were slow-witted Swedes, grasping neither the purport nor the magnitude of his operation, and as to those litigants who were discerning enough to see its enormity, he trusted to his organization to thwart them.

The two partners had come to feel that they were beating against a wall, and had also come squarely to face the proposition that they were without funds wherewith to continue their battle. It was maddening for them to think of the daily robbery that they suffered, for the Midas turned out many ounces of gold at every shift; and more maddening to realize the receiver's shrewdness in crippling them by his theft of the gold in their safe. That had been his crowning stroke.

"We've got to get money quick," said Glenister. "Do you think we can borrow?"

"Borrow?" sniffed Dextry. "Folks don't lend money in Alaska."

They relapsed into a moody silence.

"I met a feller this mornin' that's workin' on the Midas," the old man resumed. "He come in town fer a pair of gum boots an' he says they've run into awful rich ground—so rich that they have to clean up every morning when the night shift goes off 'cause the riffles clog with gold."

"Think of it!" Glenister growled. "If we had even a part of one of those clean-ups we could send Wheaton outside."

In the midst of his bitterness, a thought struck him. He made as though to speak, then closed his mouth; but his partner's eyes were on him, filled with a suppressed but growing fire. Dextry lowered his voice cautiously:

"There'll be twenty thousand dollars in them sluices to-night at midnight."

Glenister stared back while his pulse pounded at something that lay in the other's words.

"It belongs to us," the young man said. "There wouldn't be anything wrong about it, would there?"

Dextry sneered. "Wrong? Right? Them is fine an' soundin' titles in a mess like this. What do they mean? I tell you at midnight to-night Alec McNamara will have twenty thousand dollars of our money——"

"God! What would happen if they caught us?" whispered the younger, following out his thought. "They'd never let us get off the claim alive. He couldn't find a better excuse to shoot us down and get rid of us. If we came up before this judge for trial, we'd go to Sitka for twenty years."

"Sure! But it's our only chance. I'd ruther die on the Midas in a fair fight than set here bitin' my hangnails. I'm growin' old and I won't never make another strike. As to bein' caught—them's our chances. I won't be took alive—I promise you that, and before I go I'll get my satisfy. Castin' things up, that's about all a man gets in this vale of tears, jest satisfaction of one kind or another. It'll be a fight in the open, under the stars, with the clean, wet moss to lie down on, and not a scrappin' match of freak phrases and law books inside of a stinkin' court room. The cards is shuffled and in the box, pardner, and the game is started. If we're due to win, we'll win. If we're due to lose, we'll lose. These things is all figgered out a thousand years back. Come on, boy. Are you game?"

"Am I game?" Glenister's nostrils dilated and his voice raised a tone. "Am I game? I'm with you till the big cash-in and Lord have mercy on any man that blocks our game to-night."

"We'll need another hand to help us," said Dextry. "Who can we get?"

At that moment, as though in answer, the door opened with the scant ceremony that friends of the frontier are wont to observe, admitting the attenuated, flapping, dome-crowned figure of Slapjack Simms, and Dextry fell upon him with the hunger of a wolf.

It was midnight and over the dark walls of the valley peered a multitude of stars, while away on the southern horizon there glowed a

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subdued effulgence as though from hidden fires beneath the Gold God's caldron; or as though the phosphorescence of Bering had spread upward into the skies. Although each night grew longer, it was not yet necessary to light the men at work in the cuts. There were perhaps two hours in which it was difficult to see at a distance, but the dawn came early, hence no provision had yet been made for torches.

Five minutes before the hour, the night-shift boss lowered the gates in the dam, and, as the rush from the sluices subsided, his men quit work and climbed the bluff to the mess tent. The dwellings of the Midas, as has already been explained, sat back from the creek at a distance of a city block, the workings being thus partially hidden under the brow of the steep bank.

It is customary to leave a watchman in the pit during the noon and midnight hours, not only to see that strangers preserve a neutral attitude, but also to watch the waste gates and water supply. The night man of the Midas had been warned of his responsibility and, knowing that much gold lay in his keeping, was disposed to gaze on the curious-minded with the sourness of suspicion. Therefore, as a man leading a pack horse approached out of the gloom of the creek trail, his eyes were on him from the moment he appeared. The road wound along the gravel of the bars and passed in proximity to the flumes. However, the wayfarer paid no attention to them, and the watchman detected an explanatory weariness in his slow gait.

"Some prospector getting in from a trip," he thought.

The stranger stopped, scratched a match, and, as he undertook to light his pipe, the observer caught the mahogany shine of a negro's face. The match sputtered out and then came impatient blasphemy as he searched for another.

"Evenin', sah! You-all oblige me with a match?" He addressed the watcher on the bank above, and, without waiting a reply, began to climb upward.

No smoker on the trail will deny the luxury of a light to the most humble, so as the negro gained his level, the man reached forth to accommodate him. Without warning, the black man leaped forward with the ferocity of an animal and struck the other a fearful blow. The watchman sank with a faint, startled cry, and the African dragged him out of sight over the brow of the bank, where he rapidly tied him hand and foot, stuffing a gag into his mouth. At the same moment two other figures rounded the bend below and approached. They were mounted and leading a third saddle horse, as well as other pack animals. Reaching the workings, they dismounted. Then began a strange procedure, for one man clambered upon the sluices and, with a pick, ripped out the riffles. This was a matter of only a few seconds; then, seizing a shovel, he transferred the concentrates which lay in the bottom of the boxes into canvas sacks which his companion held. As each bag was filled, it was tied and dumped into the cut. They treated but four boxes in this way, leaving the lower two-thirds of the flume untouched, for Anvil Creek gold is coarse and the heart of the clean-up lies where it is thrown in. Gathering the sacks together, they lashed them on the pack animals, then mounted the second string of sluices and began as before. Throughout it all they worked with feverish haste and in unbroken silence, every moment flashing quick glances at the figure of the lookout who stood on the crest above, half dimmed in the shadow of a willow clump. Judging by their rapidity and sureness, they were expert miners.

From the tent came the voices of the night shift at table and the faint rattle of dishes, while the canvas walls glowed from the lights within like great fireflies hidden in the grass. The foreman, finishing his meal, appeared at the door of the mess tent, and pausing, to accustom his eyes to the gloom, peered perfunctorily toward the creek. The watchman detached himself from the shadow, moving out into plain sight, and the boss turned back. The two men below were now working on the sluices which lay close under the bank and were thus hidden from the tent.

McNamara's description of Anvil Creek's riches had fired Helen Chester with the desire to witness a clean-up, so they had ridden out from town in time for supper at the claim. She had not known whither he led her, only understanding that provision for her entertainment would be made with the superintendent's wife. Upon recognizing the Midas, she had endeavored to question him as to why her friends had been dispossessed, and he had answered, as it seemed, straight and true.

The ground was in dispute, he said—another man claimed it, and while the litigation pended he was in charge for the court, to see that neither party received injury. He

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spoke adroitly, and it satisfied her to have the proposition resolved into such simplicity.

She had come prepared to spend the night and witness the early morning operation, so the receiver made the most of his opportunity. He showed her over the workings, explaining the many things that were strange to her. Not only was he in himself a fascinating figure to any woman, but wherever he went men regarded him deferentially, and nothing affects a woman's judgment more promptly than this obvious sign of power. He spent the evening with her, talking of his early days and the things he had done in the West, his story matching the picturesqueness of her canvas-walled quarters, with their rough furnishings of skins and blankets. Being a keen observer as well as a finished raconteur, he had woven a spell of words about the girl, leaving her in a state of tumult and indecision when at last toward midnight he retired to his own tent. She knew to what end all this was working, and yet knew not what her answer would be when the question came which lay behind it all. At moments she felt the wonderful attraction of the man, and still there was some distrust of him which she could not fathom. Again, her thoughts reverted to Glenister, the impetuous—and she compared the two, so similar in some ways, so utterly opposed in others.

It was when she heard the night shift at their meal that she threw a silken shawl about her head, stepped into the cool night, and picked her way down toward the roar of the creek. "A breath of air and then to bed," she thought. She saw the tall figure of the watchman and made for him. He seemed oddly interested in her approach, watching her very closely, almost as though alarmed. It was doubtless because there were so few women out here, or possibly on account of the lateness of the hour. Away with conventions! This was the land of instinct and impulse. She would talk to him. The man drew his hat more closely about his face and moved away as she came up. Glenister had been in her thoughts a moment since and she now noted that here was another with the same great square shoulders and erect head. Then she saw with a start that this one was a negro. He carried a Winchester and seemed to watch her carefully, yet with indecision.

To express her interest and to break the silence, she questioned him, but at the sound of her voice he stepped toward her and spoke roughly.

"What!"

Then he paused and stammered in a strangely altered and unnatural voice.

"Yass'm. I'm the watchman."

She noted two other darkies at work below and was vaguely surprised, not so much at their presence, as at the manner in which they moved, for they seemed under stress of some great haste, running hither and yon. She saw horses standing in the trail and sensed something indefinably odd and alarming in the air. Turning to the man, she opened her mouth to speak, when from the rank grasses under her feet came a noise which set her a-tingle, and at which her suspicions leaped full to the solution. It was the groan of a man. Again he gave voice to his pain, and she knew that she stood face to face with something sinister. Tales of sluice robbers had come to her, and rumors of the daring raids into which men were lured by the yellow sheen—and yet this was incredible. A hundred men lay within sound of her voice; she could hear their laughter; one was whistling a popular refrain. A quarter mile away on every hand were other camps; a scream from her would bring them all. Nonsense, this was no sluice robbery—and then the man in the bushes below moaned for the third time.

"What is that?" she said.

Without reply the negro lowered the muzzle of his rifle till it covered her breast and at the same time she heard the double click of the hammer.

"Keep still and don't move," he warned. "We're desperate and we can't take any chances, Miss."

"Oh, you are stealing the gold——"

She was wildly frightened, yet stood still while the lookout anxiously divided his attention between her and the tents above until his companions signaled him that they were through and the horses were loaded. Then he spoke:

"I don't know what to do with you, but I guess I'll tie you up."

"What!" she said.

"I'm going to tie and gag you so you can't holler."

"Oh, don't you *dare!*" she cried fiercely. "I'll stand right here till you've gone and I won't scream. I promise." She looked up at him appealingly, at which he dipped his head, so that she caught only a glimpse of his face, and then backed away.

"All right! Don't try it, because I'll be hidden in those bushes yonder at the bend and

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I'll keep you covered till the others are gone." He leaped down the bank, ran to the cavalcade, mounted quickly, and the three lashed their horses into a run, disappearing up the trail around the sharp curve. She heard the blows of their quirts as they whipped the pack horses.

They were long out of sight before the girl moved or made sound, although she knew that none of the three had paused at the bend. She only stood and gazed, for as they galloped off she had heard the scrap of a broken sentence. It was but one excited word, sounding through the rattle of hoofs—her own name—"Helen"; and yet because of it she did not voice the alarm, but rather began to piece together, bit by bit, the strange points of this adventure. She recalled the outlines of her captor with a wrinkle of perplexity. Her fright disappeared entirely, giving place to intense excitement. "No, no—it can't be—and yet I wonder if it *is!*" she cried. "Oh, I wonder if it could be." She opened her lips to cry loudly, then hesitated. She started toward the tents, then paused and for many moments after the hoof beats had died out she stayed undecided. Surely she wished to give the signal, to force the fierce pursuit. What meant this robbery, this defiance of the law, of her uncle's edicts and of McNamara? They were common thieves, criminals, outlaws—these men, deserving punishment, and yet she recalled a darker night, when she herself had sobbed and quivered with the terrors of pursuit, and two men had shielded her with their bodies.

She turned and sped toward the tents, bursting in through the canvas door; instantly every man rose to his feet at sight of her pallid face, her flashing eyes, and rumpled hair,

"Sluice robbers!" she cried breathlessly. "Quick! A hold-up! The watchman is hurt!"

A roar shook the night air, and the men poured out past her, while the day shift came tumbling forth from every quarter in various stages of undress.

"Where? Who did it? Where did they go?"

McNamara appeared among them, fierce and commanding, seeming to grasp the situation intuitively, without explanation from her.

"Come on, men. We'll run 'em down. Get out the horses. Quick!"

He was mounted, even as he spoke—and others joined him. Then turning, he waved his long arm up the valley toward the mountains. "Divide into squads of five and cover the hills! Run down to Discovery, one of you, and telephone to town for Voorhees and a posse."

As they made ready to ride away, the girl cried:

"Stop! Not that way. They went *down* the gulch—three negroes."

She pointed out of the valley, toward the dim glow on the southern horizon, and the cavalcade rode away into the gloom.

CHAPTER XV

THE WIT OF AN ADVENTURESS

Up creek the three negroes fled, past other camps, to where the stream branched. Here they took to the right and urged their horses along a forsaken trail to the head waters of the little tributary and over the low saddle. They had endeavored to reach unfrequented paths as soon as possible in order that they might pass unnoticed. Before quitting the valley they halted their heaving horses and, selecting a stagnant pool, scoured the grease paint from their features as best they could. Their ears were strained for sounds of pursuit, but, as the moments passed and none came, the tension eased somewhat and they conversed guardedly. As the morning light spread they crossed the moss-capped summit of the range, but paused again and, removing two saddles, hid them among the rocks. Slapjack left the others here and rode southward down the Dry Creek Trail toward town, while the partners shifted part of the weight from the overloaded pack mules to the remaining saddle animals and continued eastward along the barren comb of hills on foot, leading the five horses.

"It don't seem like we'll get away this easy," said Dextry, scanning the back trail. "If we do, I'll be tempted to foller the business reg'lar. I bet we'll get some bully press notices to-morrow."

"I wonder what Helen was doing there," Glenister answered irrelevantly, for he had been more shaken by his encounter with her than at his part in the rest of the enterprise, and his mind, which should have been busied with the flight, held nothing but pictures of her as she stood in the half-darkness under the fear of his Winchester. "What if she ever learned who that black ruffian was!" He quailed at the thought.

"Say, Dex, I am going to marry that girl."

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"I dunno if you be or not," said Dextry. "Better watch McNamara."

"What?" The younger man stopped and stared. "What do you mean?"

"Go on! Don't stop the horses. I ain't blind. I kin put two an' two together."

"You'll never put those two together. Nonsense! Why, the man's a rascal. I wouldn't let him have her. Besides, it couldn't be. She'll find him out. I love her so much that—oh, my feelings are too big to talk about." He moved his hands eloquently. "You can't understand."

"Um-m! I suppose not," grunted Dextry, but his eyes were level and held the light of the past.

"He may be a rascal," the old man continued, after a little; "I'll put in with you on that, but he's a handsome devil, and, as for manners, he makes you look like a logger. He's a brave man, too. Them three qualities are trump cards and warranted to take most any queen in the human deck—red, white, or yellow."

"If he dares," growled Glenister, while his thick brows came forward and ugly lines hardened in his face.

In the gray of the early morning they descended the foot-hills into the wide valley of the Nome River and filed out across the rolling country to the river bluffs where, cleverly concealed among the willows, was a rocker. This they set up, then proceeded to wash the dirt from the sacks, carefully, yet with the utmost speed, for there was serious danger of discovery. It was wonderful, this treasure of the richest ground since the days of '49, and the men worked with shining eyes and hands a-tremble. The gold was coarse and many ragged yellow lumps, too large to pass through the screen, rolled in the hopper, while the aprons bellied with its weight. In the pans which the men had provided there grew a gleaming heap of wet, raw gold.

Shortly, by divergent routes, the partners rode unnoticed into town, and into the excitement of the hold-up news, while the tardy still lingered over their breakfasts. Far out in the roadstead lay the Roanoke, black smoke pouring from her stack. A tug was returning from its last trip to her.

Glenister forced his lathered horse down to the beach and questioned the longshoremen who hung about.

"No; it's too late to get aboard—the last tender is on its way back," they informed him. "If you want to go to the 'outside' you'll have to wait for the fleet. That only means another week and—there she blows now."

A ribbon of white mingled with the velvet from the steamer's funnel and there came a slow, throbbing, farewell blast.

Glenister's jaw clicked and squared.

"Quick! You men!" he cried to the sailors. "I want the lightest dory on the beach and the strongest oarsmen in the crowd. I'll be back in five minutes. There's a hundred dollars in it for you if we catch that ship."

He whirled and spurred up through the mud of the streets. Bill Wheaton was snoring luxuriously when wrenched from his bed by a disheveled man who shook him into wakefulness and in o a portion of his clothes, with a storm of excited instructions. The lawyer had neither time nor opportunity for expostulation, for Glenister snatched a valise and swept into it a litter of documents from the table.

"Hurry up, man," he yelled as the lawyer dived frantically about his office in a rabbit-like hunt for items. "My heavens! Are you dead? Wake up! The ship's leaving." With sleep still in his eyes Wheaton was dragged down the street to the beach, where a knot had assembled to witness the race. As they tumbled into the skiff, willing hands ran it out into the surf on the crest of a roller. A few lfting heaves and they were over the bar with the men at the oars bending the white ash at every swing.

"I guess I didn't forget anything," gasped Wheaton as he put on his coat. "I got ready yesterday, but I couldn't find you last night, so I thought the deal was off."

Glenister stripped off his coat and, facing the bow, pushed upon the oars at every stroke, thus adding his strength to that of the oarsmen. They crept rapidly out from the beach, eating up the two miles that lay toward the ship. He urged the men with all his power, till the sweat soaked through their clothes and, under their clinging shirts, the muscles stood out like iron. They had covered half the distance when Wheaton uttered a cry and Glenister desisted from his work with a curse. The Roanoke was moving slowly.

"*The Spoilers*" will be continued in the February number.

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GHOSTS, yu ask, in Chinytown? Say, ther ain't no moon to-night,
An' the alley here is dark—let's move over to the light.
Did yu see 'er? No, the one wit' the blossom in 'er hair—
Kind o' sidle t'rough the crowd, kind o' fade up yonder stair
Wit' 'er flat eyes showin' white, on 'er lips a bloody stain—
Yes, I've been a-smokin' *hop* and the devil's in me brain—
But the Chinee ghosts is out, and I seen 'er, seen 'er plain!

. . . . . .

'Twas a shadder? Yes, perhaps. I have orfen seen 'em so,
And the little one that passed was the shadder of Yut Ho,
Her that was a Christian slave, daughter of the merchant, Kwan,
Sam Yup boss, who ruled the roost till he dropped 'is wealth at *fan*,
Died in pious peace and left 'is fat widow fer to pay
Fer cold storage on 'is bones w'en they shipped the box away
To be planted in the tombs w'ere 'is dads and granddads lay.

Now the mother, Luey Sing, wit' 'er little porky eyes
Figgered up the girl, Yut Ho, as a piece o' merchandise,
Thinkin' how the cash on hand to be netted on the same
Would pay off the honest debts Kwan had left behind the game.
So she made a sing-song talk wit' the dealer, Wong Tin Gay,
Till he promised on 'is joss he would call around next day
Wit' a t'ousand dollars cash, jest to take the girl away.

Yut Ho, squattin' in 'er room, seen the dealer come, and heard
All the chin-chin down below—understood it every word;
And she gathered what she owned in a green-silk handkerchief,
Raised the skylight of 'er room and crept quiet as a thief
T'rough the frame, along the tiles, 'cross the roof wit' padded feet,
Found a ladder to the ground w'ere she glided down, then fleet
As a bird she sought the door o' the Mission up the street.

So the Mission Lady came and she found 'er at the door
Bobbin' like a j'inted doll till 'er *saam* sleeves touched the floor,
Sayin' over as she dipped, like a lesson, very slow,
All the English words she knew: "Melly Clistmas—me Yut Ho."
Then her green-silk handkerchief she untied and brought to view
What she owned: a ring o' jade and a pitcher fer *sam shu*,
And a little candy heart stamped in English, "I Love You."

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Well, the Lady understood, and the Mission took 'er in;
But the mother, Luey Sing, bein' old in years and sin,
Vowed to git 'er daughter back, even if she had to raise
All the Eight Immortal Ones and the High Six Companies,
So she offered Yung Ho-eng, blackmail expert, Hop-Sing man,
Half the value of the girl if he'd smoke 'er up a plan,
Somp'n smooth—and that's the time that the tunnel-work began.

Two years passed, a deal o' time w'en a girl is seventeen
(Courtin' time fer any girl, be she yeller, white, or green);
So the Mission Lady looked fer a decent Chinee lad
As would take 'er to 'is home and as wouldn't treat 'er bad—
Two years! what the hell are *they* to the yeller race—as cold
As the idols that they feed wit' ther rice-cakes and ther gold
To appease ther wooden hearts, shriveled tight—and oh, how old!

Yut Ho, bein' trained and taught, was a-gittin' civilized,
Learnin' white folks' customs, too, in a manner Christianized,
Half-believed the Bible-talks and the pious hymns, I think
(Which is plenty more sincere than the average Christian Chink);
Called the Mission school 'er home, never pinin' fer the lack
Of 'er early heathen ways—always dreadin' to go back
To the slav'ry and the sin of 'er Bartlett Alley shack.

'Bout this time ther come a Chink to the Mission Sunday-school,
Pie-faced barber, name Min Hop, godly as the Golden Rule.
He was jest a pig-tailed saint—nothin' less—in all 'is acts,
Seemed to eat the very ink off the gospel books and tracts,
Talked religion t'rough 'is hat till 'is teachers felt so free
That they smiled a happy smile w'en he calls and says, says he,
"Me heep Clistian China boy—likee Yut Ho mally me."

Sure, the Mission Lady t'ought that Min Hop was jest the stuff—
Yut Ho also seen the boy and she liked 'im well enough,
Though she had 'er own mistrusts, fer she hesitated some
W'en he asked an early date fer the weddin'-day to come.
After that Min called wit' flowers Thursday evenin' onct a week,
Sat there purrin' like a cat, somp'n wonderful how meek,
Yut Ho doin' fancy-work, much too proper-like to speak.

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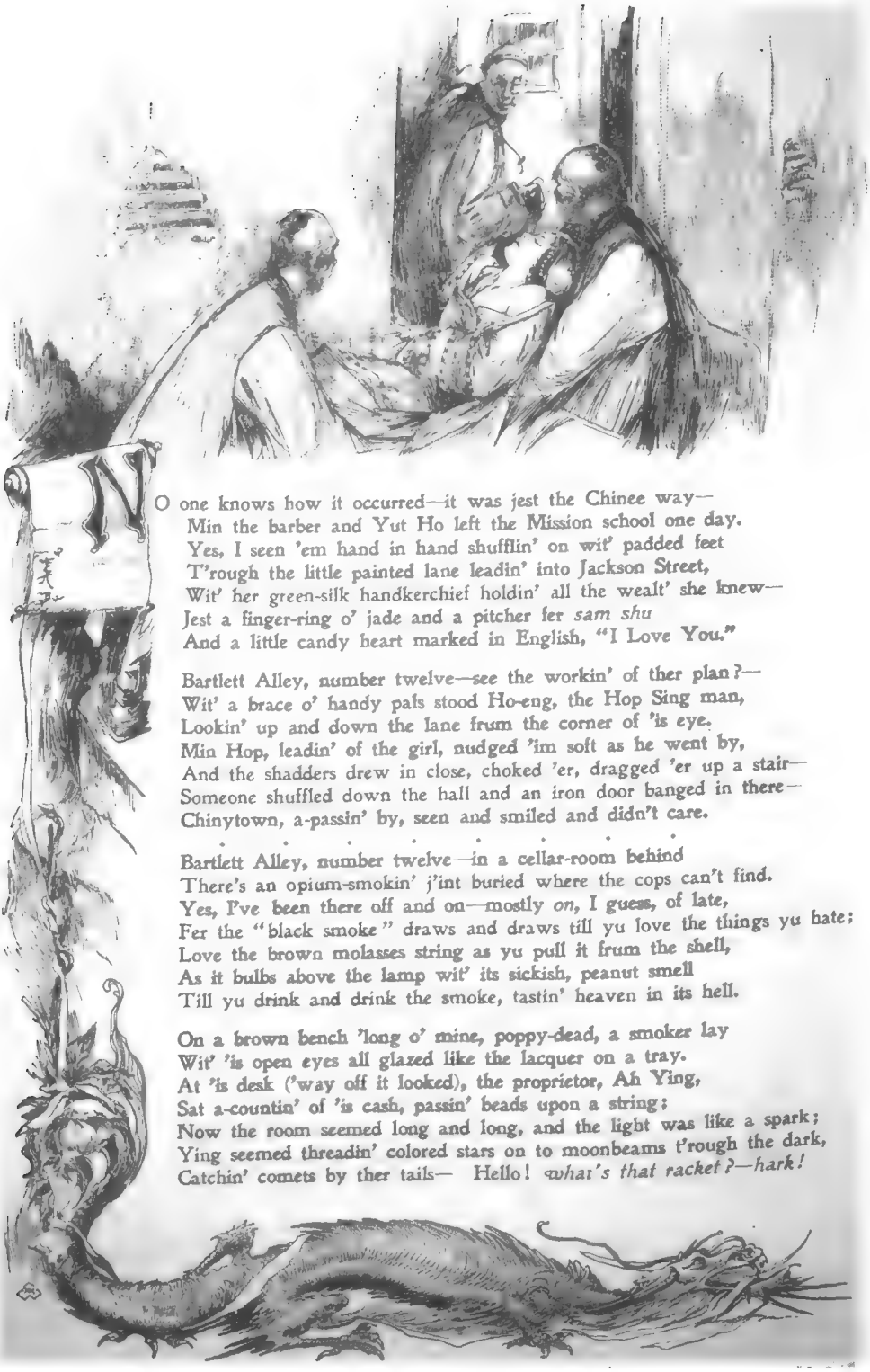

NO one knows how it occurred—it was jest the Chinee way—
Min the barber and Yut Ho left the Mission school one day.
Yes, I seen 'em hand in hand shufflin' on wit' padded feet
T'rough the little painted lane leadin' into Jackson Street,
Wit' her green-silk handkerchief holdin' all the wealt' she knew—
Jest a finger-ring o' jade and a pitcher fer *sam shu*
And a little candy heart marked in English, "I Love You."

Bartlett Alley, number twelve—see the workin' of ther plan?—
Wit' a brace o' handy pals stood Ho-eng, the Hop Sing man,
Lookin' up and down the lane frum the corner of 'is eye.
Min Hop, leadin' of the girl, nudged 'im soft as he went by,
And the shadders drew in close, choked 'er, dragged 'er up a stair—
Someone shuffled down the hall and an iron door banged in there—
Chinytown, a-passin' by, seen and smiled and didn't care.

. . . . . .

Bartlett Alley, number twelve—in a cellar-room behind
There's an opium-smokin' j'int buried where the cops can't find.
Yes, I've been there off and on—mostly *on*, I guess, of late,
Fer the "black smoke" draws and draws till yu love the things yu hate;
Love the brown molasses string as yu pull it frum the shell,
As it bulbs above the lamp wit' its sickish, peanut smell
Till yu drink and drink the smoke, tastin' heaven in its hell.

On a brown bench 'long o' mine, poppy-dead, a smoker lay
Wit' 'is open eyes all glazed like the lacquer on a tray.
At 'is desk ('way off it looked), the proprietor, Ah Ying,
Sat a-countin' of 'is cash, passin' beads upon a string;
Now the room seemed long and long, and the light was like a spark;
Ying seemed threadin' colored stars on to moonbeams t'rough the dark,
Catchin' comets by ther tails— Hello! *what's that racket?—hark!*

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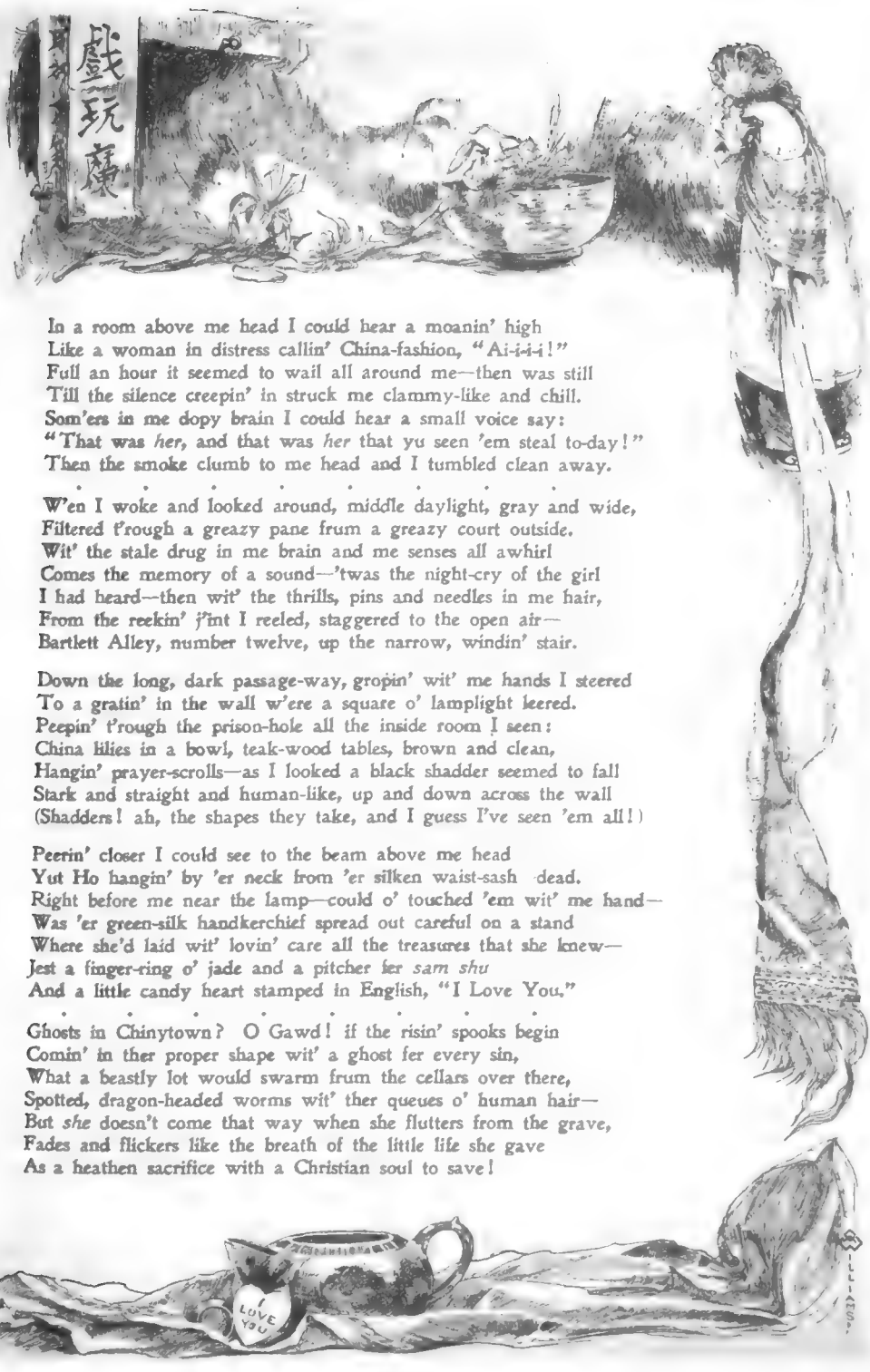

In a room above me head I could hear a moanin' high
Like a woman in distress callin' China-fashion, "Ai-i-i-i!"
Full an hour it seemed to wail all around me—then was still
Till the silence creepin' in struck me clammy-like and chill.
Som'ers in me dopy brain I could hear a small voice say:
"That was *her*, and that was *her* that yu seen 'em steal to-day!"
Then the smoke clumb to me head and I tumbled clean away.

. . . . . .

W'en I woke and looked around, middle daylight, gray and wide,
Filtered t'rough a greazy pane frum a greazy court outside.
Wit' the stale drug in me brain and me senses all awhirl
Comes the memory of a sound—'twas the night-cry of the girl
I had heard—then wit' the thrills, pins and needles in me hair,
From the reekin' j'int I reeled, staggered to the open air—
Bartlett Alley, number twelve, up the narrow, windin' stair.

Down the long, dark passage-way, gropin' wit' me hands I steered
To a gratin' in the wall w'ere a square o' lamplight leered.
Peepin' t'rough the prison-hole all the inside room I seen:
China lilies in a bowl, teak-wood tables, brown and clean,
Hangin' prayer-scrolls—as I looked a black shadder seemed to fall
Stark and straight and human-like, up and down across the wall
(Shadders! ah, the shapes they take, and I guess I've seen 'em all!)

Peerin' closer I could see to the beam above me head
Yut Ho hangin' by 'er neck from 'er silken waist-sash dead.
Right before me near the lamp—could o' touched 'em wit' me hand—
Was 'er green-silk handkerchief spread out careful on a stand
Where she'd laid wit' lovin' care all the treasures that she knew—
Jest a finger-ring o' jade and a pitcher fer *sam shu*
And a little candy heart stamped in English, "I Love You."

. . . . . .

Ghosts in Chinytown? O Gawd! if the risin' spooks begin
Comin' in ther proper shape wit' a ghost fer every sin,
What a beastly lot would swarm frum the cellars over there,
Spotted, dragon-headed worms wit' ther queues o' human hair—
But *she* doesn't come that way when she flutters from the grave,
Fades and flickers like the breath of the little life she gave
As a heathen sacrifice with a Christian soul to save!

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

The Waiting of Miss Lavinia

By Ethel Keeler Betts

MISS LAVINIA had a secret, which no one tried to discover, because no one suspected that so quiet and bashful a creature could be the least bit interesting. The townspeople knew that she went to church, fifty-two Sundays in the year, in a black silk dress with real old lace about her neck, that she lived alone and bought ten cents' worth of meat three times a week, that with her own hands she raised the biggest and brightest of flowers in her old-fashioned garden; and that was all. If by any chance they asked her to a sewing party, she shook her head, and the four long curls draped around her ears danced with the gentleness of olden time, as she retreated with a nervous courtesy.

In this particular springtime people saw her even less than usual, for she was very busy. Her house had been painted a shiny white, and her shutters a dark, glossy green. Every window on the south was freshly curtained with the daintiest of ruffled muslin, and the south yard was to be a gayer, sweeter medley of verbena and portulaca, petunia and baby's breath than ever before. Even Miss Lavinia's own person received the strictest of attention. She made herself first a brand-new black dress for working in the garden, taking exquisite pains with the fit of the waist. Then, not to be too extravagant, she made two big dark aprons of a fancy pattern she had seen in the fashion book, to be worn over the dress in the garden.

One morning early, when the birds were pouring out the spirit of the spring, she put on the new dress and the prettier apron, and then took, shamefacedly, a package of hollyhock seeds from the kitchen drawer, and walked demurely across the garden to the south fence, looking all the time at a curtain drawn over a certain window in the second story of the house that faced her. With the shade down, she felt very brave, but if it had been lifted for an instant, she knew she would have deserted her seeds and fled from that fascinating spot, the south fence. The truth was, her pastor, Mr. Arthur Sibert, had moved into that very house a week before, and it was for his coming that Miss Lavinia had made such elaborate preparation. And further, one might as well add, since the lady, with rosy cheeks, confessed it to herself, she had been in love with him since the day when, a shy girl of nineteen, she had heard his first sermon in Simpsonsville. Since then, she had had no thought for any other man, and no word for this one.

It was one of those transformation mornings that begin the real spring; slanting rays of sunlight fell on the moist, gray air to charm away its chilliness. The grass had suddenly changed from yellow deadness into living green. And all over the dainty grass lay the big red maple blossoms that the tree, whose long shadows fell across the two gardens, had thrown away to make room for ridiculously small leaves. Miss Lavinia raked the blossoms away with the zest of a good housekeeper, and then began to punch the hard seeds into the moist and fragrant soil. She began to sing, at first softly, and then in a clear and true soprano, of the fair meadows, and the fairer woodlands, and the fairest Lord Jesus. She was so filled with the intoxication of early morning that she did not notice a long, slender hand pulling up the shade in the particular

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room in the second story she had watched; she did not see a man stand looking at her for a moment, and then, a little later, come softly, as befitted the holy morning, and finally stop before her, on the other side of the fence. When she looked up she started in pleasure and surprise, and in shyness too. After he had said "Good morning," and she had said "Good morning," she was bewildered. For what was good enough or profound enough for him to listen to? Blessed with less sensitiveness, Mr. Sibert produced a conventionality, Miss Lavinia fluttered out a weak one in reply, and then he, chilled a little, managed to find one that had long since given up its life from overwork, and went away, less satisfaction on his square, strong face than radiated from Miss Lavinia's.

In half an hour or so, as she rose stiffly and drew her garden gloves from her fine, little hands, the gate clicked and in came Mr. Sibert himself, walking down the tar path toward her, his hands filled with something pink. Miss Lavinia, divided between an agitation that prompted her to run away and the instinct of hospitality that urged her forward, stood, an awkward and pitiful little figure, by the south fence, waiting.

He came to her with a free, swinging step, and smiled his boyish smile as he took off his cap. "See, Miss Lavinia, the first arbutus buds. I brought them to you, because, somehow, they seemed to belong to you," he added lamely, as he laid them in her pink hands. Miss Lavinia was more moved than the occasion might have seemed to demand, because, of course, every one must know what the arbutus tells. She had often read, in her blue-and-gold book of flowers that was each morning dusted and laid cornerwise on the mahogany parlor table, the message of the arbutus, "You only do I love." The unframed wish of her life had come true, yet she only waited as she pressed the waxy flowers against her cheek, while the minister looked on in bewilderment. After an awkward moment of silence she nerved herself to look up, and thought, as she saw the curious expression of his eyes, "He must be waiting for his answer." She looked wildly about the garden, though she knew well that only the crocus had pushed its way up into life. Oh, dared she give him the flower that symbolized gladness? The minister, following her gaze, said, in a tone that impressed her as strangely normal:

"I think yours are the first in town. Could I have just one?" In another instant the irrevocable step was taken, for Miss Lavinia, unable to refuse simple hospitality, even had she wished, went quickly to the bed and, heedless of protests, laid a fragrant mass of "gladness" in his hands. She trembled as she waited for the something that must happen now. But Mr. Sibert simply thanked her for the crocuses with just that amount of enthusiasm good breeding imposes and walked away. Perhaps the little lady was a trifle disappointed as she sat, quiet as a statue, on the steps. When at last she went into the house, she said with a soft little sigh, "I didn't think getting engaged was a bit like this." Later, as she pushed her breakfast plate away, she said irrelevantly to the stoical coffee-pot: "On the whole, I'm glad Arthur didn't—quite yet."

She finished washing her dishes with some impatience, and then went eagerly into the stiff little parlor, to dust every nook in it with even greater accuracy than she had done each day. For she expected he would call formally in the next few hours. It was delightful, planning what he would say and she would say, and what he would do, until she blushed like a girl of fifteen. She apologized to herself a little later, as she put on her best silk dress, and on a week-day too, saying to the bright face that greeted her in the mirror: "You see, there's only one day when a person gets engaged." She hurried with her curls, lest she should keep him waiting, and then lingered over the dainty extras, to prolong the joy of adorning herself for him. All the time her nervousness increased, until at last she hid herself behind the muslin curtains to watch that house on the south. After a little, she saw him come out, and then turn away from her, without even a look at her windows. Very soon Miss Lavinia had adjusted her ideas of men and propriety and soundly berated herself for thinking any one would call in the morning,

DOWN THE TAR PATH.

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when the afternoon was the only possible time. And when the fruitless afternoon had worn itself away, she was ready to believe that evening calls were the most desirable.

At half past eight she gave up, turned out the lamp in the parlor, and replaced the precious blue-and-gold book she had tried to read all the evening. In her chamber she knelt and prayed a long time to be worthy of her great blessing, then opened the window to hear the voice of a sobbing violin. She knew well it was the minister whose music lulled her to sleep. Her last smiling thought came as her dreams took her, "Of course he wants it to be an early morning courtship, just as I do."

The next morning she was in her garden a little earlier than usual, and, by a curious coincidence, the minister's shade was raised a little earlier. Little Miss Lavinia smiled tremulously at him as, quick and strong and full of life, he came to the fence and stood there, apparently in no hurry to go for his walk. She expected him to speak of the arbutus and the crocus, to come into her garden, and at least to touch her hand. When he did none of these things, she told herself she had always preferred quiet, dignified understandings between older people. She ventured to ask him if he had heard the flute notes of the thrush at five, and when he answered yes, she told him it reminded her of his own music of the night before. She talked to him of other things that morning, of her quaint fancies about the flowers and clouds and birds, while the minister smiled and lingered over the fence. For two weeks these little visits grew longer and the man's walks shorter. Then, one day he came holding a full-blown daffodil in his hand.

BY THE SOUTH FENCE.

"This, the first one of all, bloomed for you," he said, and Miss Lavinia's hands, that had grown quite steady of late, trembled again. This was his second allusion to the love that was between them, for did not the daffodil say, as plainly as any words could, "Can you return my love?" With all her answer in her eyes she looked up for a swift second into his. Then she walked swiftly to her center bed, gay with Dutch tulips, and picked the biggest one, a bright scarlet.

"And this," she said softly, glowing with the reality of her love, "bloomed for you." Could anything be more plain? Even the robin, perched high in the maple, seemed to know she had said "I love you," and echoed the message, as only a robin in April can do.

Again she was a little disappointed at the calmness with which he accepted her answer. That night she prayed to be satisfied, if God and the minister thought kissing unspiritual.

So the month of fickleness passed away, and May came in her fulness of bloom and sweetness of smell. Miss Lavinia began to come less often to work in her garden; the minister, on the other hand, became so absorbed in gardening that he walked no more before breakfast. The wonder grew in the woman's eyes, and a little demon of unrest tugged at her heart. It was almost Decoration Day, when the peony buds were swelling, that a tragedy occurred. One morning Miss Lavinia, after a restless night, came down at the very late hour of half past seven, to find on her doorstep a large bunch of deep red, roselike peony buds. One glance toward the fragrant garden on her right assured her that the minister had laid them there for her. Her heart seemed to fall away from her, and her hands and feet turned icy. Like an old woman she stooped to pick them up, while her heart was moaning, "Oh, not the peony, Arthur, not the peony." She carried them to the stove, hesitated a moment, and then threw them into the fire. For one instant she hoped she might be mistaken. But no, there in the book, opposite peony, were the words, "Anger and indignation."

A long, black day of renunciation followed. Most of the time she lay on her bed, gazing with dry, hurt eyes at the cobweb pattern of the ceiling paper. Sometimes she tried to pray, sometimes to read of a time when all tears shall be wiped away, but oftener she called out for some one. When night came, she regained composure enough to make a cup of tea, which she left untouched.

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Her misery watched by her bedside that night, to sicken her each time she awoke from her unresting sleep. When the birds called her at dawn, she shut her ears to them, while her patient lips only murmured, "And I had had so little happiness." And later, when it was her wont to rise refreshed and greet the cool morning, she turned away from it, and did not even glance at the perfumed, happy garden, nor look to see the minister working in his and glancing, now and then, at the coolness of her clean, white house. By and by she arose, without hope or interest, and made again a pretense of eating and drinking. She thought in vague paradox, as she sipped her coffee, that if she could only clear herself to him, and then die, it would be much easier to eat and to dust and to weed. All at once the bell jangled, and her heart, so rudely bid to die, awoke to hurt her with its beating. But only little Sarah Ellen, her niece, stood before the door, telling her, with shining face, that she had come to spend the day. Her aunt left her to play on the melodeon and went back to her room, to pray forgiveness for her erring, foolish heart. It was about an hour later that the bell jangled again. This time she sat up straight and stiff and strained her ears to listen. Ah! surely that was his voice. Every muscle was tense as she heard Sarah Ellen say, in her shrill, childish voice, "She's up-stairs. Won't you come in? She told me she had a headache. Wouldn't you like to take her best book, Mr. Sibert?" she heard the child add, and then come running up the stairs.

SHE FELT SMALL FOR HER FEELINGS.

When Sarah Ellen came in, her aunt was nervously trying to brush her curls around her finger. What a long time it took to dress! Could she never tuck in her ruching? And, oh dear! her skirt was crooked. After what seemed an hour she took her best handkerchief from her sachet basket, gently closed her door, and softly, like a frightened child, slipped down the stairs. So stealthily she came, in spite of her thundering heart, that the man did not hear her and sat still, back toward her, reading the blue-and-gold book. She saw his face in the mirror, and thought he looked different, almost as though something was stirring under his dark skin, changing his features, and melting something new into them. She felt all at once so small for her feelings that she turned quickly and started to go back, up the stairs. A board creaked, he turned, and in a moment was by her side.

"Lavinia," he said, and his voice was different, too. She stopped at the sound of it.

"I didn't understand about the flowers," he said.

A moment later, Sarah Ellen, all a-giggle, had rushed out of the back door to tell her mother that she had seen the minister and Aunt Lavinia kissing each other.

The Reprieve

By Emma Lee Walton

IT was a sultry September day and business in Judge Wardwell's office was so completely at a standstill that he had spent a large part of the time gazing lazily at a spider on the window-screen. The spider made him think of the stories of Robert Bruce which had so fascinated his mind in childhood, and so led him, by easy stages, to memories of his boyhood days with their water-brooks, cool and dark and perfect for wading. The electric fan, whizzing overhead, produced little effect on the heavy air, and the judge's clerk, gloomily regretful of an early, long-past vacation, mopped his forehead and wished impatiently for some small catastrophe or larger fortune that would necessitate closing the office for the day.

Shortly after noon, while the office-boy was still out at lunch, a voice at the door startled them in the quiet, and the judge turned with some astonishment to greet his wife. She was of the older fashion of women who maintain that their pathways do not lead them to their husband's business houses though their right to be there may be unquestioned. It was twenty years since she had entered that room, and many clerks had come and gone since then, in the growth of his fortunes and theirs. The judge was glad to see that Perkins rose and put on his coat.

"Anything wrong, Selena?" he queried anxiously as he slipped off his glasses and came forward. "You're all fixed up, ain't you?"

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"Yes," she replied a bit wistfully. "I'm going to town, Silas, and I want that you shouldn't be ashamed of me. I'll go on the one-thirty."

"Going for — that?"

"Yes. It had best be done and over with, and we'll both feel easier. I thought this was a good time to go—now that Nellie's married and there ain't anything special to hold me. So—I didn't tell you, but I wrote to the doctor a few days ago, and I just got his answer. I've left your supper in the ice-box. When you're through just leave the dishes on the sink."

The judge was silent a moment and then cleared his throat gently.

"I'm going with you," he said. "I'd let you go to shop, alone, but not—not for that."

"You're not dressed up," she protested. "Besides you can't leave the office."

"If I don't look good enough for city doctors, I won't pay their bill," he said grimly. "And I reckon Perkins and Bob won't mind a half-holiday for once in their lives. They ain't so attached to business as that."

"I'd feel quite relieved to have you come along," his wife admitted.

She looked very frail, framed in the wide doorway, and he was minded to protest her choice of seasons, but something checked him and he said nothing.

"I suppose you're thinking it's a hot day," she said as he locked the door. "But the doctor set it himself. I couldn't help it. I just got the letter half an hour ago. He sent it to Carton by mistake. I'm sorry to have you get so het up, though."

"I never did mind heat," he returned. "We'll be thankful 'tain't a blizzard like the one last year, when I froze my cheek. Do you mind the way Nellie took on about it? A body would have thought I'd had my head cut off. The drifts was as high as Nate's barn."

"And you insisted on shoveling paths for all the neighbors," she said, gratefully conscious of the effort he was making. "You always was a mighty handy, kind man, Silas."

"Shoo! Nothing of the sort. I recollect Nate was so excited over Nellie's taking him he couldn't talk straight. He told her I had gone to 'snovel show,' I recollect. Snovel show! That's our train whistling, but there ain't any need to hurry, for it stays five minutes on the switch."

The station-master greeted them jovially; there were no other passengers and they had the red-plush accommodation-car all to themselves. The judge talked busily on, with a tender loquacity which troubled his wife somewhat at first, because it was so foreign to his nature; but when she realized that he required no replies, she ignored his comfortable monotone and sat with her cheek on her hand against the window-frame, gazing out over the shining farmlands. It was not a long journey and she had scarcely realized the heat, when the ugly purlieus of the city lay on either side. A few delays in switching were a delight, for she took a certain interest in wondering where she would be landed in the end, and was surprised finally to find herself under the railway-shed of the smoky terminus.

The judge hailed a cab at the gate, selecting his vehicle by the color of the horse, and the luxury of the drive was taken without remark. Try as he might, he could find no sign of nervousness in the little woman at his side, even by sliding his hand along the green cushion and surprising hers with a sudden clasp. He marveled that the dread of months, felt by them both, had left so little impress on her to whom the verdict meant life or death. His own heart was wrung with suspense and he could no longer speak, for the tears in his throat. Afterward he had no distinct recollection of the drive but remembered awakening, as it were, in the waiting-room of the great specialist where a young woman attendant took his name and left them.

"I'd rather go alone," his little wife said as he rose at the attendant's word. "I hope you don't mind, but I'd rather."

She was afraid of breaking down if she must hear the worst, he could see, so he yielded and remained standing at the window with his back to the room. The attendant indicated with a gesture the tableful of comic journals, but to look at them would have seemed to him a desecration, and he shook his head.

There was nothing to be seen from the window but a stone court and a patch of bare earth, but the judge saw, as he stood there, all the days of their happy life. The passing scenes showed her as he first knew her, fifty-two years before, a slip of a girl in gray silk, who had come to visit his sister Delia, and laughed at him because his hair was red. She had a sweet little laugh always—how sorely he had missed it in the year she lay so ill. Nellie had done very well in caring for him and the house, but it was a terrible place without mother. He wished he had had the money in

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those days that he had now, for they had been poor and she had needed much. He wondered whether she wanted anything now. She was so quiet there was no telling—he was not a very good sort of a husband after all—he was thoughtless, perhaps neglectful. Maybe she would like to travel; she sometimes talked of Paris and Rome as she did of Heaven, and in days when they couldn't afford to go, she used to long to leave Barton and see other places. She'd never say a word, but he had caught her studying the atlas more than once, before it was too much trouble to put her glasses on to see the tiny towns. He had heard it said that women love to go about—he could leave Perkins in the office—though whether business failed or succeeded he cared no whit if Selena wanted to go. What would anything matter any more? She had looked so pretty in her black-and-white silk at Nellie's wedding, he had not realized how delicate she was. The silk was her first new dress in years and she had worried over the expense. Expense! He'd buy anything in the city for her till he was so poor he had to dig ditches if she might only be spared suffering. It had always been his fault to hold the purse-strings too tight, his fault and his father's before him, yet he hated a stingy man from the bottom of his soul. He wondered with an aching heart, if Selena Davis would have become Selena Wardwell if she could have looked down the years and known the trials in her way. God be merciful to him, a sinner!

How long he stood there he did not know, but at length he heard his name and turned his white, drawn face toward the eminent specialist. Even at that moment he wondered how one so small and withered could make or mar his life, but he could not speak.

"I am glad to tell you," the doctor hastened to say, "that there is no trace of anything of the sort you feared. It is not often I have that pleasure. A little rest and change of—Pray be seated, sir. Here, drink this. Your wife will be here presently."

SHE SAID HURRIED PRAYERS.

"Don't tell her," the judge said, smiling wanly. "I was just a little foolish. It's the heat, I suppose. Thank you, I feel much better. She's coming, hide the glass!"

She came in, talking with the attendant, and held out her hand to him with her little laugh.

"Silas, we must thank Dr. Snyder," she said. "He knows what it means to us. And then we must hurry home before it gets too late."

The judge could say nothing, but she talked happily on as the physician bowed them out and they went down in the crowded elevator. He did not remember till afterward that they were hand in hand all the way. At the door she stopped where they would not be jostled by the people and looked at him anxiously.

"You're all tuckered out," she said. "Let's go somewhere where you can rest. You're as white as a sheet."

"No, indeed, mother," he said, laughing shakily. "We're going shopping. We're going to buy a gray-silk dress and a bonnet and then we're going home to get ready for Paris, or the moon, or anywhere else you want to go. This is my Thanksgiving Day."

Six Months

By Marion West

"SIX months!" he reminded her, and kissed her in the sight of the whole car; whereat she, newly engaged, blushed scarlet, and hoped that people thought he was her brother. Then she forgot all about people as her eyes followed him down the aisle. He had a moment under her open window and she thrust out both hands to him.

"Oh, six months is a long time!" she said, suddenly tremulous.

"Not very, honey, with letters, and little duds to make." His smile seemed to draw her out of an engulfing terror and set her on firm ground again. "I'll be coming before your trousseau is half ready."

The train was moving, so she could only draw her hands away and answer with a blurred smile. The mist across her eyes set his face wavering into changed and unfamiliar lines; the last glimpse left a picture of an utter stranger.

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She had known him from October to April, and that brief stretch of days, on looking back, seemed as long as the twenty-one years that had preceded it. How could she expect another six months to prove any less of an eternity? And yet, once started, they did go with marvelous rapidity. At first she rejoiced in this, speeding the days with small labors and pushing them off the calendar with a triumphant stroke of her pencil. Every one was glad with her; every one said: "Tell me about him!" She grew very mature in public, very responsible and grown up; she carried her head in a new way and took on a married air in shops, so that the clerks asked: "Miss or Mrs.—?" over the order slips. Up in her own room she did her hair high and low, curled and straight, and daily tried on all the "little duds," and sometimes, when a street organ played outside, sprang up into wild, noiseless dancing—danced and danced until the music went away again, leaving her breathless, radiant with laughter. And now and then she went suddenly down on her knees and said hurried prayers with wet eyes buried in her arm.

It was in August that she first realized, in a new way, how very, very fast the days were going. Presently she ceased to plan devices for hurrying them, and even tried to hold them back a little, forgetting to dance at the street organs. Her married air deserted her; she looked young, very young indeed, so young that the clerks in the shops put down "Miss" as a matter of course. August was gone in a flash. Then she clung to September, walking much by herself and refusing impatiently to be tried on, and would not turn the calendar when, at last, she was whirled into October. It was no longer a matter of months, but of galloping days; toward the end they took on some of the aspects of a runaway. She lost her color, and sat with clenched hands and lips pressed tightly together when she was alone. She was trying not to jump.

"I CAN'T POSSIBLY BE MARRIED."

He was to arrive on Saturday, and the wedding was set for Monday. She was surrounded with affection, presents, good-will—everything but understanding. She did not wholly understand herself until Friday morning, the day before his arrival, when she awoke to look straight into a great, black, chill cloud that settled smotheringly down over her, shutting out all human aid. She buried her face with a stifled cry:

"I don't know him! He—he's just a strange man. I can't do it—I can't—I can't!"

Then she pressed her shaking knuckles against her lips and tried to force away the darkness. Beloved little scenes of their engagement, even The scene itself, were called up; she moved her shoulders gently to feel the weight of his arm; she lifted her face imploringly, with shut eyes; but she could not draw him closer. He seemed to stand coldly aloof, a strange man who was coming to marry her. The lines of his face were unfamiliar; she could not even call up the sound of his voice.

She did not go down to breakfast, and pretended to be asleep when some one came up, smilingly, with a tray. When the steps had tiptoed away, she made one last effort to be "sensible." Gathering together all his letters, she began to reread them. It was no use. Mysteriously the heart and meaning had gone out of the written words even in their endearments; they were as cold and unfamiliar as his half-seen face or his written name—"Your Tom." Tom?—she didn't know any one named Tom.

"It isn't real or true—we just imagined it," she sobbed, pushing away the letters. "This isn't—love. I can't marry him—I can't do it. He'll have to—go away again. I don't know him—I don't want him! Oh, Lord, Lord!"

When the steps came tiptoeing back, she demanded the doctor.

"I am ill and must have him. Send him up alone," she said shortly, and would make no further explanation. He came in smiling, just as every one else smiled at her these days.

"A little done up?" he queried with a cool hand on her wrist. She lifted her heavy eyes to the keen, amused, kindly glance.

"Very much done up. I can't possibly be married on Monday," she said. He looked

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startled and took out his thermometer.

"Nonsense, my dear! You are just overtired, like every other bride. We'll have you as good as new by to-morrow; don't worry about that." She shook her head obstinately.

"I know when I feel ill! The wedding has got to be put off—and you must tell them so." The doctor questioned her minutely, but got very scanty replies; he referred, delicately, to the trouble and publicity of a deferred wedding, and the replies were even more brief. Then he sat considering the set, averted face, and his eyes were kinder than ever, though still just a little amused.

SHE CLUNG TO HIM.

"Well, dear child, it is a pity, with everything ready; but perhaps you won't be well enough by Monday," he said. She caught his hand eagerly between her own.

"Oh, will you tell them that—tell him that?" she cried.

"You poor little soul!" The amusement was quite gone. "Yes, I'll be over to-morrow soon after his arrival, and if you still feel—too ill, I'll tell him so. Time enough to tell the family then," he added, rising.

The family let her stay in bed that day without protest. When the next day came, together with the hour of Tom's arrival, and she declared herself too ill to get up and meet him, they lost patience.

"You've got to," they declared, and so she dragged herself into her clothes, mutely vowing to fly back to shelter as soon as this horrible greeting was over. Several wedding presents came, but she thrust them into her closet unopened. Some one went to meet the train, and she hid in her room with her hands over her ears. They could not shut out the sound of the front door, and voices, and some one calling her name.

"Go down, dear; he's come!" It was spoken from the door, and she went down step by step, with white cheeks and set eyes, to face this strange man who had come to marry her. It seemed a terribly long walk. She had to pause in the doorway with her hand against the casing.

He stood smiling at her, his hands held out. The swimming mists parted, and, suddenly, miraculously, the world that had been all darkness was brimming over with sunlight. Strange man? Why, he was Tom!

"Well, honey?" The voice was as intimately known and beloved as every line of the face bent over her. He had taken her very gently into his arms, but she clung to him fiercely.

"Oh, I thought you'd never come!" she cried.

It was not until the doctor appeared in the doorway, an hour later, that she remembered. The color was hot in her cheeks under his glance.

"Oh, I—I'm quite well again," she exclaimed; her look implored him.

"Well, I sort of thought we'd pull you through," he said gravely, and his kindly eyes promised not to tell.

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WITH THE PROCESSION

THE "BIG THREE" AS MISSIONARIES OF REFORM

ALEXANDER, McCurdy, and McCall and their associates in the gentle art of bilking the public are queer figures in the line of doing good to anybody but themselves; but last year they were unconscious missionaries of reform. The public conscience, stung previously by the revelations of "Frenzied Finance"; by the exposures of the postal thieves, the land thieves, and their partners in Congress; by the political acquittal of Judge Hooker in New York; awakened previously to the shameful alliance of politics and business and the baneful work of trusts, and having realized in the election of Roosevelt, Folk, and La Follette the power of independent action for civic righteousness—this public conscience was goaded beyond endurance by the dishonoring confessions, the convenient forgettings, the by being rejected of the bosses. The intense irritation against bossism and dishonesty brought to Hearst thousands of voters who were glad to use him as a club to kill Murphy with and all but elected him mayor of New York. It knocked out Cassidy in Queens and McCarren in Brooklyn. It flamed like a resistless fire in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, the home of what seemed an invincible corruption. Neither Republican nor Democratic, simply honest, it smashed the Democratic boss Gorman in Maryland. It almost elected a Democratic lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts. It tipped over an immense Republican majority in Ohio, swept Governor Herrick out of office, and drove out Boss Cox of Cincinnati. Making all due discount for local causes, this was a grand, triumphant uprising of the people for honesty and self-government. Now

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THE SAFEST SEAT IN THE TRAIN

TIMID persons shun the last car, at least for a week or two after reading about some deadly "rear-end" accident; and the first car from fear of a "head-on" collision. They practise the old maxim, "In the middle you will go safest," and stick to the middle of the train. A "scientific gent" has just demonstrated, after much brow-furrowing calculation, that a seat in the middle of the last car but one is the safest. Thus does science verify, with great parade, the conclusions of the non-learned. Accidents are so diverse and eccentric, however, that the stoical traveler puts more trust in his accident policy than in any doctrine of probabilities. At last the railroad companies are condescending to build steel cars. Human life ought to lengthen as a consequence. It has not escaped cynical observation that the voyager in a Pullman is usually safer than the common herd.

HAAKON VII

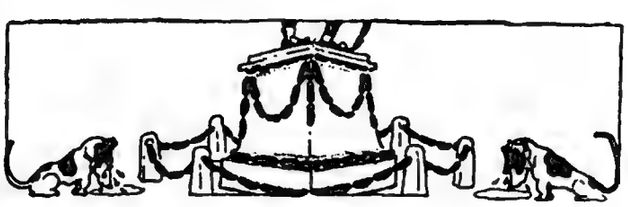
BY a vote of 257,710 to 68,852, Norway elected as its king Charles, grandson of the King of Denmark, second son of Frederick, Crown Prince of Denmark, and husband of the Princess Maud (his cousin), fourth daughter of Edward VII; nephew of the Empress Dowager of Russia, and of the King of Greece, cousin of Nicholas II; a copiously well-related and excellent person, like all the members of the royal house of Denmark, so great by marriage.

THE DAM THAT STANDS ON ITS HEAD

LESS than an eighth of a mile from Horseshoe Falls a queer thing in dams has been on exhibition. The Niagara Falls Park and River Railway, an electric line running along the cliff on the Canadian side of Niagara, has power rights in Victoria Park on that side. Often it has hard work to get water enough to run its turbines. The city of Niagara Falls, Ontario, gets its water supply from the same source. Sometimes the city has had to borrow water from Niagara Falls, N. Y., the loan coming by hose laid across the lower steel-arch bridge. Both the city and the railway company suffered. The water in their joint intake in Victoria Park was being lowered by the power development works. Finally, by advice of Isham Randolph, consulting engineer of the Chicago Drainage Canal, the Park Commissioners set up a column of concrete, fifty feet high and seven feet four inches square, on a trestle twenty feet above the ground level at the intake. This was left standing for a month to dry. Then, by means of jacks, it was tipped into the river, where it acts as a dam to raise the water level at the intake. A columnar dam seems as thoroughly modern as the most exacting modernity can require.

A WONDER AMONG EXPOSITIONS

ONE accepts meekly wonders from the West, the capital of Wonderland, but this Oregon marvel is really transcendent. Can an exposition fail to be a failure? Even the West has not been able to beat that iron rule. But Portland, from where rolls the Oregon, actually made money out of the Lewis and Clark Exposition; closed it with a surplus and will pay a dividend of from thirty to forty per cent. Not a "vast" exposition, just an excellent, limited, local one. The St. Louis Fair was too big. It was too much for the hardiest sightseer. The Portland show was simpler. It revealed in some part the resources of the Northwest. Indeed, the Timber Temple itself was worth the journey from the East and back. The exposition is reckoned to have brought as permanent settlers to Portland and the region about it at least 100,000 people. Its effect upon trade, agriculture, population, influx of capital, and so forth will be great and beneficial. Thus two noble historical names have been honored worthily. Business and sentiment have both been expressed adequately. And Portland has shown the proper scope of an exposition now that the world seems weary of the more ambitious and showy ones.



A GREAT BENEFACTOR OF THE RACE

EVERY day is the centennial anniversary of something. This age, which admires itself sufficiently, still finds time to commemorate its ancestors. Old merits find belated honors. France is bestowing the prize of virtue, Legion of Honor, or something upon villages that made heroic resistance to the enemy, Heaven

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knows how many hundred years ago. Let us salute with uncovered head a great man whom we forgot last year. You may know Frankfort, one of the most charming of German cities, and of late much frequented by Americans. There is no monument there, so far as we know, to the most illustrious of Frankforters, who has made them illustrious through the world. Another city was kinder to his fame. Just as Ben Franklin left Boston for Philadelphia, so did another philosopher, Johann Lahner, leave Frankfort for Vienna. In 1798 he set up a pork shop by the beautiful blue Danube. In 1805 and a moment of positive and superlative inspiration, he invented the Frankfurter sausage, which you may have eaten, with sauerkraut and delight, at Coney Island or elsewhere. Vienna was true to Lahner and celebrated him worthily last year. He must have been a greater than great man, Johann the huge. If you were cast away on a desert island, would a sewing-machine, a printing-press, a phonograph, be as dear and desirable as a portion of hot Frankfurters? Honor Johann Lahner! It is a pity that his name is not given to his glorious discovery. How many fames are equal to that of Lord Sandwich, whom we eat daily?

THE BIGGEST FARM

In a moment of vinous enthusiasm Daniel Webster put his hand in his pocket, asked how much the national debt was, and offered to pay it himself. A Mexican farmer, Don Luis Terrazas, a great friend of President Diaz, once offered to assume the Mexican national debt; and it wouldn't have kept him awake nights if his offer had been accepted. Don Luis has what you might call a tidy little farm at Chihuahua; about eight million acres. Takes the Mexican Central trains more than half a day to cross it. Whew! Don Luis is thought to own more than a million cattle, but a bagatelle of a hundred thousand or so more or less never bothers him. His stable consists of some 100,000 horses; his sheepfold of 700,000 sheep. From 200,000 to 300,000 calves are branded with his brand every spring. More than a thousand cowboys and so on keep his cattle on a thousand hills. By the way, his farm includes a few mountains, for diversification. At his slaughter- and packing-houses near Chihuahua City, 250,000 cattle, as many sheep, and hogs innumerable are killed; and away they go in his own refrigerator-cars. Some 40,000 persons dwell on his estate and are ruled by this Arabian Nights farmer, who lives in a two-million (silver) dollar castle and is a swell and nabob such as these United States know not.

THE NAVAL ACADEMY CODE OF HONOR

Sunday night, November 5, 1905, Midshipman Meriwether, of Louisiana, had a fist fight, by previous agreement, with Midshipman Branch, of New York, a member of the class above him. Branch was injured; an operation had to be performed on him; and he died the following Tuesday morning. The court martial of Meriwether on the technical charge of manslaughter and on other charges brought out some curious facts. It appears that Meriwether was regarded as "ratty"; that is, as insufficiently respectful of the line of conduct prescribed for lower-class men by upper-class men. Bad feeling arose between him and Branch on this account. A fight, however, puts an end to such feeling, or is supposed to. In fact, Meriwether begged Branch's pardon, and the apology was accepted. Moreover, Meriwether wanted to stop the fight, after an unintentional "foul," but Branch persisted. Under the unwritten code of the cadets, such affairs of honor are regularly arranged. Midshipmen do not report them, and excuse from formation those who have to take part in or attend them. There is nothing surprising in this. Every school has its code. Boys will fight, and probably there is no way of preventing them. In the army and navy the unwarlike disposition of a Quaker school—if Quaker schools are any more unwarlike than others—cannot be expected. What we cannot understand is the attitude of the academy authorities. If fights there are to be, they should be under the inspection of those authorities, under mature and medical direction.

UNDERSEA TELEPHONES

On a westward trip of the Cunarder Lucania last year Nantucket lightship's bell was heard and "located" in a thick fog at a

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e of from three and a half to four Signals of sound and light made in are often untrustworthy, on account d, rain, snow, hail, fog. Submarine as used in the system invented by B. Millet, of Boston, can be depended f receiver and sending-bell are sunk ough to be unaffected by surface con- and sound is four times faster in ıan in air. Thus an electric bell on a) starts the sound waves that make lectric transmitter. A vessel is com- ard the American shore in "thick" . Aerial signals prove useless. The ne bell is rung. The sound waves n concentric spheres and reach the he vessel. If she has the proper ap- an officer puts his ear to the tele- eceiver and hears the bell strokes. ntensity of the sound he judges the of the lightship. By the intensity side of the ship he judges the direc- ıe lightship. The Lucania's captain that a silver bell could be heard for elve miles.

AIR FOR FIREMEN

IFORNIAN, Charles E. Chapin, has a breathing apparatus for firemen.)osed of a hood lined with oiled silk, r cylinder, strapped to the back, and ın hour's supply of air. A rubber gs the air to the head-piece. The ir goes out by a valve in front of ı. The whole thing weighs twenty- nds. The wearer can get only air fill his lungs reasonably. He can- ıll up in a little time. A San Fran- put this apparatus on, worked for ı a room filled with the fumes of ılphur, and was all right in lungs t when he came out. If it does described as doing, it is a necessity ireman.

JLATION AND CHURCHES

Josiah Strong reads "Social Prog- ht, the Protestant sects in the tes are not getting their proportion- f the growth of population. Thus, years 1894 to 1904, population has 21.8 per cent., while eight repre- rotestant denominations, Baptists, onalists, Dutch Reformed, Epis- Methodists, Presbyterians, United Brethren, and United Presbyterians, have increased only 21.2 per cent. If these estimates are correct, however, the Protestant denominations have done remarkably well when the nature and sources of the emigration in the last ten years are considered. It is interesting to notice that the Episcopal Church, socially the most "fashionable," has made the biggest gain, 34.6 per cent. On the other hand, the Baptists, who are not specially "fashionable," come next with 28.9 per cent. But to consider so is considering too curiously figures, those most elusive and slippery of abstractions or assumptions.

ARBITRATION TREATIES

ENGLAND has arbitration treaties with Austria, France, Germany, Honduras, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland. France has arbitration treaties with about as many countries. The United States, supposed to be a great peace power, has arbitration treaties with Mexico—at least has arbitrated three times with Mexico under the treaty of 1848, which expressed a preference for arbitration—and with Congo. Still, Germany's solitary arbitration treaty is with Great Britain, and she and Germany have been longing to "get at each other" for some time. Possibly arbitration treaties are less important than they seem to the professional friends of the world's peace.

HENS OF KANSAS

NIGHTINGALES, larks, swans, and such poetic fowl have been hailed and hymned until the world is very weary of them. Where is the robust American bard who will write high with joyous pen the harmless, necessary hen? Why do our children read about those fabulous geese of the Roman capitol? The hens of Kansas are worthier subjects. Here is one year's work of them: $7,226,111 worth of eggs, which, as a Kansas economist does well to remind the world, is interest at five per cent. on $144,522,220. To say nothing of "broilers" and other by-products. Kansas hens make more money for Kansas than do

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her sheep, wool, barley, flax, fruit, sorghum, oats, potatoes. The hen should be the bird of Kansas as the eagle is the bird of freedom.

POSTAL-CARD INSURANCE

THE members of a photographic society or institute in Zurich have started a plan of cheap life-insurance. A postal card costing four cents protects the receiver for thirty days to the amount of $200, to go to the next of kin, or insures him $2.25 a week, so long as, in case of a not fatal accident, he cannot work. Address this card to yourself and you have about as easy a form of life-insurance as can be desired. But forty-eight cents a year for $200 insurance seems a suspiciously low rate.

MISSOURI'S LAURELS THREATENED

MISSOURI has made a mint of money out of mules, and prides herself on being the greatest producer and distributer of those excellent and greatly maligned workers. The Oklahoma farmers, many of them from Missouri, are raising mules, many sturdy and even handsome mules. The competition between the great mule powers grows keen. Missouri is mighty, but Oklahoma is young. Will Oklahoma come to be recognized as the chief mule power while Missouri falls back upon her other boast, the Ben Davis apple?

ANOTHER GREAT COAL STRIKE?

MR. JOHN MITCHELL denies the intention attributed to him of calling a strike of anthracite coal-miners at the expiration of the agreement accepted by the Arbitration Commission which settled the great strike of 1902, so vividly remembered by every man and woman that has paid a coal bill since. It had been reported that the great operators and coal-carrying roads, some of the latter so preposterously prosperous that their stock is quoted at absurd figures, were laying up coal, in expectation of a strike. Mr. Mitchell has said, or has been quoted as saying, that the miners "in the coming struggle" would demand ten-hour pay for an eight-hour day. Whoever wins in such a struggle, the public loses. The public pays; and the cost of living is already almost intolerably high. Henceforth, in the anthracite coal region, arbitration should be applied earlier. It should prevent strikes, instead of settling them after widespread loss and distress to the country.

THE MOROCCAN AGREEMENT

IN the spring of 1904, England and Spain made an agreement with France to acknowledge her influence in Morocco. Germany made no outward sign of protest. Almost a year after that agreement, the German emperor made a sort of knight-errant expedition to Morocco and told the Sultan's minister that Germany would protect Morocco's rights. This course and certain loans from German banks and concessions to German subjects caused much uneasiness in France. Presumably the Kaiser's object was to impress upon the other powers that since Germany was a signatory of the Treaty of Madrid, which makes the powers quasi-guardians of Morocco, nothing affecting that country could be done without consulting him. Moreover, as a great European power with great interests in Africa, Germany would not permit other powers to deal with Morocco without consulting her. Finally, William II wished to demonstrate to Morocco and the rest of the world that they count not well who leave him out. Whatever his motive, he caused much friction with France, with which of late he has been disposed to be friendly. Besides, the *entente* with England disturbs him. So the emperor sings smaller in Morocco. He agrees with France that the international conference which he insisted upon shall not touch the agreements with England and Spain; that in it Germany shall not oppose French interests; he recognizes France's right to police the Moroccan-Algerian frontier, and agrees that Frenchmen shall take half the Moroccan loan lately negotiated by German bankers.

CHICAGO STREET RAILROAD

MAYOR DUNNE, of Chicago, was elected on a platform of "immediate" municipal ownership of the street railroads. It is impossible for him to carry out the platform. His scheme for railroads to be built and managed

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by certain rich and trustworthy citizens was deemed impracticable. Only long litigation could force the railroads to sell to the city, except at their own price, before their franchises expire. A partial municipal system would be inconvenient. Are the old cars worth buying anyway? The city railway company has laid before the City Council a twenty-year contract plan giving the city the right to purchase at the expiration of three years. This contains a referendum clause unsatisfactory to the mayor, and a majority sufficient to pass it over his veto is out of the question. In October Mayor Dunne introduced into the Council an order directing the Transportation Committee to stop negotiations with the traction companies and bring in a municipal ownership ordinance. Beaten, 37 to 27. Seven aldermen "betrayed the people," no unusual accomplishment of aldermen. Mayor Dunne has done the best he could, but the Council does not support him.

GIANT GORILLA OF THE SANGA

SEVERAL times in the last year or so enormous anthropoid apes have been seen in the valleys of the Löm and Sanga rivers. The forests along the boundary of the Cameroons and the French Kongo are believed to be the home of these big fellows. A photograph of one killed near the Sanga, a northern tributary of the Kongo, has been published in Paris. Deceased was one of three, the Big Three, so to speak, living in the forest and known by their footprints. He stood seven and a half feet on his feet. Sitting down he was as tall as a native standing. In skull, face, and ears he was most gorilla-like. His thighs and shoulders were covered with thick, long hair, but he was virtually hairless as to breast and stomach. He was three feet and a half broad across the shoulders, and weighed about eight hundred pounds. It took eight porters to bring him in. Another fellow of about the same build and bulk was shot at another station on the Sanga. Why are such gifts wasted? These giant gorillas should be saved and cultivated. Who knows what a little education might do for them? There is rich material for a champion football eleven in the valleys of the Löm and Sanga. Princeton and Yale and Michigan and Chicago should send explorers and coaches to the borderland of Cameroons and the French Kongo.

DESERTERS

DESERTERS from the United States Army in the five years that ended on December 31, 1904, numbered 27,305—more than 5,400 a year. What is the matter? Who is to blame? The officers or the men? Neither,—the reason is that there is no more fighting.

ANGLO-JAPANESE TRADE COMBINATION

THE Anglo-Japanese alliance will be defensive and offensive with the real "last argument of kings" in these days, dollars. An Anglo-Japanese ship-owning combination has been formed, with a capital of $25,000,000. It begins business with some forty steamers used as Japanese transports in the war with Russia. These will ply between Japan, India, and China. Docks and warehouses will be built at Port Arthur, which is to be the great point of distribution in the Far East. Big 10,000- and 20,000-ton steamers will be bought or built to take freight direct from Japan and China to London, Liverpool, Antwerp, and some French port. Japanese industry and exports must be developed immensely to make good the loss of the war. The industrial development of China, too, under Japanese influence must have a momentous effect. The United States have to deal frankly with the fact that tremendous efforts will be necessary to retain, let alone enlarge, American commerce in the East.

BOOKS BY THE MILE

IT seems a desperate or futile thing to read, when life is so short and libraries are so long. If one did nothing but read, twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, how little he would draw from the immeasurable ocean of books. Take the British Museum, which contains nearly 4,000,000 volumes, and grows at the rate of from 60,000 to 90,000 books a year. Add pamphlets and newspapers, and what a prodigious pile of print is there. Forty-three miles of book shelves there already. Will London itself be able to contain London's books a thousand years from now?

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A Row of Books

"THE HOUSE OF MIRTH"

THE ladies are not logical. We all know it; we've all said it; it's a proverb as old as the hills, and as steadfast. They are blessed with intuition, which may serve pretty well, but not with logic. Logic, a vastly superior matter, is the monopoly of man. It always has been. Adam held fast to it when Eve appeared to be a companion to him and to share his privileges. She gave him a bite of the apple, generous soul, but he sternly refused to let her have any logic.

What puzzles us is, that since the ladies have come to write novels there seems to have occurred a lapse, a rift, in this strong arrangement. We all know, of course, what a "logical conclusion" is in a novel. It's tragedy at the end of the tale. It's a remorseless taking off of the nice people. It's a desperate assault upon the reader's choicest feelings, a running amuck among his innermost heart strings. It's a confoundedly painful thing. But it's logic. It's just as logical as a "logical candidate," and in all the lingo that we know there is nothing more logical than that. There is no help, no escape, no asylum, of which we are aware. Logic is logic. Suppose an author engaged in the serious business of putting an end to his heroine were to relent at the last. Suppose, out of mere kindness of heart, he were to resuscitate her and allow her to go on drawing the pleasant breath of life. What would the critic say? He would say: "This author has weakly surrendered his logical conclusion." How would the author feel then? How would the authoress feel? She seems to have divined how she would feel, and to have been able to evade the poignancy.

Edith Wharton, in "The House of Mirth" (Charles Scribner's Sons), has written very beautifully the story of Lily Bart. Lily was gifted with great beauty, and with the right to breathe the most celebrated social atmosphere that New York City affords. She was enabled, indeed, to enjoy a distinctly English atmosphere within a general atmosphere that has been inevitably a good deal loosened up and depleted of the best possible qualities. She had her five-o'clock teas. She made purchases of medicine (surely not important) at the "chemist's" in Sixth Avenue. Her ears were smitten (gratefully, we are sure) by the noise of "trams and waggons" in New York thoroughfares. We know that she was well pleased, as she heard the "waggons," by the thought that they were spelled with two g's. Still within the New York English atmospheric influences, she enjoyed the autumn round of country houses. She was a figure at week-end parties. She wore at her belt a gold cigarette case. Alas! she played "bridge."

Upon Lily Bart's habit of playing bridge the direful "logical conclusion" of this admirably told story establishes itself. Lily, though born to the New York purple, was not rich. She lost at bridge. She allowed a willing, plethoric, unimaginative gentleman to "finance" for her. Here was "business"—business that was no violation at all of the nice English atmosphere, and yet gross and cruel business. Our heroine, not too thoroughly English, still retaining some of the simple traits of her American inheritance, succumbed. She preserved her innocence, but she perished. There was a dramatic scene between her and her financier. Her case was easily misinterpreted by the vulnerable and the suspicious. People flagrantly without virtue snubbed her for virtue's sake. Envy and jealousy seized their advantage. It became the fashion to snub her, whereupon she was lost. Her rich aunt, dying, left her a mere

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$10,000. She devoted it to the reimbursement of her financier. She trimmed hats in a milliner's shop. She boarded in a place where they ate in the basement. There was one who would have saved her if poetic justice had been potent in the case. He was powerless in the face of a "logical conclusion." The generous and eager wishes of the reader were not to be crystallized into fortunate and felicitous fact even by him.

We repeat that this is a logical story; also that it is a story exceedingly well written. We should have been obliged if it had torn our sensibilities less cleverly.

"THE GAMBLER"

In following the experiences of Clodagh Asshlin, the heroine of Katherine Cecil Thurston's story of "The Gambler" (Harper & Brothers), we have noticed a certain deliberation of the author in advancing to her effects. Early in the tale there occurs a distinctly interesting climax, in which Denis Asshlin, the original gambler considered, displays vividly the curious madness by which the gambler is possessed. "You can go to hell for all I care!" cried Denis Asshlin to the ancient friend and guest who, from motives of conscience, refused to play cards with him. But Asshlin died—died poor, as many a generous and impulsive Irish gentleman had done before him; his daughter married that very halting and colorless English gentleman and antiquarian of abundant means and declining years, Mr. Milbanke, the same who had refused to play cards with her father; and it is only after many deliberate pages of the tale that we find Asshlin's only legacy, the gambler's fever, manifesting itself in the heroine, his child.

As well as by the deliberation marking the procession of strong incidents in this story, our attention has been attracted by a certain habit of iteration. Clodagh laughed a good deal during her brief sojourn in Venice. Other characters in the story laughed with her, verifying Mrs. Wilcox's famous proposition that if we laugh we shall not lack for company. Glancing only casually over the pages devoted to the Venice episode, and not pretending to offer anything like a comprehensive record, we remark that Clodagh "laughed," that "they all laughed," that "she gave a little, embarrassed laugh," that Lord Deerehurst "laughed his thin, amused laugh," that Clodagh uttered "a little laugh," that "she laughed again, nervously," that she "turned with a short, faint laugh," that Serracauld, Lord Deerehurst's nephew, "laughed," that "again he laughed," that (a variation) Lord Deerehurst "smiled a little cynically," that Clodagh "gave a faint laugh," that "again she laughed," that her interlocutor "echoed the laugh," that he "laughed a little," that "she gave a quick laugh expressive of embarrassment and relief," that somebody "interrupted with a laugh," that Lord Deerehurst "gave one of his thin, metallic laughs," that Mr. Barnard "laughed with a tolerant air," that there was "a quick laugh in a woman's voice," that Mr. Barnard "laughed suavely," that Lady Francis Hope "gave a short, amused laugh," that "there was another amused laugh," that "they all laughed," that Clodagh "gave one unsteady, yielding laugh," and, to be at an end with it, that she "gave a quick, high-pitched, unthinking laugh."

To our grief, and, we are glad to say, to hers, two unworthy characters kissed Clodagh. One of these was Serracauld, one of whose observations, on the occasion of his first meeting with Clodagh, was: "I expect my uncle is looking for me; he usually gets fidgety about feeding-time." It seems to us that Serracauld was plainly worthy to be resisted. The other offender was Lord Deerehurst, as obvious a hawk of the social world as ever hung his monocle upon a black ribbon or reached out after the chicken with long and tremorless white fingers. Thanks to Sir Walter Gore, called Sir Galahad by his deriding and "smart" acquaintances, Clodagh was saved from designing men and from that inheritance of adventurous blood which inclined her to the madness of roulette and bridge. Sir Walter was doubtless something of a prig; he went about the salvation of Clodagh with considerable crudeness; but he served. After she had borrowed a thousand pounds of Lord Deerehurst, and after Lord Deerehurst had kissed her—had drawn her "suddenly closer to him, and, before she could resist, had kissed her hair, her lips, her neck," Sir Walter wrote her a letter rupturing their engagement to be married; but he had the goodness to follow this with a telegram which mercifully reached her in time to prevent her from jumping into the sea at Carrigmore.

Although, as we have said, there is deliberation in the march of important events in the story, and although the laughter at Venice was rather more iterant than we could have

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wished, still we have found this entertaining fiction, and in places it has quite strongly impressed us.

"THE CHERRY RIBBAND"

Mr. S. R. Crockett's story of "The Cherry Ribband" (A. S. Barnes & Co.) tells of Ivie Rysland, Raith Ellison, the Laird of Lag, and some others. It tells how Raith was driven from home by that stern old Covenanter, his father, because of gentle hankerings on the part of the lad for Ivie, bewitching daughter of Sergeant-Major Grif Rysland, of the King's Dragoons. Religion was strenuously practised in Scotland in those days. Neighbors were given, in the strong phrase of the Irish poem, to fighting like divvles and hating one another for the love of God. Old Ellison and the other grim Covenanters called Ivie Jezebel. Of course, she did not deserve the name at all; it would be queer indeed if one of Mr. Crockett's heroines should deserve such a name. She did not paint, for one thing. She had no need. Nature had already painted her in the very finest colors of blooming youth. Raith, who was in his twentieth year, found her quite irresistible when she playfully put out her tongue at him. She was given to playfulness, but she had her serious and even her stern moments. She struck the Laird of Lag across the face with a whip, fought a duel with him, with rapiers, and made him to have personal business with the surgeon. Do we reveal or indicate too much when we say that all the Covenanters in Scotland, had they all cried "Jezebel!" at once, could not have kept Raith and Ivie from wedding each other at last? A story in the author's usual highly vivid and eventful style. We know that armies of romantic readers will welcome it with thankfulness and ardor.

"ZAL: AN INTERNATIONAL ROMANCE"

We are no friends of the piano. It is perhaps not reasonable to expect that victims should be friends. From the enthusiasms of music and of musicians we have always stood respectfully and willingly aloof. We used in Germany to hear scores of chorused and lusty voices bellow until the glasses shook. That was not so bad. Beer is an anodyne. It makes heroisms possible. We will wager that Friedrich Barbarossa was stayed with beer during the patient years that it took for his beard to grow through the table. We look back timidly—and at the same time with gratitude because it is not forward that we are looking—to certain of our experiences in the loud, tempestuous world of music. The gorgeous spectacular world of music, too; for we recall Tristan with fifty inches of waist, and Isolde with ponderous and sagging charms, and the stout Rhine maidens swimming in a pond of pink mosquito netting.

Charles Lamb had an ear sensitive to music—to the tortures of it—and we have remarked with interest that a certain famous utterance of Lamb's upon this subject has been used for a chapter heading by Mr. Rupert Hughes in his very brilliant story of "Zal: An International Romance" (The Century Company). Says Charles Lamb, in his "Chapter on Ears": "I have sat through an Italian opera till, for sheer pain and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest places of the crowded streets. . . . Above all, those insufferable concertos and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension. Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a-dying," and so forth. Tristan, as we remember, takes thirty-five minutes to die, having a long song to sing at the last. Charles Lamb was too early to have experience of Tristan's considerable taking off, but with what he had he did not feel himself deprived.

Lamb's hostile attitude toward music was not shared by the chief characters in this story. Far from it. Ladislav Moniuszko, the young Polish hero here, was a genius among the piano keys. He had written his fifth opus at the age of eight. He had played the piano so much that the muscles of his arm were like marble, as Miss Rose Hargrave, the New York heiress, herself a genius at the piano, could plainly feel through his coat-sleeve. Miss Hargrave wore glasses. She was not very tall or distinguished in person. Ladislav was glad of this. He was not very tall himself. Her nose was straight. She had a nice chin and throat. But principally, in a physical way, she was possessed of her hands. As she finished playing a piece, at their first interview, Ladislav's "sad eyes roved to her hands, still lingering on the keyboard. He bent and took them in his, looked at them finger by finger, then raised them and touched them to his lips and said: 'Ah, these 'ands—how beautiful!'" He called his mother to see how beautiful were Miss Hargrave's hands.

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Mrs. Moniuszko praised them in French. She cried: "*Comme elles sont belles!*"

They tried—some of the inferior characters in the story—relatives as unsympathetic and Philistine as Charles Lamb himself—to separate these two. In vain—though there was enough promise in their endeavors to create a reasonable doubt and to make the story interesting. It was some time before the Duke of Surrey, a formidable suitor, was definitely thwarted. After plenty of misunderstanding the true lovers pledged themselves deliriously during a storm at sea, or on a bay. There was a wrecking of yachts. In the mad whirl of the elements, Ladislav, holding Rose in his arms, said to her: "You vill marry that Anglishman, I think—yes?" She looked at him sadly and shook her head. He continued: "I did ask you once to marry vit me. Should I to ask again?" She let him know that it was hardly necessary. He said: "You vill be my own, own Roozha?" She answered: "Forever!" At that: "He caught her to him with his free arm and kissed her long and ardently. An envious wave hugged the bow and threw a blade of spray along the boat, but they never knew that they were not pelted with white roses. . . . The wind swirled round her like a great whip-lash and flung her away from Ladislav, down the boat and almost over the rail, when a wave reached up and across for her like a black, diabolic elbow. . . . Rose had lost her glasses overboard. . . . A Goliath wind seized the mast in his two hands and shook it this way and that."

Should Ladislav save Rose or should he save his mother? We shall merely present this question, which is, of course, answered in the story. An effective tale, permeated and charged with the enthusiasms that the musical temperament makes possible.

"I'VE BEEN THINKING"

THE title of a new book by Mr. Charles Battell Loomis is "I've Been Thinking" (James Pott & Co.). So he has. Among his other cerebrations Mr. Loomis thought that it would be convenient for people to have a book so constructed that they could break off at any moment and lay it down with the least possible sense of interruption and incompleteness. To this end he supplied his book with an abundance of natural breaking-off places or finishes. He made the pieces short. At the same time he made them interesting, as his habit is, and if the reader is not pleased and amused by these ingenious brevities we shall think that something that is not Mr. Loomis is the matter with him.

"BABY BULLET"

HOLDING life at something more than a pin's fee, as we do, we should not care to speed with Lancia in his devil wagon at ninety miles an hour. The pain of fear, the fear of pain, the willingness to be unalarmed and comfortable, forbid us to be eager for that too rapid delight. The love of fast automobiling connotes, according to our belief, a certain order of gizzard, doubtless a high and enviable order, which it is not our fortune to possess. At the same time, if we were in a devil wagon for the purpose of making a journey, we should want the thing to move; and our sympathies readily extended themselves to the two American ladies who attempted a tour of England in the early-French machine whose name, affectionately bestowed but singularly unsuitable, affords the title to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's story of "Baby Bullet" (D. Appleton & Co.). The fair owners of Baby Bullet had more trouble with that balky child of primitive and tentative French manufacture than could ever have arisen from tortoises or mules; and Mr. Osbourne has related this trouble so adequately that we recommend his book cordially and without the shadow of a fear that any happily constituted reader will ever reproach us for our good word. The peculiar employment here of the terms used in devil-wagoning is highly ingenious and effective. A love romance is part of the tale, but it casts no solemn and forbidding shadow. The fun is the thing, and the fun persists from the first appearance of Baby Bullet, an infant denied and abandoned by the exasperated gentleman who had drawn it at a charity fair, and several times been stranded by it twenty miles from home, to Baby Bullet's last appearance, in tow of a well-meaning policeman, who sought to restore it to the affectionate ladies who had adopted it, and loved it, and given it a name, and tried to be rid of it when it had become quite intolerable. "Toot! toot!" says the story at the end. That was Baby coming back. The jubilant note may well be taken as a justification and a warrant for the whole history with which Mr. Osbourne has favored us. Toot! toot! A cheerful and amusing tale.

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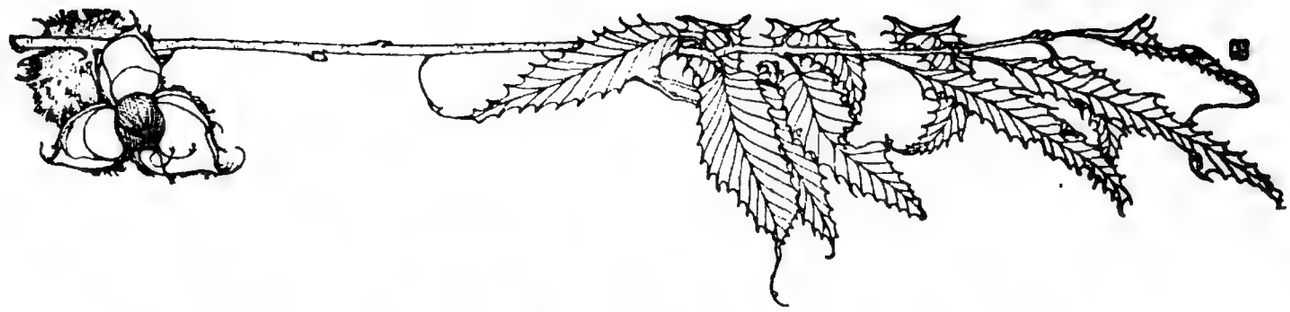

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

"It requires a vast deal of courage and charity to be philanthropic," remarked Sir Thomas Lipton, apropos of Andrew Carnegie's giving. "I remember when I was just starting in business. I was very poor and making every sacrifice to enlarge my little shop. My only assistant was a boy of fourteen, faithful and willing and honest. One day I heard him complaining, and with justice, that his clothes were so shabby that he was ashamed to go to chapel.

"'There's no chance of my getting a new suit this year,' he told me. 'Dad's out of work, and it takes all of my wages to pay the rent.'

"I thought the matter over, and then took a sovereign from my carefully hoarded savings and bought the boy a stout warm suit of blue cloth. He was so grateful that I felt repaid for my sacrifice. But the next day he didn't come to work. I met his mother on the street and asked her the reason.

"'Why, Mr. Lipton,' she said courtesying, 'Jimmie looks so respectable, thanks to you, sir, that I thought I would send him around town today to see if he couldn't get a better job.'"

A Scotch bricklayer asked his foreman for a day off, which was readily granted. Afterward the latter learned that the workman had taken the holiday to get married, and asked him about it.

"Aye, mister, I was awa' gettin' marri'd."

"I hope you got a good wife, Sandy."

"Weel, I maun say she is God's handiwork, but she is nae His masterpiece," answered the bridegroom with the air of one determined to do perfect justice.

William J. Stevens, for several years local station agent at Swansea, R. I., was peacefully promenading his platform one morning when a rash dog ventured to snap at one of William's plump legs. Stevens promptly kicked the animal halfway across the tracks, and was immediately confronted by the owner, who demanded an explanation in language more forcible than courteous.

"Why," said Stevens when the other paused for breath, "your dog's mad."

"Mad! Mad! You double-dyed blankety-blank fool, he ain't mad!"

"Oh, ain't he?" cut in Stevens. "Gosh! I should be if any one kicked me like that!"

Charles Edward Russell, whose articles on "Soldiers of the Common Good" are now appearing in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, was discussing socialism, and told a story to illustrate his assertion that many who profess belief in it have neither understanding nor sincerity.

Two casual acquaintances were discussing politics. One announced that he had turned socialist.

"I don't know what a socialist is," said the other.

"A socialist is one who believes in dividing up with the other fellow."

"Does that mean that if you had two farms you would give me one?"

"Sure I would."

"And if you had two houses?"

"I would give you one."

"And if you had two shirts what would you do with them?"

"Ah, gwan! you know I *have* two shirts."

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A school teacher was trying to make a class understand what a volcano is like. In reviewing the lesson she drew upon the blackboard her own conception of a flaming mountain, using colored crayons with extraordinary effect.

"What is it?" she asked. The scholars shook their puzzled heads.

"What does it look like?" she pursued.

"It looks like hell, ma'am," returned a small boy, soberly.

Martin J. Littleton, of Brooklyn, who won national fame as an orator in the Democratic National Convention of 1902, was seriously considered as a fusion candidate for mayor of New York this autumn, but he refused to allow his name to go before the convention. Tammany's strength made it certain that Mayor McClellan would be reelected.

"The situation reminds me of the manner in which a Scotch beadle proposed marriage," explained Mr. Littleton to a friend. "He led the maiden of his choice to a churchyard and, pointing to the various headstones, said:

"'My folks are all buried there, Jennie. Wad ye like to be buried there too?'"

While J. L. Greatsinger was president of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, in his office was an old colored man who had been employed as messenger for many years. One day the president noticed that his servitor did not move about with his usual alacrity and inquired the reason.

"I'se sufferin' from 'somnia; can't sleep a wink, nohow," was the reply.

Mr. Greatsinger advised the familiar remedy of counting a flock of sheep jumping over a fence, and the old man promised to try it. He did not appear in the office for three days, and then he hobbled in with this explanation:

"I got fixed all comf'able in bed and I picked out the old pasture lot down home an' 'magined I was thar with a big bunch of sheep. I let down a bar from de fence so de sheep could get over to de brook lot an' I sot down 'gainst a post an' let 'em come. De head one he jumped over and I counted him 'one,' an' de nex' 'two,' an' so on til 'bout fo'ty-three had gone over, an' I was jes about half-asleep an' half-awake, when 'long come a big black one. He look at de fence an' he look at me an' grin an' he won't go over. 'Git 'long over,' says I, but he jes won't jump, so I get close to whar he was standin' an' I says to myse'f, 'I bet I git you over, you number fo'ty-fo',' an' let out wif my foot to boost him—an' den I come to an' foun' my big toe in de wall an' de others tryin' to git in after. It sho am a good remedy, but I should 'a' tied my feet."

In an Episcopal church in Peoria it is an Easter morning custom for the ushers to greet incoming members of the congregation with, "The Lord is risen." An old lady who was deaf and who had but recently united with the church was met by Dr. Tyng with the salutation.

"What is it?" she asked, pausing and placing her hand to her ear.

"The Lord is risen," repeated the doctor.

"Oh, yes!" said the lady absently, as she moved on down the aisle. She was met by another usher who gave her the same greeting.

"What did you say?" she demanded.

"The Lord is risen," returned the usher.

"Oh, yes, so Dr. Tyng tells me!" she remarked complacently as she entered a pew.

A private, anxious to secure a leave of absence, sought his captain with a most convincing tale about a sick wife breaking her heart for his presence. The officer, familiar with the soldier's ways, replied:

"I am afraid you are not telling the truth. I have just received a letter from your wife urging me not to let you come home because you get drunk, break the furniture, and mistreat her shamefully."

The private saluted and started to leave the room. He paused at the door, asking: "Sor, may I spake to you, not as an officer, but as mon to mon?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Well, sor, what I am after sayin' is this—" approaching the captain and lowering his voice: "You and I are two of the most illigant liars the Lord ever made. I'm not married at all."

Thomas B. Reed once visited friends in Watch Hill, R. I., and he enjoyed himself so much that he missed a train which he expected to take at Westerly. It was imperative that he reach Boston to keep an important engagement, and the train that had gone was the last one eastbound stopping at Westerly that night. There was, however, an express passing through at nine o'clock. Mr. Reed telegraphed to the superintendent in Boston:

"Will you stop express at Westerly at nine P.M. for a large party?"

The answer came: "Yes, will stop train."

Mr. Reed waited, and when the express came to a standstill he started to board a car.

"Where is the large party we stopped for?" inquired the conductor.

"I am the large party," returned Mr. Reed, with dignity.

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William R. Hearst, who never touches liquor, had several men in important positions on his newspapers who were not strangers to intoxicants. Mr. Hearst has a habit of appearing at his office at unexpected times and summoning his chiefs of departments for instructions. One afternoon he sent for Mr. Blank.

"He hasn't come down yet, sir," reported the office boy.

"Please tell Mr. Dash I want to see him."

"He hasn't come down yet, either."

"Well, find Mr. Star or Mr. Sun or Mr. Moon—anybody; I want to see one of them at once."

"Ain't none of 'em here yet, sir. You see there was a celebration last night and——"

Mr. Hearst sank back in his chair and remarked in his quiet way:

"For a man who don't drink I think I suffer more from the effects of it than anybody in the world."

Her exalted rank did not give Queen Victoria immunity from the trials of a grandmother. One of her grandsons, whose recklessness in spending money provoked her strong disapproval, wrote to the Queen reminding her of his approaching birthday and delicately suggesting that money would be the most acceptable gift. In her own hand she answered, sternly reproving the youth for the sin of extravagance and urging upon him the practise of economy. His reply staggered her:

"Dear Grandmama," it ran, "thank you for your kind letter of advice. I have sold the same for five pounds."

Senator Mark Hanna was walking through his mill one day when he heard a boy say:

"I wish I had Hanna's money and he was in the poorhouse."

When he returned to the office the senator sent for the lad, who was plainly mystified by the summons.

"So you wish you had my money and I was in the poorhouse," said the great man grimly. "Now supposing you had your wish, what would you do?"

"Well," said the boy quickly, his droll grin showing his appreciation of the situation, "I guess I'd get you out of the poorhouse the first thing."

Mr. Hanna roared with laughter and dismissed the youth.

"You might as well push that boy along," he said to one of his assistants; "he's too good a politician to be kept down."

A benevolent person watched a workman laboriously windlassing rock from a shaft while a broiling sun was beating down on his bared head.

"My dear man," observed the onlooker, "are you not afraid that your brain will be affected in the hot sun?"

The laborer contemplated him for a moment and then replied:

"Do you think a man with any brains would be working at this kind of a job?"

Ever since Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, began playing golf, many stories of the links, some of them exceedingly old, have been told about him. He was playing a match with the Rev. Dr. Sterritt, of Washington, and the Presbyterian divine had had hard luck, but he managed to make it all square at the last hole. The minister had the honor. He addressed the ball carefully, soberly, and swung for a good drive, but he foozled and the ball dribbled off the tee. Dr. Sterritt contemplated the ball, and although the reverend lips moved perceptibly, no sound came from them.

"Doctor," said Justice Harlan, "that is the most damnably profane silence I ever listened to."

A retired minister, who, in the days when he rode a circuit in northern Ohio, was known for the length of his sermons, came to share in the interest of a certain religious revival, and begged permission to preach a sermon, gaining a reluctant consent from the pastor of the church. Fired with his old-time enthusiasm, the good divine swept along, heedless of time, until the leader of the choir noisily snapped the case of his watch. The aged preacher paused and, turning to his interrupter, said humbly:

"Pray for me, brother, that I may be brief."

The late Dr. Henry Thayer, founder of Thayer's Laboratory in Cambridge, was walking along a street one winter morning. The sidewalk was sheeted with ice and the doctor was making his way carefully, as was also a woman going in the opposite direction. In seeking to avoid each other, both slipped and they came down in a heap. The polite doctor was overwhelmed and his embarrassment paralyzed his speech, but the woman was equal to the occasion.

"Doctor, if you will be kind enough to rise and pick out your legs, I will take what remains," she said cheerfully.

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

WE DID IT

WHEN peace was declared between Japan and Russia the whole world knew that our President was mainly responsible for it. Being the true American that he is, don't you suppose that once or twice, in some quiet moment, as he contemplated the result, he swelled up a little with pride, and said to himself, "I did it"? And why not? Take some of the great architects of the world whose buildings are famous, or those master painters or sculptors who have produced great works in their various lines; in moments of serious contemplation, they, too, probably say, "I did it."

Two years and a half ago we purchased EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE from John Wanamaker and became its proprietors. We had ideas how a magazine should be run. One of these was that a magazine should not insert patent-medicine, fraudulent, or other objectionable advertising. And, although we had use for the money, we decided from the first issue that we would stand for our ideal.

Many of our friends did not agree with us. They told us of the opportunity that we should miss; that it had always been the custom of magazine publishers to begin the elimination of objectionable business after the magazine had become very profitable and had a surplus of advertising. "Why not wait?" said one advertising agent; "as you know, two or three of the successful magazines are talking of declining this kind of business, and if they do it and you take what they decline you will have many more pages and the advertising section of EVERYBODY'S will be crowded."

We did not for one moment consider this proposition one that we could accept. In fact, we resolved from the start that we would have nothing but "clean" advertising in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, and announced to the advertising world, as well as to our readers, that no fraudulent, patent-medicine, or other objectionable advertising would be permitted to appear. In the first issue under our management we declined $900 worth of that kind of business, and we had use for the money at that time, too.

A few months afterward we stated in this department that the so-called financial advertising which appeared in other magazines would not be accepted by us. Many of our readers had written us regarding various fraudulent financial advertisements that appeared in other publications; one of our readers had lost $400 on account of answering such an advertisement in another magazine.

As time went on we continued to state that we declined all this objectionable advertising, and that other magazines, reputable in all other ways, successfully making a profit for their owners, ought also to decline the stuff. In fact, we went on record with the statement that the time was coming when every legitimate magazine would bar all patent-medicine and other objectionable advertising from its columns.

And now we have to report the result. Mind you, the first issue of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE under our management was the June, 1903, issue, and we announced in April that we would accept no patent-medicine or other objectionable advertising.

It is interesting to note, therefore, the following announcements from the various magazines and publications in which they state that they propose to decline this kind of advertising.

The first one we noted was from the owners of *McClure's Magazine*, who announced in June, 1903, that they would decline for future issues all patent-medicine and objectionable advertising.

Then came *Collier's Weekly*, and we quote from their columns the following:

"*Collier's* will hereafter accept no advertisements of beer, whisky, or alcoholic liquors; no advertise-

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ments of patent medicines; no medical advertisements or advertisements making claims to medicinal effect; no investment advertising promising extraordinary returns, such as stocks in mining, oil, and rubber companies. The editor reserves the right to exclude any advertisement which he considers extravagant in claim, or offensive to good taste."

Munsey, who is usually the leader or among the leaders, came along at a later date, and the language he uses is significant:

"No more advertising contracts for whisky, beer, or wine, and no more objectionable medical advertising, or objectionable anything, in fact, will be accepted for *Munsey's Magazine*."

And now *Pearson's*, in November, announces:

"Advertisers, as well as men, are known by the company they keep. From now on, no advertiser need harbor the slightest fear of being injured by the kind of company to be found in *Pearson's Magazine*.

"Such a condition was not always true of *Pearson's*.

"Some months ago we decided upon this house-cleaning policy, and with each issue we cut out more and more of the class of advertising which (in the profession) is usually termed objectionable.

"With the January issue, *Pearson's Magazine* goes out—CLEAN! We are glad to invite attention to this fact, because we believe that such a standard of advertising as is represented by the January *Pearson's* will prove to be for the best interests of our readers, of our advertisers, and therefore—of ourselves."

These are not the only magazines that have "reformed" their advertising policy during the past few years. There are others, meritorious publications, like the Methodist papers, which have announced that they would decline, and have declined, thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of patent-medicine and objectionable advertising.

The Century, and the two leading magazines for women, *The Delineator* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*, have declined this sort of advertising for many years, but when we began, nearly all the general magazines carried from five to twenty pages that we wouldn't accept at any price.

In the February issue of 1904, in this department, we stated:

"We have omitted from the first all whisky, liquor, and objectionable advertising. When we were asked if a high-priced champagne advertisement would be accepted we were not even tempted to take it. We believe in clean advertising, and we wish that all the high-grade magazines would decline these whisky, liquor, and patented nostrum advertisements. *They must come to it before long.*"

They did come to it! Good. Let's move on.

LAWSON'S BOOK

THE second edition of Mr. Lawson's book, "Frenzied Finance," is now on the presses. The first edition of 20,000 copies was sold before date of publication, December 1st. As finally completed, this volume of 582 pages includes 148 pages of "Lawson and His Critics," containing Mr. Lawson's early charges of corruption in the three big life-insurance companies and matters pertaining thereto. The Dedication of the book is reprinted on page 97 of the advertising section of this issue. Turn to it.

SIGN IT

How does the cover of this issue appeal to you? What need to ask! With the thought that some of our readers would like copies to preserve, we have had 1,000 copies printed, in the same colors, handsomely mounted, ready to be hung in the home or office. While they last we will mail them postpaid to any address, on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps. The small lettering—"January—15 cents"—will not appear; the size of the mount is 9 x 11½ inches.

FROM MR. RUSSELL

MONTREUX, SWITZERLAND, September 21, 1905.

To the Publishers of Everybody's: Will you let me take advantage of a department of the magazine that everybody reads, to escape from a trying dilemma? My trouble is this: I undertook to write letters of acknowledgment and thanks to all the persons that were kind enough to communicate to me something about the Beef Trust. After struggling for months with a vast arrearage of correspondence I find that the task is impossible. Then let me say in this way to the thousands of men and women that have addressed me on this subject that I thank them most sincerely and unfeignedly for their words of encouragement and approval. No one could read those letters without a conviction that the American people are determined to put an end to trust tyranny and the whole vicious "system," if they can but find a way. The trusts do not exist by the consent of the country, but only because in this intricate problem we are not quite ready to agree upon a solution. A great many readers have been kind enough to send me additional information from their own knowledge, and of this I hope to make use. If I do not separately acknowledge these evidences of good-will and sympathy, I fail only because the bale of unanswered letters has grown to a size beyond the limits of my time and strength. But I should like to have the writers feel that their good words are welcomed and their suggestions are carefully regarded.

Yours very truly,
CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

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